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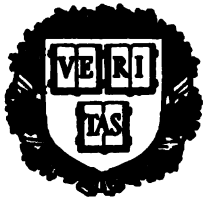

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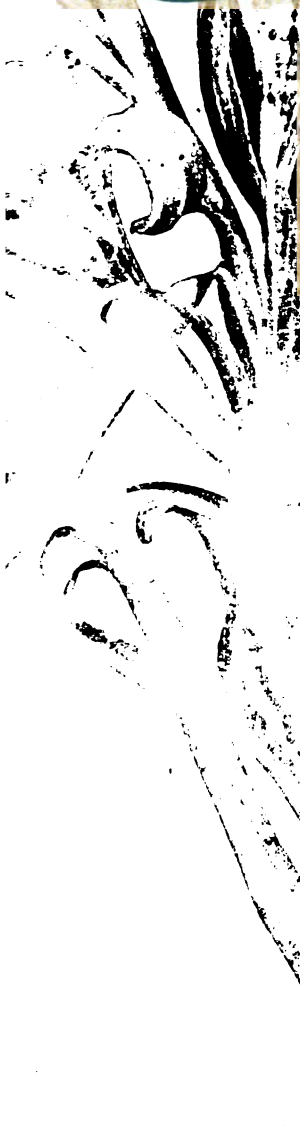

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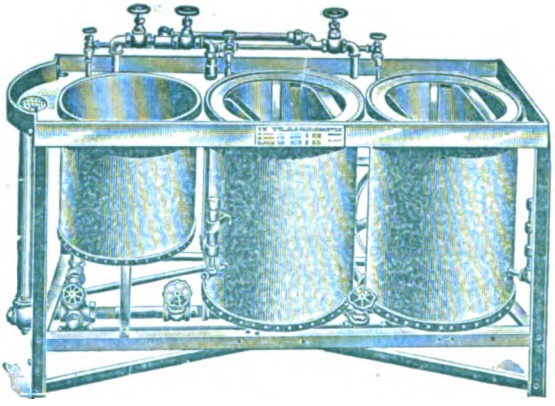

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THE

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THE SUN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE.

BY REV. GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

A GREAT deal has been said and written on the question, which is undoubtedly a very interesting one, of the plurality of inhabited worlds, and the subject might seem to have become pretty well exhausted. It would not be very easy to bring forward any really new argument on one side or the other, unless science should make advances which at present there seems no reason to expect. Still, as a stimulus has been given just now to the discussion by the ideas of Mr. Wallace as to the possible central position of our solar system in the universe, a few words on the matter may not be superfluous or unwelcome.

In the first place, then, it should be understood that this theory of central position for the sun is not given out, by the eminent scientist just named, as something thoroughly verified or ascertained. It is only intended as a conjecture; he only means that it may be true. For though it is certain, *a priori*, that the universe must have a limit, and fairly certain that with our large telescopes we now can see pretty nearly to that limit, it is also evident that our knowledge of its dimensions, its shape, and the arrangement of the bodies it contains, is, and probably will for centuries be too vague for anything like this to be announced as a definite result. It seems indeed that there will never be a possibility of obtaining the requisite knowledge by any method of scientific observation. The re-

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motest stars would seem to be—just to name a figure—ten thousand times as far away as the nearest ones. But the apparent displacement of even these nearest ones by the motion of the earth in its orbit, which appears to be the only even tolerably accurate means of surveying available, is so small that to ascertain it with anything like precision requires an immense number of very careful observations; and the error in measuring one ten thousandth part of it, which no one would now dream of attempting, will probably always be very much larger than the quantity itself. And this measurement, probably impossible even in a single case, would have to be made millions of times for our survey of the universe to be completed.

How, then, it may be asked, can we make even the general statement of relative distance given just now? We can only say that it is based on the relative brilliancy of the faint and the bright stars. A star of what is known as the twenty-first magnitude is estimated to give only one hundred millionth of the light given by one of the first magnitude; if, then, it is of the same intrinsic splendor—a fairly reasonable assumption on the whole—it must, by a well known law of optics, be ten thousand times as far away. This assumption is of course open to criticism; but it does not seem that we shall ever get anything materially better.

Still, if we wish to make any speculations at all, we must have some basis to build on; and for want of a better, we must take this estimate of relative distance for the stars based on their relative brilliancy. Taking this, then, for granted, we will apply it to the spectacle which the universe presents to our eyes. As we have said, it is fairly certain that it is so presented. The proofs of this obtained by observation are given in astronomical text-books, and we need not take up space by presenting them here. They do not amount to an absolute demonstration, but for a discussion as open to error as this must necessarily be, they may be considered sufficient. What, then, is it that we see spread before us in the heavens?

The most prominent feature suggesting in any way shape or construction is a great band of light, specially noticeable perhaps in summer evenings, which, if we follow it through the year (during which almost all of it can be well seen, even at this latitude), will be found to go right round the sky pretty nearly in what is called a great circle, like the earth's equator

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or one of its meridians of longitude. This band is commonly known as the Milky Way, or Galaxy. If we examine it with a telescope,—even a common opera or marine glass will give some idea,—we shall find that it is mainly composed of stars too faint and close together to be separately seen by the naked eye. These very faint stars are of course not seen in such abundance over the rest of the sky; but the brighter ones, visible as such to the naked eye, and even of less brilliancy, are pretty evenly distributed over the whole heavens.

If, then, we take faintness as an indication of distance, as we have determined to do, we must necessarily believe that there are more stars at great distances from us in the regions of the Milky Way than elsewhere; or in other words, that as we look toward the Milky Way, the universe stretches farther away from us than in other directions. It appears, then, that it must be of a shape something like a round, thin slice cut out of the centre of an orange. With such a shape, the appearance presented would be just what we see, if we were located anywhere near the centre of the slice. If we were near the circumference of the slice, there would be a considerable difference of brightness and of closeness of the stars to each other in opposite parts of the Milky Way; but such difference is not very noticeable. And if we were a good deal off toward one of its flat sides, the Milky Way would seem to be off on the other side of the heavens, as the earth's equator would seem if looked at from a point considerably north or south of the earth's centre. Also in this case, there would be many more stars on the farther side of it than on the nearer one; but no very marked difference is observable.

Such then are the general reasons for assigning to the universe a shape something like this, and for believing that we are, roughly speaking, in what may be called the central regions of it. Of course all this must be taken in a very vague sense; there is no reason to suppose that the slice is anything like accurately circular, or that its sides are flat. The edge might be quite irregular, and the sides quite bulging or uneven. Or there might be an approximately spherical mass round the centre, surrounded by a ring something like that of Saturn. Some astronomers, whom Mr. Wallace follows, favor this view; but there is no really solid or convincing argument for it.

That the region of the universe in which we are located is in

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a wide sense central, or that we are not, as it were, hanging on or near the outside limits of it, seems then reasonable and probable. But that we should be precisely at its centre is, from what has been said, evidently a matter quite impossible to prove. Indeed there is and can be no proof that there is any point which, in ordinary parlance, could be selected as its centre. Of course it has what is called a centre of gravity, a point round which it would balance if subjected to equal and parallel forces on every unit of its mass; or—what comes to the same thing—a point from which the sum of the squares of the distances of every unit of its mass would be a minimum. But this point we could never, by any possibility, determine.

That we are, strictly speaking, at the centre of the universe is, then, a statement which not only cannot be proved, but one which has no definite or intelligible meaning, unless we are determined to believe that the universe has a symmetrical shape; but for this there is really no evidence; and from what has been said, it should be plain that unless some entirely new method is discovered of measuring the relative distance of the stars it will never be possible to obtain any.

There is, it is true, a rough method on which Mr. Wallace relies to some extent for his theory. It is that of the "proper motion" of the stars. We find that some of the stars shift their places in the heavens from year to year with a regular and continuous movement. This proper motion, as it is called, is supposed to be due to the combined effect of a real movement through space of both the star and our own solar system. The effect of the latter would be, of course, to make the stars in the direction in which we are going open out, and those behind us close up; those on our beam (to use a nautical term) would appear to be going backward, as the landscape does when we look out of the window of a railway car. By considering all the known proper motions some idea has been obtained of the direction of the real motion of our system, and even, by combining this with the little knowledge which we have of the stellar distances, of the velocity of that motion.

Now, we may perhaps be justified in assuming that these proper motions of the stars give some idea of their relative distances from us. The nearer ones would, on the whole, seem to move faster than the more distant ones. And so far as we can ascertain anything in this way, it would appear that stars

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having a measurable proper motion are distributed pretty uniformly through the space around us. On this Mr. Wallace and the astronomers on whom he depends base the idea which has been mentioned, of a spherical mass or cluster, surrounded by the ring of the Galaxy. But really the facts do not go far enough to establish it. For stars with a measurable—or at any rate a measured—proper motion, even outside the regions of the Galaxy, are only a small proportion of the whole; probably the immense majority are too far away to deduce anything about their distance in this way. This method really does not add much to that of parallax, first described. All that we can find by it concerns only that part of the universe which is nearest to us, probably only a very small proportion of the whole, and nothing about the construction or arrangement of the whole can be proved from it. The same result would probably be got for the small proportion which we can get at, in whatever way the whole might be constructed.

We really then, as far as anything has been or probably ever can be learned on the subject, must content ourselves with the idea or belief that we are, very roughly speaking, in the central regions of the universe; not, at any rate, hanging on to or near its limits. The centre, if we can call any point such, may be located at our system or at any of the stars we can see with the naked eye or with small telescopes. Some decades since, a well known astronomer thought, from the indications given by proper motion, that it might be at the group known as the Pleiades.

There is one sense of the word "centre" which we have not yet spoken of. If there is in the universe any body or group of bodies of immensely superior mass, such as to far outweigh all the rest taken together, as is the case with the sun in our own system, such a body or group of bodies might be called the centre, even if its location was very considerably to one side. The sun would still be the centre of our system, even if at any time all the planets were on one side of it.

But it is very certain that our sun holds no such commanding position in the stellar universe. In the first place, we are sure that other stars whose distances we know approximately, are very much more brilliant; Arcturus, for instance, is estimated in this way as being about six thousand times as bright; and supposing the brilliancy of the surface to be equal to that

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of the sun, this would make its volume, and presumably its mass or weight, about half a million times that of our little luminary. But probably its surface brilliancy is greater, so that this would be an over-estimate.

We do not have, however, to depend on this method. There are double stars in plenty, the components of which we know revolve round each other; and we know, approximately, in some cases, their distance by their parallax, and consequently the real size of their mutual orbits. This gives us, directly, the gravitational pull exerted by each on the other; and in this way we find that some other stars much exceed our sun in weight.

The whole notion, then, of our solar system occupying in any way an exactly or specially central position in the universe must be discarded as resting on no solid foundation. Geometrically, it is a mere possibility; physically it is out of the question.

But now to come to the really important aspect of the matter; to that which gives this theory of Mr. Wallace all the interest which it evidently excites.

Every one, somehow, seems to feel that the locally central position in the universe which he claims for the sun would imply a special importance for it in the plan of the Creator of the universe. But really such a position seems, when we look at it rationally, to be an unimportant matter. In our own physical organism, we do not look on the brain as being an insignificant organ, because it is off at one end of the body, or the heart as being so because it is somewhat off to one side. The idea that a mere geometrical centre carries importance with it seems after all rather a puerile one. We should not take much account of it in any construction or arrangement which we ourselves might contrive. The capital city of a nation may be preferably located at or near the centre of its territory; but this would be done in order to make it more easy of access to the nation itself, or more secure from attack from outside. No such reason can be urged in the case of our great stellar system.

The most important point of an organism may be located anywhere in it. That our sun should be in one point or another of the universe really has nothing to do with its importance.

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This will probably be conceded by pretty nearly everybody, on sober second thought. And yet it will still seem to believers and to those who wish to believe, a pity that astronomy cannot give at least this little help, which they hoped might be one of its latest results. Formerly, they say, there was no trouble or difficulty, such as we have now. The earth was supposed to be the principal body in the universe; the sun, moon, and stars to be comparatively small bodies, hung in the heavens. But now you tell us that the sun is a million times as big as the earth; and that there are other stars much bigger than the sun. Our poor little earth is lost in the midst of these gigantic and innumerable orbs; why in the world should it have been selected for the great work which the Christian religion tells us was done here? This idea that it was just in the middle of the whole mighty blaze of suns seemed to give some little dignity to it; and now you will not allow us even that. Perhaps it does not, as you say, amount to much or even anything at all; but it did seem to help.

Well, if it does help, astronomy certainly does not forbid any one to entertain this idea. We may be as near the centre as it is possible to get in this vast and necessarily more or less irregular swarm of moving bodies. Astronomy cannot prove it; but it can never disprove it.

But, after all, it is better to get rid of the difficulty in other ways. To do so, let us look fairly at the difficulty, and see what it is.

It seems to be unlikely that the Lord should select such a little spot of His vast universe, for the habitation of creatures whose nature He was to take on Himself; that such wonderful works should be done here on this little undistinguishable planet, and that the rest of the universe should go for nothing in comparison. Why should He make such an immense number of suns, which might all have systems of planets like our own, and make no use of them for purposes as important as any that He has in view here? At least it would seem that He must have made them for the use of intelligent beings like ourselves; and if so, why are we singled out in this very extraordinary way?

This really does seem a difficulty; but let us examine it carefully.

Would the difficulty exist if we were simply told that the number of the angels was so great that it would equal what

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we might estimate as the population of the universe? Theology actually does describe their number as being very great; but that seems to make no difficulty in the way of what it teaches with regard to the Incarnation. Why then should a difficulty come in simply because of an increase of number? If we were told that it was as great as just stated, it really does not seem as if there would be anything to cause a temptation against faith.

Why then should there be a difficulty if instead of pure spirits like the angels, we substitute spirits united with bodies? Even supposing that there are in the universe such an immense number as we have supposed, not of angels, but of embodied spirits like ourselves, why should not our own nature be selected for the Incarnation in preference to any other? Why should we be bound to suppose that these others should be subjected to sin or to death, or that they should need a special Redemption? Why should the mere idea of their being united with bodies make such a difference? We accept the doctrine of the Church as to the angels without difficulty, and would do so no matter how great their number might be; where would the trouble come in if their nature were not angelic, but more like our own?

The difficulty then does not seem so very alarming, even putting it at its greatest. But is there any really strong reason for so putting it? Why must we imagine this immense number of beings such as we have supposed?

Really there seems to be no reason, except that otherwise space, standing room as it were, would be wasted.

This is an argument which appeals perhaps specially to those who live in large cities. With us, space is certainly very valuable. We would not keep an acre, or even a yard of land, without intending to utilize it for standing or walking room. But does it follow that the Lord regards the matter in the same way? Is it of such importance to Him?

Does He have our ideas of economy? Evidently not, at any rate in this respect. On the surface of the sun, there is ten thousand times as much standing room as on the whole face of the earth, oceans included. But there is not an inch of it on which any one could stand. Can we imagine creatures living where metals are turned to vapor? Perhaps, but certainly no better than out in the cold of empty space. And all

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the stars that we see are just as impossible for habitation; they are simply furnaces, heated beyond anything that we have here.

And are they duly utilized, even as furnaces? On this planet, we catch only about half a billionth part of the enormous heat our sun is radiating. Even all the planets together only collect a few billionths of it. The rest all goes to waste. The same is true, of course, of its light. And the same may be said, of course, of all the stars in this vast universe, even if they have systems of planets like our own. Evidently, Almighty God is not economical, according to our ideas..

We say, "if they have systems of planets." Why should they have them? Of course if the Lord does want people to live in His universe, He must provide some place where they can live. But evidently the mere fact that there is a material universe does not prove that He does want people to live in it, when the immense mass of it is so obviously impossible for habitation.

But it may be asked, would not planets necessarily be formed, by the "nebular theory," or whatever you call it? No, not necessarily planets like those in our system, with such circular orbits, and such possibilities for life. The actual evidence which we have by observation of the double stars shows that in fact as well as in theory the chances would be very much against such conditions ensuing. And even when they do, a nice balance is required, a simultaneous evolution of all the requisites, which might well occur only in one isolated case. This Mr. Wallace well shows; and his authority is good on such matters specially.

The fact of the whole matter is that we insist on pinning the Lord down to our way of looking at things. We forget that His ways are not as our ways, and His thoughts not as our thoughts. If we could fit up even a small universe, we should say, "somebody ought to live in this; it is a pity that such good building and living space should be wasted." We should feel that if we could do it, we would have to create men to occupy the house prepared for them. The men would be made for the house, not the house for the men. Matter has value in our eyes, just because we cannot create it. But to God all these blazing suns are, for their own sake, of no more intrinsic value than so many tallow candles. He can

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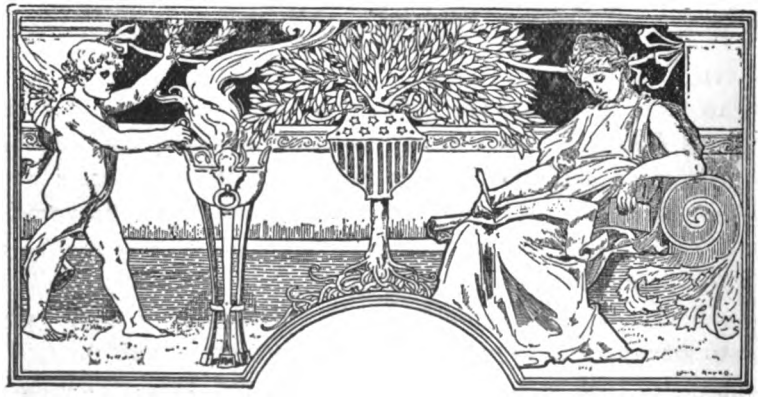
make one as easily as the other. And though the same is true of His spiritual creation, we cannot doubt that it is what the rest is made for, not it for the rest. It is what He has at heart.

There seems then not to be the least difficulty in supposing the whole truth to be contained in what theology teaches. God determines to create angels and men; and a vast material and mechanical universe to manifest His power and His glory, and to some extent for the service of His rational creatures. Just where He puts man in this universe is a very slight consideration. He may not attach so much importance to elementary geometry as we do. And quite a sufficient motive for the material creation is His own glory, and its present use; though of course He may also design it for some ulterior purpose in which we ourselves are concerned.

That there must be innumerable rational animals more or less like ourselves inhabiting worlds the very existence of which is by no means proved, is simply a bugbear which we make for ourselves. Astronomy does not force it on us; so far as it says anything, it is the other way. But even if our bugbear be the truth, the difficulty, as we have seen, is not an insurmountable, and indeed hardly a serious one.



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THE HEART I NEED.

BY JOSEPHINE HOLT THROCKMORTON.

I.

GIVE me the heart of a lion brave,
Or of the warrior old and grave,
To fight my battle of life.

II.

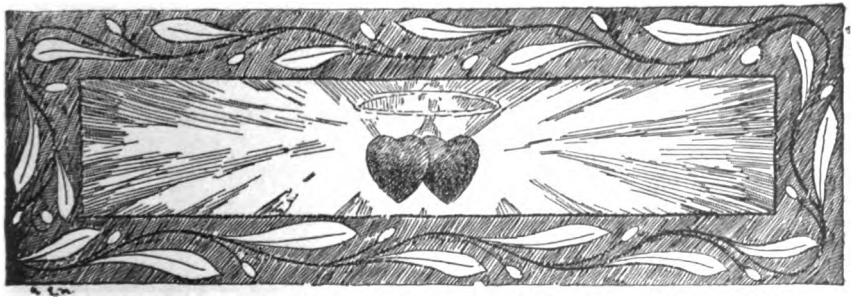
Give me the courage of the knights so bold
Who fought and died in the tales of old,
To fight my battle of life.

III.

Give me the soul of the sailor grim,
Who faces death with fire and vim,
To fight my battle of life.

IV.

Give me the faith of the Christian free,
A heart, O Lord, that would die for Thee,
To fight my battle of life.



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THE IRISH PRIEST AS NOVELIST.

BY REV. P. A. SILLARD.

THE Irish Priest in fiction is not uncommon. He has figured in the pages of many novels, from the days of Lever and Carleton down to the last work of the late Robert Buchanan. But he has always been portrayed from the outside. The Irish priest as novelist is less common, and whatever views may be held as to the desirability of the clergy giving their time to novel-writing, there can be no question that the Rev. Doctor Sheehan has made for himself more than a passing reputation in the domain of fiction. What imparts a special interest and value to his work is that his portraits of clerics, being studies from within, may be accepted as wholly reliable.

In a country like Ireland, where the power of the priest counts for much, the portrayal of him as he is, not as he might be, nor as he would appear to a distorted fancy, is distinctly valuable; all the more so as previous pictures from laymen's pens have not been free from a suspicion of unfriendly exaggeration, if not positive caricature.

Dr. Sheehan is a parish priest in the county of Cork, and has had abundant opportunity for observing and studying his fellow-countrymen, and, possessing considerable literary talent, has already produced four books. Two of these, *Geoffrey Austin* and the *Triumph of Failure* (to name them in the order of their appearance), had at first little more than local celebrity; but the fame of his third book, *My New Curate* (which rapidly ran into twelve editions), directed attention to them, and they have become popular both in Ireland and in America; but the striking qualities, so remarkably evident in *My New Curate*, are only dimly visible in them.

In *Geoffrey Austin* we see traced the early years and mental training of a typical Irish youth, highly gifted, imaginative, and ambitious, but without any real religion. The *Triumph of Failure* takes up his history at the point where he is launched

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on the world without money, position, or friends, to carve out his future as best he may, and it traces his path through disappointments and sorrows, and describes the reawakening of faith in his soul wherein it had slumbered. Both books have the faults inseparable from the *tendenz romanz*, and there is in them besides an ostentation of learning wholly unnecessary, and frequently irritating. They are lacking in that quality which is essential to secure independent and permanent appreciation—the quality of giving pleasure; and this quality *My New Curate* possesses in an abundant degree.

It was first published as a serial in an American periodical, and even then aroused considerable interest; on its appearance in book form it, as has already been stated, rapidly reached its twelfth edition. Such an unusual success stimulates curiosity as to how far it is attributable to those scenes of clerical life being written by a cleric. It may be said at once that while this had much to do with it, a better and more vital cause of the attraction lay in the true and graphic pictures of Irish life and character that the book contains. The interest is aroused on the first page, and the exquisite humor with which the story is developed must have come as a glad surprise to those who had deplored its absence in Dr. Sheehan's earlier books. The secret of the success is the intensely human interest which the reader is made to feel in the characters; they all live: the old parish priest, Father Dan (the typical *Soggarth Aroon*), the new Curate whom the Bishop has sent him (to break his heart, as he says); the elderly housekeeper; the village folk, whom Father Dan has long ceased to try to rouse from their lethargy, and who, critical at first towards the new curate, later become his warmest admirers.

The Irish peasant, so frequently drawn, and oftentimes so ruthlessly caricatured, is a subject of loving study to Dr. Sheehan; he has looked deep into his nature, penetrated to his heart, to his very soul; and who could do this if it were not the priest to whom the Irish peasantry turn at all times of deep feeling, of joy as well as of sorrow? Their faith in the joys of another world, heightened by their sorrows in this; their domestic love, which reconciles them to their hard lot; their pathetic hope in the coming of better days; their readiness to forget everything and give way to a wild, almost fierce,

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glee, which soon fades away into native melancholy,—all are portrayed for us with an artist's hand. The vividness of the pictures, the delicacy of the light and shade, are masterly; there is no exaggeration, no over-emphasis, but a truth of detail which is the outcome of long, close, sympathetic observation. Sympathetic observation—that is the secret of his success. The Irish character is an enigma—an enigma worth solving, the key to which is true sympathy. Dr. Sheehan has this key, and with it he has opened a gallery into which it is well worth while to enter. His pictures are living pictures, showing us contemporary life and thought in Ireland as they can be found nowhere else. On his own ground Dr. Sheehan is unapproached by any living writer who has attempted the same theme. In an especial degree one feels, that he has a grip of his subject, and an ability to handle it equalled only by his thorough knowledge of his clerical brethren.

In *My New Curate*, for example, Father Dan, the parish priest of Kilronan, loved his people, and they loved him, and when in tardy recognition of his great merit his bishop desired to elevate him to the dignity of a canon he sadly but resolutely declined the proffered honor, because he was "Father Dan" to his people, and they wanted him to be Father Dan to the end. The true note is touched here, as indeed all through the book. The bond between priest and people in Ireland is no common one, and not easily understood outside Ireland. That is one of the many causes of much misunderstanding amongst those who, with a very superficial acquaintance with the country and the people, form opinions based not seldom upon prejudice, often upon that "incompatibility that exists between a slow, conscientious, Protestant, Anglo-Saxon race, and a quick-witted, Celtic, Roman-Catholic race, with different characteristics, different ideas, different traditions, different aims."

I said awhile ago that on his own ground Dr. Sheehan is *facile princeps*. The reason for the reservation is seen in his last work, *Luke Delmege*,* wherein he has attempted, amongst other things, to depict scenes and characters with which he is less intimate. The weakest portions of this story are those wherein the action takes place out of Ireland. They have not

* London: Longmans, Green & Co.

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the vraisemblance that hall-marks the others. The perfect felicity with which he describes Irish character, both lay and cleric, is even more marked, because more various, in this book than in its predecessor. His wide and exact knowledge enables him to depict with unerring touch the very different types of Irish priest whom he has here given us. Such creations as Father Pat, Father Tim, and Father Martin are marvels of realism, while the Canon, round whose relatives and their doings much of the story revolves, is inimitably described.

But it is not alone for their faithful portrayal of character that these books are deserving of attention; they discuss and throw light upon many things that are of perpetual interest to thinking men; they have deep meaning, and are informed by a true philosophy as to the essential facts of life.

Dr. Sheehan is not indifferent to the faults that exist in places that some would guard from criticism. Incidentally in *Luke Delmege* those whom it touches nearly have perceived some strictures on the system that prevails in the college at Maynooth, where vast numbers of the Irish priesthood are trained. That his criticisms were well directed was proved by the unfriendly reception they met with from those in whose interest they were made. Knowing how powerful is the influence that they eventually come to possess, Dr. Sheehan would have the young clerical students educated and trained in a true liberal spirit, freed from the trammels of fettering tradition. He brings things to the test of experience, and thus is enabled to detect, and he does not hesitate to expose, the weakness where it exists. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." In the same spirit his contribution to the thought of the day when it turns towards the social and political aspects of Ireland is eminently worthy of notice; and it is clearly because he recognizes in the novel the greatest educational force in literature that he has selected it as the vehicle of his thought. He has looked with discerning eyes on the world moving around him, and can draw from it a lesson, and point, perhaps, a moral which, touched with gentle irony and sympathetic satire, makes delightful reading. These books have a value and attractiveness that the two earlier works would hardly have led one to anticipate. They are instinct with the movement of life around us; and, as has been said, they reflect and discuss

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questions in the solution of which we are all interested. Dr. Sheehan's style is always good, and frequently rises to a high level of distinction. There is a quiet force in his writing that is distinctly impressive, and marks him as the foremost man of letters in Ireland to-day. Those who would know how the Ireland of his day looked to a learned and cultured man with the seeing eye and the gift of expression should turn to the pages of *My New Curate* and *Luke Delmege*.*

THE SEA GULL.

BY REV. WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.

I.

O restless bird, what dost thou seek?
Thy soul is troubled as the sea:
What urgent message wouldst thou speak?
Why hurriest on so eagerly?

II.

Dost tell of storms that lash the main?
Of sailors 'gulfed in watery grave?
Alas! thy tidings now are vain,
For who these luckless ones may save?

III.

Then stay thy wing and rest awhile
Upon the dark waves' surging crest;
While I my anxious heart beguile
Aweary with its ceaseless quest.

* These two books have been translated into French, and *Mon Nouveau Vicaire* and *Luc Delmege* have been received with great favor by the French critics.

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THE GENIUS OF LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

"Time with a stealthy hand has put to shame
The tints of many a canvas rich of yore;
But they who bear the Della Robbia name,
Could they return and see their work once more,
Should nothing find therein to mourn or to restore."

IN the ancestral home of his race in the Via San Egidio, where

" . . . the Arno doubles,
And Florence with her hoarded art
Forgets old troubles,"

Luca della Robbia was born A. D. 1400, and after the tranquil customs of his day and race, untouched by modern hurry and desire for change, there he lived in the quaint old stone house for many years. It was not until 1446 that, with his brother Marco and his nephew Andrea, he removed to a newer house in a thoroughfare then called Della Robbia, but which is now the Via Guelfa.

It is difficult to gather definite information concerning many of the Renaissance artists. The noisome pestilence too often visited mediæval cities, and everything upon which it had laid its devastating finger was burnt to avoid infection. Such family records as were not thus lost were destroyed in the frequent pillage of dwellings and churches which war, and more frequently internecine strife, engendered. But in fair and flowery Italy, land of sunshine and blossoms and art, the artist is happy in his whilom biographer, garrulous Giorgio Vasari, and to him we are indebted for most of the facts which have come down to us anent the life of Luca della Robbia. At the cavilling critic who would, in carping spirit, complain that the interesting Vasari was not always exact; that he let his heart run away with his head to the distorting of accurate truth at times; that he was more loving to his friends than just to his enemies, we would only say, with a shrug: "He is all the authority we have; he gives us dates and facts; his opinions matter little; we can judge for ourselves. What would you?

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LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.

The sun gilds with glowing beauty the sombre evening sky; let Romance cast a little gleam upon the darkened middle age."

Of the Florentine sculptor, Vasari writes with a touch of that naïveté which marked the times: "Luca was most carefully reared and educated until he could not only read and write but also, according to the custom of most Florentines, had learned

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to cast accounts so far as he was likely to require them. Afterwards he was placed by his father to learn the art of the goldsmith. Having learned to draw and to model in wax, his confidence increased and he set himself to attempt works in marble and bronze. In these he succeeded tolerably well, and this caused him to abandon altogether the goldsmith's trade and give himself entirely to sculpture, insomuch that he did nothing but work with his chisel all day and by night practised his drawing. This he did with so much zeal that when his feet were frozen with the cold, he kept them in a basket of shavings to warm them, so that he might not be compelled to discontinue his drawings."

Modern sybarites who have experienced the discomforts of these more picturesque than habitable marble-floored Florentine palaces of the olden time, wonder at the devotion to art displayed by this early Tuscan sculptor—a mere goldsmith's apprentice the modern artist might deem him. But it is to the painstaking genius who despised not the day of small things, and to the earnestness of effort which stopped at naught, that we owe the splendid achievements of the past. Demosthenes, talking with his mouth full of pebbles above the ocean's roar; a Giotto drawing his sheep with a stick in the soil of a Tuscan landscape, as he watched his flocks where the azure sky lovingly smiled down upon fair Fiesole; a boy Angelico tracing with awl his goldsmith gravures before San Marco's convent shade, gaining skill and leisure to embody his pure thoughts of the Holy Mother in pure tones; a Robbia freezing over each line and curve as he painstakingly wrought his way to expression of truth,—these great souls are the exponents of the axiom that "genius is only great patience"; they exemplify the thought that naught can be accomplished in this world save by that labor which conquers all.

Early in his career Ghiberti and Donatello largely influenced Luca della Robbia, the one giving him technical skill, the other vigor of handling; but later the sculptor developed his own originality and became an independent worker, showing his own strong personality. How strong that personality would be is evinced by his portrait by Vasari, now in the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence. Draped in a graceful mantle, only a portion of the figure is seen, and the fine head, wrapped in a unique artistic turban, is thrown into bold relief against a well-shaded

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THE SINGING CHILDREN, CATHEDRAL, FLORENCE.

background. The features are striking; the nose, but slightly aquiline, is of the softer Italian rather than the Roman type; the eyes are half closed, deep-set, keen, thoughtful, rather than dreamy; the eyebrows perfectly formed, the ears large but well shaped; the forehead is full; the chin sharply protruding, the lips half parted and clearly moulded, and the expression intense. The whole face is striking and forceful. It is the face of a man whose character would be grand and lofty, and the life of Luca della Robbia corresponds to the character his face gives him.

His appears to have been a rare personality. Truly loving by nature, he seems to have known no woman's influence in his life; and it presents the rather uncommon picture of a

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deeply religious man of his day who loved no earthly woman, yet who was neither monk nor churchman. His family affection was strong, and he devoted himself chiefly to his favorite nephew, Andrea. Him he loved somewhat to the detriment of his own sense of justice, which was strong; for, late in life, it is said that he feared he did wrong in imparting to Andrea alone the secret of his discovery of glazed enamel. This secret, rumor has it, he wrote down and placed in the hollow head of one of his cherubs, and curious seekers have broken many of the lovely little creatures in hope of finding so valuable a treasure.

Robbia's friends appear to have been many and warm, probably because his temper was even. His disposition was quiet, cheerful, and pleasant, without jealousy, envy, or unrest. The story goes that it was he who succeeded in pacifying Michelozzo when that artist was enraged at the injustice of the cathedral canons at the Duomo, and there was ever after between the artists a warm and tender friendship.

Robbia seems to have led an uneventful life, its flight marked not at all by the tempests and passions of his warlike times, but only by his discoveries and experiments, as his art floated along in a steady stream from the goldsmith's graver to the sculptor's chisel, from marble to bronze, from bronze to terra cotta, through which medium we know him best. Clever as he was, he seems to have possessed in a marked degree the simple virtues of industry, frugality, and gratitude. The Marchesa Burlamacchi, in her charming book on Luca della Robbia writes, anent the latter trait of his character, that "having been restored to health by the pure mountain air of Gavinani, near San Marcello, and having received much kindness from the people, he left, as a votive offering, two of his works to adorn the village church. The mountaineers still show with pride this token of the gratitude of the great artist who, although he lived in a period of sordid passions, was an example of virtue and industry.

Closely interwoven with the life and work of his favorite nephew, Andrea, as is the work of Luca della Robbia, it is yet possible for a close and discerning student to distinguish the work of the older from that of the younger man. The temperamental differences between the two are clearly shown by their work. Andrea is a quicker modeller, somewhat lacking in originality, repeating his subjects over and over with but slight variations, and in the selection of his subjects showing the

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spirit of a later age, as there were forty years difference between him and the uncle who did so much for him.

There is something gentle and pathetic in the story of the good old man, childless save for his beloved art, bestowing upon this son of his dearly beloved brother all the largesse of the great affection of a richly endowed nature, and one rejoices to read that Andrea was not ungrateful, but loved and tended his uncle until the old artist died in 1481, honored and

MADONNA OF THE VIA DELL' AGNOLO, FLORENCE.

respected by all. He was buried in the Church of San Piero Maggiore, and there his epitaph reads:

"Tena vivi per mi cara e gradita
Che all'acqua e a' ghiacci como marmo induri;
Per que quanto mere cedi o ti maturi,
Tanto più la mia fama in terra ha vita."

(O live for me, dear earth! and may you vie
With marble that can storm and frost defy;
So time the less you cede the more mature,
My fame on earth the longer may endure.)

Justly famous is the work of this fifteenth century Florentine sculptor, and the first important work of which we have record was executed in 1431 for the Duomo in Florence, and is called the "Cantoria." Vasari writes of these ornaments for the organ of Santa Maria del Fiore: "The wardens commis-

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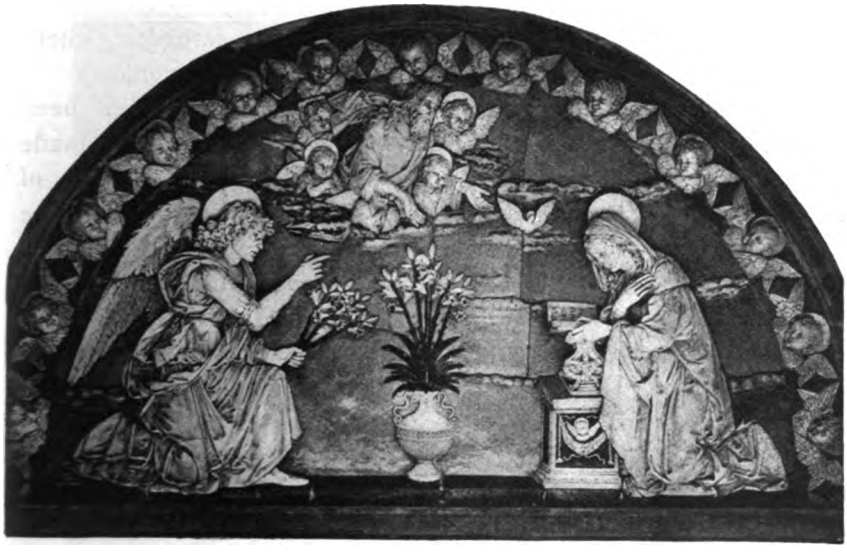
sioned them from Luca, who in addition to his reputation had a further recommendation from Messer Vieri de' Medici, an influential and popular citizen by whom Luca was much beloved. These ornaments were placed over the door of the sacristy in the above-named cathedral.

"In the prosecution of this work, Luca executed certain series for the casement which represent the choristers, who are singing in different attitudes. To the execution of these he



ANNUNCIATION OF THE INNOCENTI, FLORENCE.

gave such earnest attention, and succeeded so well, that although the figures are sixteen *bracchia* from the ground, the spectator can distinguish the inflation of the throat in the singers, and the action of the leader as he beats time with his hands. The various modes of playing the different instruments, the choral songs and the dances, are delineated by the artist."

As a text for the "Cantoria," which are divided into ten panels, Luca took the 150th psalm:

"Laudate Dominum in sanctis ejus; laudate eum in firmamento virtutis ejus.

Laudate eum in virtutibus ejus; laudate eum secundum multitudinem magnitudinis ejus."

The subjects of the bas-reliefs are taken from the last lines of the psalm. It is a pity that after the "Cantoria" Luca rarely produced any work wrought wholly in marble.

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Many and varied have been the vicissitudes of the "Cantoria." In 1688, when Prince Ferdinando was married to Violante Beatrice of Bavaria, the bas-reliefs were removed and replaced with wood ornaments, which were fashionable at that time. The lovely singing children lay neglected for years in the cathedral until they were finally given to the Gallery of the Uffizi; but the cathedral chapter quarrelled over them, wishing them replaced in their original place. Eventually the dispute was settled, and with the famous "Singing Gallery" of Donatello, the Robbias were placed in the museum of the cathedral, where they shine to-day in all their grace and ease of movement.

Of them Symonds says that "movements have never been suggested with less exaggeration, nor have marble lips made sweeter or more varied music; especially fine is the group of children singing and playing the organ and guitar. The anatomy of the childish forms is perfect, and the grace of the draperies and the ease of the rounded limbs, the sweetness and charm of the lovely childish faces, with the eager childish interest they display, each pair of rosy lips parted to do its best, shows Robbia to have been indeed a close student and a warm lover of childhood."

Numberless other fine pieces followed these productions; but it was not until 1442 that Luca made his first trial of terra cotta covered with glazed enamel. This resulted in a frieze, a garland of flowers supported by cherub heads, made for the tabernacle of the Chapel of St. Luke, in the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, in Florence. Later it was transferred to the Church of Santa Maria a Peretala.

According to Vasari: "Luca having made up the reckoning of what he received for his works in bronze and marble, perceived that he had made but small gains and that the labor had been excessive. Reflecting, therefore, that it cost but little trouble to work in clay, which is easily managed, and that but one thing was required, namely, to find some method by which works produced in that material should be rendered durable—after having made innumerable experiments, Luca found that if he covered his figures with a coating of glaze formed from a mixture of tin, antimony, litharge, and other substances carefully prepared by the action of fire, the desired effect was produced to perfection, and endless durability might be secured for his works of clay."

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BAMBINO OF THE INNOCENTI, FLORENCE.

In substituting terra cotta for marble, Robbia's idea was to use for mural decorations a more durable medium than the frescoes and mosaics which had been used for church ornamentation, and he applied to sculpture the same principle which Bernard Palissy used for pottery a century later. Neither man pretended to originate the idea, for glazed enamel was used by the early Egyptians, Greeks, and by the Italians and Germans of the middle ages. Robbia, however, by chemical studies, improved so greatly upon the old processes that he may easily be regarded as the father of the art. Ruskin says: "Luca loved the various forms of fruit and wrought them into all sorts of picturesque frames and garlands, giving them their

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natural colors, only subdued, a little paler than nature." Flowers, wreaths, chestnuts, pine cones, foliage, floating angels, cherubs—all were combined with such rare ease and grace as if almost to seem

> "As wondrous magic of the artist's hand,
> Long stilled within the flowery citadel
> That leans above the Arno's current bland.
> Magic that can the umber earth compel
> To take sweet shape of rose and lily bell,
> In clustering fruit in hues not touched to fade."

As to the Robbia flowers and fruits, Ruskin wrote: "Never pass the market of Florence without looking at Luca della Robbia's Madonna in the circle above the church, and glance from the vegetables underneath to Luca's leaves and lilies to see how honestly he was trying to make his clay like the garden stuff." This Madonna of San Pierino is one of the most remarkable of the sculptor's works. The gentle Madonna is one of the sweetest ever conceived, and the coloring exquisitely lovely. The eyes are dark blue, the eyebrows and lashes pencilled with bluish gray, the pose dignified and graceful, the draperies flowing and easy, the expression modest, thoughtful, a trifle sad yet very womanly. The Child she holds to her breast is a wise little creature, his face shadowed and thoughtful, and the angels which float at either side are perfect in symmetry, grace, and an airy motion rarely beautiful. Luca loved to portray the Madonna, and his conceptions of her are so varied that one feels that he took no earthly model, but painted from his own pure soul and chaste imagination his ideal of the Virgin-Mother who blessed earth with her "Heaven-loved innocence."

Very different from the Madonna of the Mercato is that of the Via dell' Agnolo, the masterpiece to be found above the door of a miserable house in a by-street of old Florence—a house probably once a chapel or oratory. This bas-relief is one of rare beauty, and shows the most perfect traits of Robbia's genius. The draperies are graceful, the figures natural, the composition simple, the leaves and flowers perfect in hue, the whole lunette showing the artist at his best, and a wonderful best it is. In the centre, under a marvellous half wreath of

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MADONNA OF THE ADORATION IN THE ACADEMY, FLORENCE.

lilies and foliage, stands the Madonna. An angel on either side bearing a vase of lilies, from her arms steps the Christ-Child carrying a scroll upon which is written, "Ego sum lux Mundi."

She is not the pathetic Virgin of San Pierino, weighed down by the tragedy of the future; nor is the Holy Child the all-foreseeing One of the former lunette. The Virgin is younger, more girlish, the sweetest, blithest young mother-maid e'er conceived, an indescribable charm about her, as there is in the childish form of the Christ, whose eager face expresses so much, and it is indeed, to quote Edith Thomas' beautiful poem, a

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"Robbia work of sparkling grace,
A Virgin whose sweet eyes no grief foretell,
A Child blithe stepping from her soft embrace,
Light for the world within his hands and on his face."

Of a still different type is the sweet little Virgin of the Annunciation at the Florentine Foundling Hospital. Sweet and girlish, comprehending yet scarcely apprehending all of her destiny, she has neither the joyous grace of the Virgin dell' Agnolo, nor the tragic sadness of the Virgin of San Pierino. Kneeling at her devotions, a gentle, prayerful soul, she is surprised by the visit of the angel, a graceful creature, one of "Heaven's golden-winged host," whose eyes are rapt and earnest, whose hand stretches out to her the fair lilies of the Annunciation, and whose solemn lips bear the great message.

In the clouds above, God the Father gazes down upon the scene, surrounded by countless little bodiless cherubs, beautiful in their varied expressions of infantile innocence. Very appropriate seems this framing of cherubs for the Hospital of the Innocenti—innocent ones, as the Italians gracefully term the foundlings—and even more appropriate are the Innocenti in the Loggia, those beautiful and almost beatified *bambini*. These swaddled children of the Innocenti were done at the time when Luca and Andrea worked together, and the credit of them is often given to the younger sculptor. He had not, however, at that time reached the full height of his genius, and it is probable that Luca guided the hand that wrought them and originated the idea if he did not complete the design. How charming they are, these darling children, all

"In azure and in white;
Above that portal all compassionate,
Outreaching in their weakness and their might,
The Innocenti keep their welcoming state,
And for the city waifs, their human brethren, wait."

It is impossible to conceive of any portrayal of childhood more perfect and more appealing than these *bambini* of Robbia's. Their faces are so childish yet so wise, there is in their forms not the gay abandon of Donatello's children, nor the suave grace of the "Cantoria," but there is infinitely more of the mystery of childhood, its joy, its wistfulness, its wonder of the

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ADORATION AT LA VERNA.

future. They appeal to the heart as do few portrayals of child nature, and plead for their helpless brothers, the foundlings, as could neither tongue nor pen of to-day.

The great popularity of the lily in Robbia's works may have been due to its being the Florentine emblem, or its snowy purity in contrast to the glossy green of its leaves may have appealed to him as a special symbol of the "lily among thorns," for in some form or another it appears in nearly all of his bas-reliefs of the Blessed Virgin. Particularly beautiful it is in the lovely Madonna of the Adoration, now in the Academy at Florence. Lilies twined with superb pine cones, glossy leaves, and bell-like blossoms wreathe the sculpture, while a spray of lilies so perfect as to seem almost alive grows upward,

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the flowers bending their heads lovingly over the form of the little Christ-Child, whose tiny hand is so eagerly raised to the mother-face bending above him. The Blessed Virgin, her face a marvel of sweetness, tenderness, and adoring love, deeply tinged with sadness, kneels in an attitude of rare grace, two angel hands holding a diadem above her head. The simplicity of composition in this "Adoration" is one of its choicest traits, in which respect it far outranks the Adoration at La Verna. This is a powerful bas-relief set in ornate pilasters, a border of cherubs framing the top. The Virgin is very beautiful and graceful, the Child one of Robbia's best; but the upper part of the picture is too crowded with figures—God the Father, the Dove representing the Holy Spirit, angels and cherubs—to seem at first sight wholly congruous. Upon further study each figure, however, has its *raison d'être;* each is distinct, each pregnant with life and meaning; all reverently adore the Prince of Earth and Heaven.

One of Robbia's most remarkable groups is that in the Medici Chapel in Santa Croce (Florence). Angels crown the Mother of Christ, lovely floating angels with clinging draperies. At the right are St. Elizabeth, St. John Baptist, and another saint, and at the left St. Lawrence, St. Francis, and a bishop; all are turned in adoration toward the Christ-Child, who stands on his Mother's knee, a lovely, wise little creature, though the Blessed Virgin is not so fair as many of Robbia's Madonnas. The picture is quoted by some critics as merely "in the Robbia manner," and many of the details point to its having been completed by pupils of the great teacher. The design was certainly Luca's, and his is the flower-work on the severely beautiful pilasters, and the cherubs in the background of pure blue, the blue of the soft Italian skies.

Studying carefully the work of this great master, one realizes that from nature Luca always made his studies. His characteristics cannot be better described than in the words of the sympathetic Marchesa Burlamacchi:

"In Italy at this time there was a growing love for the things of nature, and Luca realized the decorative value of the architecture of nature. He was a realist at the best. He painted nature well because he loved nature well, and because, in his simple innocence, he knew that for perfect decoration the artist must turn to nature and find in the flowers his lessons.

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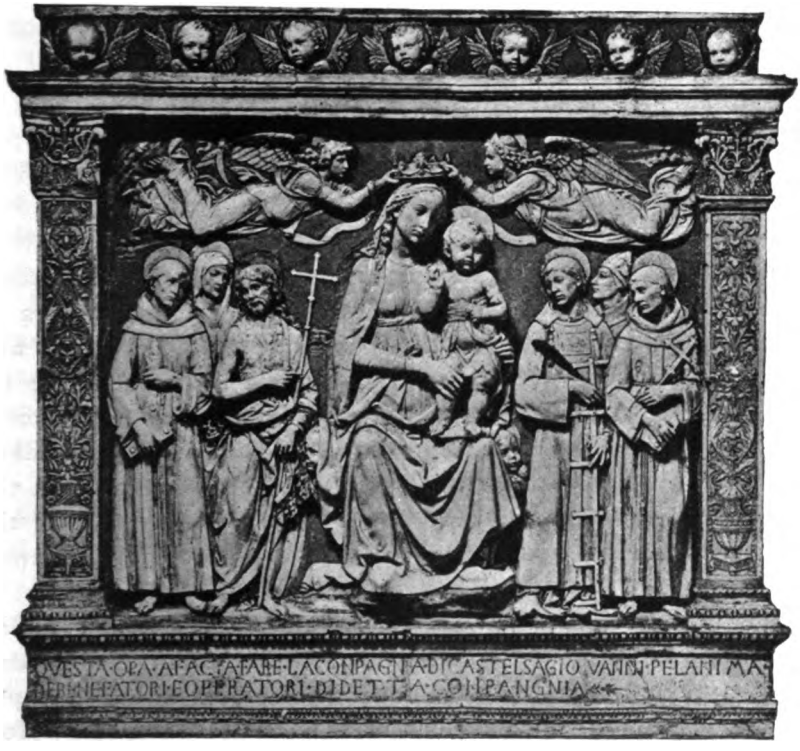

OUR LORD, THE BLESSED VIRGIN, AND SAINTS, SANTA CROCE, FLORENCE.

Therefore above the churches and the markets he set the emblems of the love of God and girded them with the visible sign of that affection that we have on all sides, framing his teaching of religion's deepest lesson with a rich frame of the fruits and flowers with which God had decorated the world for our delight. He originated works of the greatest beauty which sprang from a highly cultured activity, a knowledge of technique unrivalled in his own sphere of operation, and a desire to put his heart into his labor.

The work of the man was but the exponent of his character. Like Galahad of old,

> "His strength was as the strength of ten
> Because his soul was pure,"

and in the whiteness of his life nature wrought her fairest flowers, little children nestled close in their innocent purity, cherubs floated and angels hovered, and all the sweet and holy things of earth and heaven joined to minister to his genius.

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PERDITA'S CHOICE.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

I.

IT was on the steps of the Bargello, where Niccolo de Niccoli, one of the greatest book-lovers in Europe, met the beautiful Piero de' Pazzi and persuaded him to abandon a life of pleasure for one of literature, that she stood one April morning, the little Florentine, Perdita. At dawn she had walked into the city from the outlying country, the dew fresh on the violets in her basket; now at noon her flowers were sold, the last bunch having been bought by a young lady just entering the Museum as the bells of the city rang out the Angelus.

Perdita, devout little Catholic, crossed herself, and folded her slender brown hands, the while she repeated the midday call to prayer; then turning down the street, with her empty basket poised lightly on her head, started for home. How pretty the young lady was who had bought her flowers!

"Inglese," thought Perdita, "and rich! The jewels on her hands sparkled like the sun as she took my violets. If only I had some money like that to help the little mother!"

The noon-tide sun grew hotter and hotter, but the young girl went on unheeding. Now she was out on the road leading to Fiesole, and had begun to climb the hill.

"Your pardon, signorina," said a voice in Italian, making Perdita start and turn. Who could be addressing her as signorina!

She saw a dark, handsome man, neatly dressed, though not a gentleman if the child had known how to distinguish. To her eyes, however, he appeared very great indeed; but she remembered that both her mother and the good parish priest had warned her against strange men, so she drew back rather coldly.

"You would like to earn some money for the mother and brothers," continued the stranger. "You are poor and make but little selling flowers."

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"Yes," answered Perdita. How could the man know so much?

"It is very sad," he went on, "that the dear mother should need so much and have so little. See, I know of a way in which you can grow rich, over beyond the ocean in America, where every one has money. If you will come with my wife and me, in a few months you can come back with gold and redeem the mortgage on the house, and then there will be no more care."

How wonderful it all sounded, and how much the good stranger knew about their affairs. An overpowering desire seized the child; it all seemed so simple—to go for a time, to come back rich and able to make every one happy. Her eyes sparkled.

"You are very kind, signor," she answered. "We are in great need, and things have been getting worse and worse. I will ask the mother and see what she says."

"Do," said the man, "and I will see you to-morrow and get your answer."

The mother and brothers listened with wonder-open eyes; it all sounded so fair. Had they consulted the father to whom they went regularly for confession, he would have known better; but alas! he was away and it never occurred to the simple peasants to go to some other priest.

On the morrow Perdita was ready with her answer. She would go to America; but the signor's wife must first come and see her mother. They came together, the man and his wife, and as an assurance of their reliability presented the simple Italian woman with five dollars in Italian gold. After that all was haste, and Perdita felt as in a dream. For the last time she walked the streets of her "city glorious," visiting first one loved spot and then another, until the day when, settled in a third-class compartment, she steamed away from Florence. Her gaze took in the fast vanishing scene, and only the child's faith kept her up, as her eyes strained in the gathering darkness for one more look on the purple Apennines the while her heart cried out in the sweet Italian tongue—"a rivederla—a rivederla!"

Four days later they embarked at Havre, and within a few hours Perdita, homesick and miserable, was experiencing all the horrors of the transatlantic steerage.

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II.

It was midsummer in New York. Uptown the city was nearly deserted. In Attorney Street the hot August sun beat down on the pavements, that reeked of garbage and filth. On either side of the street were tall tenements crowded to overflowing, each floor holding as many people as could have been comfortably accommodated in the whole building.

In a back room on the top floor of one of the poorest of the tenements about a dozen women were crowded together busily engaged in sewing.

The heat was stifling, the air intolerable, and the light, reflected from a brick wall built close to the broken and dirty windows, not sufficient to make it easy to work on the heavy black garments that each woman held. The women were mostly of the lowest type, heavy, sullen, and sodden, all save one, who sat furthest from the windows and in the worst light, which nevertheless revealed a delicate, flower-like face from which looked out eyes that spoke of anguish and pain.

Alas! poor Perdita. Gone were her happy dreams and expectations of what the new, unknown country would bring her. The child was crushed and stunned by her surroundings, homesick and heart-sick, unable to speak or hear her own language. For four months she had been confined in the three rooms that made up the crowded home of the people she had been sold or rented to. Both they and the other women in the workshop were Germans, most of them Jews, and too indifferent or apathetic to take any interest in the young girl. The "signor" had been induced to part with her owing to the jealousy of his wife, who threatened to disclose all his dishonest dealings in the sweat-shop traffic if he refused.

The young girl's ignorance of the language spoken by her fellow-workwomen saved her from contamination; yet at the same time could she have understood she would have learned her own independence, and that she could have recourse to law to be freed from her present bondage.

During the four months of her incarceration she had worked steadily for fourteen hours a day, receiving no pay.

Ill-fed, miserably housed, deprived of air and exercise, the wonder was she had not died. She thought of her mother and brothers, of the orchards and valleys, and far-off snow-capped

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mountains of her native Tuscany, with a dumb anguish of recollection. Why had she come away? And yet she had done it for the best. One thing only was not dead—deprived of Mass and the Sacraments, the child still prayed; though could she have put her supplication into verse, it would have been in the language of the Breton peasant:

"Saints of my country, pray for me;
The saints of this country know me not."

Far off seemed the holy saints and the Blessed Mother in those days.

One morning she was surprised to find that she was the only one working in the usually overcrowded room. It was the first Monday in September and Labor Day, a fact that her better informed companions had taken advantage of. After sewing steadily until noon, she stopped to eat the sausage and coarse black bread that made her midday meal. The woman with whom she lived put on her bonnet and went out, locking the door after her.

Perdita put down her work and arose; escape had hitherto seemed impossible, but now a feeling of desperation seized the young girl, as if she must find a way. Suddenly she started; at the other end of the room was a key in the lock of one of the closet doors that did duty as a bed-room.

In a second Perdita had crossed the room, taken the key from the lock, and was back at the hall door. People who aim to be overcareful have moments of extraordinary carelessness, and it was so in this case; the key that her jailer had overlooked, fitted and turned in the lock, and cautiously the young girl opened the door. Then she paused; she must have money or she could not get away, and yet she hesitated to take what had not been given to her.

"I have worked for four months," thought Perdita, whose brain was clearing with reviving hope, "and without any pay. The good God will pardon me if I take what is my due."

She shut the door and stole softly back into one of the miserable bed-rooms. Yes, here was her mistress' purse. Perdita took it, slipped it in her dress, and very softly stepped out on the landing, shutting and locking the door behind her. The hall was dark, and trembling for fear of meeting some one she knew, the young girl softly descended the rickety stairs,

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and in a few moments was out on the street, walking rapidly toward the north. The pavement swarmed with men, women, and children, but the very crowd helped her escape. No one noticed her as she turned into Houston Street and started west; surely her guardian angel was leading her! After the months of confinement her limbs were stiff; but hope buoyed her up, and it was not long before she reached the Bowery. Here she paused; then almost unconsciously she turned south again, and at Grand Street some instinct made her hail a passing car, and she was soon speeding toward the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry. Totally unacquainted with the money or customs of the country, the young girl, nevertheless, knew enough to hand the conductor some money, which was fortunately a dime and not a penny, so her ignorance escaped comment. When they reached the river she drew a long breath of delight. Whither should she go? As if in answer to her thoughts her ear was greeted by the soft, melodious language of her native Italy, and turning quickly, Perdita saw a little group of two women, a man and a child, standing near her. Here, indeed, was salvation, and in a moment's time the poor child was pouring forth her tale to sympathetic but by no means surprised listeners, who were only too ready to aid her to the best of their ability. They proved to be a party of emigrants starting for the far West. The man had a brother in Montana who had prospered, and sent for him to join in his work. Perdita readily agreed to accompany them. Any thought of returning to Italy at present she put out of her mind, so great was her fear of encountering the "signor" on the long journey alone, and of being again taken into bondage. The purse she held proved to have enough for an emigrant ticket, and within an hour she was on a Pennsylvania Railroad train, flying over the flat Jersey marshes, with hope, joy, liberty new born in her heart.

III.

A little town in Montana near one of the Indian missions, this was the place to which the emigrants had come. How pure and sweet the September air was after the foul atmosphere of Attorney Street, how blue the sky, how kind the people she was with! They proved to be Italians of more than ordinary intelligence, though not from her part of Italy. Pasquale's

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brother met them, and conducted them to a little cottage on the outskirts of the town. He had excellent work and pay as a contractor, and was able to promise his brother steady employment.

"I must work, too," thought Perdita; so before long she was established at the Indian Mission, some miles distant, where there was work in plenty for willing hearts and hands under the supervision of the devoted sisters. They had a school for Indian children, and Perdita's duties were to clean and take care of their rooms. Everything was rough and primitive, lack of funds making the simplest living and plainest building necessary; but the young girl gradually came to understand and appreciate the magnificent work.

Her first care, after recovering from the fatigue of the long journey, was to get Pasquale to write a letter to her mother; that done, her mind was at rest. In spite of past hardships she believed that God had led her to this country, and that there was work for her to do.

Pure air, good food, and kind treatment soon transformed her into her old self. Her eyes were as bright, her color as fresh, and her step as elastic as on that memorable April morning when she sold violets on the Bargello. But she could not forget the months of bondage and misery. How many of her country-women, she wondered, were in a like situation? All could not escape, as she had done. Might not many lose their religion, or take to a life of sin under the stress of such appalling hardships?

She learned to speak English, and after that went to confession—the first time in over a year; only to the good father did she tell her desire to return some day to the great city in the East, and try to uplift and liberate the women torn from their home and country under false promises, as she had been.

It was two years from the time of her coming to the mission and she was now eighteen year old. Taller than most of her country-women, slender, brown-eyed, she looked the impersonation of sweetness and beauty. The sisters loved her, the little Indian children adored her, and the mother in far off Italy had been made happy by accounts of her well-being, and by regular remittances from her slender earnings. All this time the young girl had a purpose: the determination to fit herself

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in every possible way for the work she had in mind. She learned the history, customs, and laws of her adopted country, and the domestic arts of cooking, sewing, and mending. Everything she could acquire she picked up readily, storing it away for future use. Attached to the mission was a handsome youth of twenty, the offspring of a marriage between an Italian father and an Indian mother. The father's language and physique had impressed themselves most strongly on the child, although with it he had the mother's patience and powers of endurance. Educated entirely at the mission, he had proved an apt pupil, showing traits of character and personality that made the devoted and overworked Irish father hope he might follow in his footsteps.

The boy inherited the poetic and spiritual nature of Italy, without its passionate temper and lack of self-control. He had early imbibed a full knowledge of the degraded position held by his mother's people, and that their only uplifting could come through the religious education given them by the church.

It was while he was still undecided about his future that he met Perdita and loved her. All the romance of Italy, joined to the faithfulness and patience of the Indian, was bound up in his devotion to her.

It was not difficult for Perdita to love him in return, although as yet no word had passed between them.

And so matters stood the third summer of her coming to Montana; she was now nineteen and Giovanni was twenty-one. One August afternoon two of the nuns took the younger children into the country for a picnic. The delicious air of late summer, the fields and roadsides covered with golden-rod, all combined to put the party in high spirits. Perdita and Giovanni were everywhere among the children until after the midday repast, when the little ones, tired of games, sat down around one of the sisters to listen to a story. The father took Giovanni for a walk, and Perdita, released from any duties for the moment, started toward one of the near-by hills, where she knew some particular kind of wild flowers grew that she was anxious to take home for the good Sister Superior to use in dressing the altar.

The road was familiar to her, and two miles of rapid walking soon brought her almost to the centre of a range of foot-

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hills through which flowed a stream of water, on the banks of which grew some star-like white blossoms among the coarse grass. So deeply engaged was the young girl in gathering the flowers and laying them carefully in her basket, that she did not notice a dark, funnel-shaped cloud that had come suddenly out of the north-west and was advancing rapidly toward her.

IV.

A sudden rush of cold air, and a darkening of the atmosphere, first warned her of approaching danger. She had hardly time to grasp hold of the lower branches of a near-by tree when the wind was whirling around her, the dust, leaves, and flying *débris* almost blinding and choking her. Then, above the howling of the storm, she thought she heard Giovanni's voice calling her—"Perdita," he shouted—"Perdita!" Vainly she tried to answer, at last taking refuge in prayer, and even as she did so she heard a crash as if the tree she had hold of had been struck; the next moment the branches in her hand gave way, the young girl was thrown against the trunk of the tree, and in the same moment lost consciousness.

When she opened her eyes it was to see a fair, lovely face bending over her. In Perdita's mind there immediately arose some confused remembrance of having seen the face before, but excessive weakness brought on a fainting fit. When for the second time she opened her eyes, she was able to notice her surroundings, and see that she was in a beautiful room, with some one, evidently a nurse, in attendance. In a faint voice she asked in Italian where she was; the nurse came forward and then, seeing she had not understood, Perdita repeated her question in English.

"You are in good hands," said the nurse. "There was a terrible cyclone, and although you were only on the edge of it, you were injured and brought here. Now you must sleep, and when you are better you shall hear all."

In a few days the young girl began to improve rapidly, and in a week she was up and able to hear all that had happened. A severe cyclone, limited as to area but disastrous in its effects, had passed across the outlying country. She was not directly in its path, but near enough to feel some of its

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force; and the breaking of the branches she was clinging to had thrown her against the tree, injuring her head and causing unconsciousness. She had been found by a gentleman and his daughter, who had been driving through the hills and had escaped the path of the cyclone; they had lifted her in their carriage and brought her to their home, where she now was. Perdita learned with deep emotion that the two sisters and their little charges who had come out on the picnic were right in the full path of the tornado, and that not one of them escaped. Where was Giovanni? She remembered the sound of his voice (as she thought) calling her during the storm. Then there was a return of the curious recollection she had had when she first regained consciousness and saw Katherine Morgan bending over her. Suddenly one day light flashed on her. It was on the steps of the Bargello in Florence, where she had sold her violets to a visitor just entering the museum, and the young lady in question—English, as she had thought—was her hostess, the daughter of one of the richest men in Montana!

Strange as it may seem, Katherine Morgan also remembered the incident, and her interest in Perdita deepened. She heard all her history, even to the young girl's desire to go back to New York and work among her country-women in the slums.

"It will be a hard and trying life," she said. "Have you thought of that?"

"Yes," answered Perdita, "but the good God will be with me, and if I can relieve some of the suffering that I know exists, I shall be repaid."

"I would like to help her," said Katherine Morgan to her father that evening. "Providence seems to have twice brought her in my way, and the work she has in mind is a splendid one."

"Do whatever you like," answered her father, "though I think she is young yet for such a choice. The girl is beautiful enough to marry any day."

"There seems to be a lover," said Katherine, "but she has lost sight of him in the general confusion, and is not well enough yet to go in search of him. I sent word to the sisters who are left at the Indian mission that she is here safe; but they have had heavy losses themselves, and beyond a grateful message of thanks through the messenger, we have heard nothing further."

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It was a month before Perdita was fully recovered, and able to leave her kind friends. Katherine Morgan drove her over to the mission—a distance of five miles. It was a warm, sunny October day as the young girl caught sight of the mission buildings. Knowing how many of the children had been lost, she expected to find the place almost deserted; instead of which it was crowded with strange faces. Many of the new children had lost their parents in the recent cyclone, while others had long been waiting for admission.

The daughter of the rich Montana banker took it all in: the devoted and tireless work of the sisters, and the never-ending need of the Indian mission. She left, promising to see Perdita soon again, and drove home with her mind full of the sisters' noble self-sacrifice, and of Perdita's plan.

A Catholic herself, Katherine Morgan realized with a sigh how much good could be done if all Catholics were as systematically generous as her father. Her mind went over a list of men and women she knew who gave little or nothing to assist the crying need at their door.

Meanwhile Perdita inquired eagerly for Giovanni; but no tidings of him had reached the mission. Father Ryan had been found and had recovered from the shock of the storm; but could only recall that he and the young man had become separated in the dust and wind. It was not until a week later that Giovanni walked in the mission gate one morning, pale, emaciated, and showing what he had been through; but patient, trustworthy, and loyal as of yore. He was received with acclamations of joy, and eager inquiries as to where he had been. On the evening of the cyclone he had been found insensible by a party of Indians, who conveyed him to the Reservation and nursed him until he was sufficiently recovered to leave. He still needed care, which Perdita and the good sisters were only too ready to give him. Another winter thus passed at the mission; these two souls, linked in a high purpose, being led little by little to see and fit themselves for their life's work.

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It was nearly a year later that one summer evening two figures were mounting one of the Montana foot-hills together. The girl of twenty and the young man of twenty-two, had both

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been made older and graver by the experiences they had passed through. It was a different Perdita from the girl of sixteen who had walked the streets of her native Tuscany, yet there was the same child-like purity of brow, the same tender, serious eyes that Katherine Morgan had noticed four years ago.

As they reached the brow of the hill, and the horizon stretched out before them, all crimson and gold in the west with its light reflected on the trees and hills, the young people turned toward each other. They had loved well and faithfully, and now the time had come when they had decided to part. Something of the glory of the sunset, a reflection, as it were, of its eternal peace, was in Giovanni's face as he spoke to her in the language neither of them had ever forgotten.

"Perdita mia," he said, "I have brought you here because I know what your plans are, and I want to tell you mine. Up to the time of the cyclone I had no thought beyond winning you for my wife, and settling down near the mission to work under the sisters; but that day of the terrible storm altered everything save my love for you. Face to face with eternity we learn something of the realities of life, and it was so with me then."

"Yes," answered Perdita.

They had sat down side by side on the fallen trunk of a tree, and behind her was the sunset that was reflected in her lover's face.

"When I recovered consciousness," proceeded Giovanni, "and found I was being cared for by my mother's people, I began to notice their poverty and their isolation. It seemed to me they had not even as many advantages, or as many avenues of employment open to them as the negro, and yet they are living in the country that has been theirs hundreds of years."

"They need uplifting," said Perdita.

"Yes," continued Giovanni, "so it seemed to me. I remembered how Father Ryan said that the harvest was ready, but the laborers were few; and then I also remembered that when I called to you in the storm I made a vow to give my best and dearest to God, if only you and I were saved. And then it came to me like a lightning flash that that best and dearest was my own life and my love for you."

"Ah! Giovanni," said Perdita, "surely the good God has led us both. I thought I heard you calling in the storm, and

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I asked the blessed saints to bring you to a haven of safety, even if I never saw you again."

There was silence for a moment and then Giovanni ended with almost boyish tenderness and enthusiasm:

"And so, Perdita, when you go to the East to begin your life-work, I shall begin mine: I am going to study for the priesthood, so I can work among my mother's people. There are so much misery and suffering among them, so much degradation, and such ignorance of our holy religion, there is work ready for me everywhere, and for other men, when they come."

"May God bless and guide you!" said Perdita.

The sun went down as they sat there with clasped hands; then, in the gathering darkness, they arose and walked slowly back to the mission gate, in their hearts a great love, an enduring hope, and a brave renunciation.

It is ten years later. In the far west Father Giovanni works among his poor Indians, with the patience of his mother's race, and with the deep faith and sanguine hopefulness of his father's forebears in sunny Italy. The tired sisters turn to him for renewed courage and perseverance, the little children love him with unerring childish instinct.

In the great city to the East, right in the heart of the Italian district, a sweet-faced Italian woman presides over a large building that has been remodelled from a tenement, and made into a comfortable home. Helped in her start by money from her generous friend Katherine Morgan, the work had now become almost self-supporting. The calls on Perdita's time and patience are endless; but she is happy, for her work has been a magnificent success, bringing her the love and gratitude of thousands of her country-women, and the devoted co-operation of the fathers in near-by and surrounding parishes.

Does this story seem chimerical? Is it too high an ideal to expect of a low-born Italian and an Indian half-breed? Let those who doubt go South and West and learn for themselves of the refining influence exerted on the mind, speech, and character of the children committed to the charge of these women who are indeed the "salt of the earth."

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THE EMPLOYER'S OBLIGATION TO PAY A LIVING WAGE.

BY REV. JOHN A. RYAN, S.T.L.

THE BASIS OF RIGHT.

THE right to a living wage, like all other moral rights, is based on man's rational nature. To this standard all human conduct, if it is to be moral and reasonable, must conform. The lower human activities must be subordinated to the higher; the animal faculties must be so exercised as to promote the proper activity and development of the moral, intellectual, and spiritual faculties. Such, in brief, is the natural moral law. The *immediate* reason for this law is found in the intrinsic superiority of the higher or rational portion of human nature. Man's rational nature has a value, an excellence, a sacredness in itself, independently of any temporal uses which it may serve, and is in itself worthy of consideration and reverence. *Ultimately*, to be sure, this intrinsic worth of personality has its source in the Divine Reason. Now, it is impossible for man to treat his rational nature with due respect, to develop his personality in a moral and reasonable way, unless he has access to certain external conditions, certain opportunities of action. If human beings lived apart from, and totally independent of one another, the possession and use of these conditions would never provoke conflict. Each person would live out his own life without interference from the others. Since, however, men do and must live in society, the possibility of disagreement arises, and with it the need of an adjustment of conflicting activities, and a rational distribution of those conditions and opportunities of life which God has bestowed upon all men in common. The primary principle governing the use and distribution of these goods is that each man must treat not only his own but his neighbor's personality as a thing sacred, and worthy of being cherished in itself and for its own sake. This is the great principle of the dignity of personality, which received its first adequate expression centuries ago in the moral teaching of the Catholic Church, and

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which Kant has popularized in modern times in the dictum: "Treat humanity, whether in yourself or in others, as an end, never as a mere means." According to this law, therefore (which, of course, finds its ultimate sanction in God), men are bound to deal with external goods and opportunities in such a way as not to deprive any person—except through his own fault—of the means required to develop his rational nature. If this is not done human personality is violated, and the moral law is broken. Now, this moral power or prerogative, this moral title or claim, which each individual has to the means of personal development, constitutes what is known as a moral (as distinguished from a legal) *right*. It is merely a necessary means to the development of rational nature. And since all men are equal in the essentials of rational nature, the right to the external conditions of personal development inheres in every individual.

WHAT THE RIGHT MEANS IN THE CASE OF THE LABORER.

Among these conditions must be numbered the possession of such material goods as are required to enable a man to live decently as the head of a family. Without this much of the earth's bounty, right and reasonable life becomes for the average man so difficult as to be practically impossible. God's material gifts, therefore, ought, as a matter of justice, to be so distributed as to provide every adult male with this reasonable minimum. In the case of the laborer this means a family living wage. Society has distributed the functions of industry, and limited the laborer's opportunities in such a way that his right to a decent livelihood must be realized through his wages or not at all. Absolutely speaking, particular individuals are at liberty to seek a livelihood in some other way; but the wage-earners as a class are compelled by the very constitution of present industrial society to continue as wage-earners, and consequently to depend exclusively on their wages for the means of existence. Hence the laborer's right to a decent livelihood, which he enjoys in common with all men who perform a reasonable amount of socially useful labor, becomes in the concrete conditions of our time the right to a family living wage.

UPON WHOM RESTS THE CORRESPONDING OBLIGATION?

The obligation corresponding to this right falls in a general

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way upon society, since society confines the laborer's wealth-getting activities to the sphere of wage-earning, and is the beneficiary of his toil. As a matter of fact, however, society has transferred the obligation to a special agency, namely, the employers or directors of industry. Thus the distributive function of the industrial organism has been specialized, and the indefinite and general obligation attaching thereto has become definite and specific. The employers are the distributors of the social product, and upon them falls the obligation of assigning his just share to the laborer.

True, society has not, either in its political or industrial capacity, explicitly commanded the employer to pay a living wage; but this negligence, whether right or wrong, wise or unwise, does not release the employer. No formal legislative enactment is needed to impose this obligation. It arises out of the very nature of the employer's position in the industrial organism. Society charges him with the wage-paying function, and he accepts the charge. He is bound, therefore, to exercise it in conformity with the dictates of reason and justice. To deny this is to imply that rights can exist without correlative duties. To assume that nowhere in society is there a concrete, living obligation corresponding to the laborer's right to a decent livelihood, is in effect to declare that, so far as our industrial relations are concerned, we are living not in a condition of order but of anarchy.

TWO WAYS OF CLASSIFYING THE EMPLOYER'S OBLIGATION.

According to the view just outlined, the employer's obligation to pay a living wage has a social character, and belongs to the sphere of *distributive* justice. It is also commonly regarded as a duty of commutative, or strict justice, inasmuch as it arises out of a contract between individuals. The employer is bound by the law of strict justice to give an exact equivalent for the service that he receives, or, as it is generally expressed, to remunerate labor at its full or just value. This does not mean economic or market value; for wages are practically always equal to the value of labor in this sense. What is meant is that labor ought to be paid for at its ethical value, which is determined by the social estimate of what is fair. Now, the social estimate, it is maintained, always rates labor as worth at least a living wage Elsewhere I have tried to show, that the

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"social estimate" is indefinite and of little use as a moral guide. (See the *Catholic University Bulletin*, April, 1902.) We do not know whether it adjudges a man's labor in all cases as worth a living wage, and even if we were assured that it does, we might perhaps not be ready to accept its decision as final. We might insist on examining the reasons upon which it is based, and the character of the social body from which it proceeds.

As a matter of fact, the defenders of this view do not consider labor in the abstract. When estimating its just value they take into account the fact that it is the output of a person. (*Cf.* Vermeersch, *Quæstiones de Justitia*, pp. 557, *seq.*) The human dignity of the laborer is introduced into the equation, and the value of his labor is estimated accordingly. Understood in this way, the contention that labor, or rather, the laborer, is worth a living wage is altogether valid. Human labor-force should be dealt with and measured as the attribute of a person, a rational creature who has an indestructible right to live a decent human life. Consequently the employer may not lawfully impose upon him wage conditions which will make the exercise of this right impossible. This principle holds good whether the laborer is engaged in producing marketable utilities, as in the case of the factory hand and the conductor on a street railway; or in rendering his employer direct personal service, as exemplified in the functions of a valet or a coachman. In both instances the man who works full time expends all his labor-power for the benefit of his employer, and is by the very terms of the labor contract deprived of any other means of getting a livelihood except his wages. Consequently, if the employer does not pay a living wage he ignores the human dignity of the laborer and violates one of his most important rights.

Both of the foregoing arguments are based on the dignity of the laborer as a person, his moral equality with all other persons, and his equal right with his fellows to as much of the earth's material goods as is needed to safeguard the sacredness of personality. In one word, they are arguments drawn from the laborer's individual rights. The conclusion to which they lead, namely, that the employer is bound in justice to pay a family living wage, is likewise obtained when we take the view-point of society. If social order and well-being are to be maintained, if society is to live in a condition of normal health,

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that portion of it known as the workingmen will necessarily have to be provided with a wage that will enable them to live decently, to marry, and to support a family in reasonable comfort and security. When these conditions are wanting the welfare, and even the existence, of society is threatened. Hence the employer, who has been entrusted by society with the wage-paying function, is obliged to perform this function in a manner consistent with the social welfare.

THE LABORER'S PRODUCTIVITY AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

Those who deny that the employer is bound to pay a living wage maintain that the laborer's productive power, rather than his essential needs, is the true measure of his rights in the matter of remuneration. All productive agents should be rewarded in proportion to the amounts that they produce; and, since the actual wages of labor conform, roughly speaking, to this standard, the laborer who does not receive a living wage is not treated unjustly. So runs their argument. Now, the contention that a man has a right to all the wealth that he produces is valid in the case of goods that he creates exclusively by his own efforts. When, without any assistance from others, a man turns out a product through the use of land, tools, or machinery owned by himself, he has undoubtedly a right to the whole of that product. It is understood, of course, that he does not appropriate so much land as to prevent any of his fellows from exercising their natural right to the use of the earth. For if he do not observe this condition the entire product is not his; a portion of it is due to labor that he has expended on the property of some one else. It must never be forgotten that man does not create goods outright, but merely produces utilities by transforming the raw material of nature. Since the latter is the common heritage of the race, no man may rightfully utilize it to the prejudice of the rights of his fellows. However, the amount of land, and capital likewise, that one man can personally use is so limited that the condition in question will generally be realized. The general proposition that a man has an exclusive right to all that he personally produces may, therefore, be safely affirmed. None of his fellows (abstracting from cases of extreme necessity) can establish a title to it; for it is in no way due to them, nor to any property that they own, nor to any violation of their rights.

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The product in which the laborer and his employer are interested is not, however, of this character. It is brought into existence by the joint contribution of four causes: the employer, the laborer, land, and capital. Every part of it is due in some measure to each of these factors. Each is in its own order a cause of the whole product; for in the absence of any one of them the product would not exist. On the other hand, no factor is the whole cause of any portion of the product. Consequently, no portion of it can be set apart and attributed exclusively to any one factor. The amount of product due to undertaking ability is not physically distinguishable from that due to labor, land, or capital. What part of the factory-made shoe, for example, has been produced exclusively by the employer? But it is sometimes asserted that we can ascertain the *productive importance* of each factor, and distribute the product among them accordingly. This also is impossible. There is no scale or test available by which the relative importance or productive contribution of the various factors can be even approximately measured. The employer's productive importance—for it is in his interest that the attempt to apply this test is oftenest made—is assumed to be indicated by the share of the product that he actually receives. This inference from income to productivity is evidently a particularly clumsy instance of the logical fallacy known as "the vicious circle." (*Cf. The Social Problem*, by John A. Hobson, p. 160.) "What determines the employer's remuneration?" "His productivity." "How can we ascertain the productivity of the employer?" "By referring to his remuneration." Those who take the trouble to get behind formulas and catchwords, and to examine the actual working of industrial forces, know very well that the income of any factor is determined by supply and demand, or more precisely by the *scarcity* of that factor relatively to the scarcity of all the other factors. In a word, the income of a factor depends upon its "indispensableness," to quote Professor Smart, and not on any proportion to its productive efficiency. (*Distribution of Income*, pp. 237, 238.) When undertaking ability was less plentiful than at present employers in competitive enterprises received larger rewards. Hence, their former incomes must have been in excess of their productive importance, or their present rewards fall below it.

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Either hypothesis leads to the conclusion that income is not a reliable measure of productivity.

Undoubtedly, the employer is in most cases a more important factor in production than the laborer—that is, than any single laborer. This is easily shown by picturing the loss that a business would suffer if the employer and one of his unskilled laborers should change places; or, by comparing the respective consequences, if they should successively withdraw from the business. We have no means, however, of estimating the relative productivity of labor in general and directive ability in general. In his *Labor and the Popular Welfare* Mr. Mallock has made an ingenious attempt to show that by far the greater part of the product of modern industry is due to mental ability (or simply Ability, as he writes it), and that labor gets more, instead of less, than it produces; but he has not been conspicuously successful. He ignores almost entirely the advances that labor has made in skill during the last century, exaggerates the mental endowments of inventors, and beyond broad generalities gives not a shred of evidence for his assertion that the employer, or undertaker, is as exceptional and as productive as the inventor. The latter contention may or may not be true, but it is impossible of demonstration, and in Mr. Mallock's hands it remains an empty assumption. (*Labor and the Popular Welfare*, *passim*, especially pp. 212 *seq.*) Similar assumptions are numerous in this work. The whole theory has been cleverly and effectually refuted by John A. Hobson in the *Contemporary Review* for August, 1898.

AND PRODUCTIVITY SEEMS TO BE INFERIOR TO EFFORT AS A MEASURE OF JUSTICE.

Even if it were true that the employer ascertains the precise productive contribution of each factor, and rewards them accordingly, the distribution would not necessarily be just. Why should productivity be taken as the standard of justice in apportioning the product? It would seem that the productive *efforts* and self-sacrifice made by the different factors—or rather by the owners of the factors, for land and capital are not responsible entities—instead of the results of their efforts, is the just measure of their remuneration. Abstracting from their respective needs and assuming that both do their best, there seems from the view-point of the individual to be no ethical

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reason why a stronger, more skilful, or more intelligent worker should receive a greater recompense than his less efficient fellow. If the superior productive efficiency of the former is due to native ability or to better opportunities, and not to self-denial or to exceptional efforts to improve himself, his share of the product ought not, as a matter of distributive justice, be greater than the return made to the man whose smaller efficiency is due to natural inferiority or to lesser opportunity. The latter has done his best, and the former can say no more. There exists in all of us an ineradicable sense of justice which suggests that where a reward for exertion is to be apportioned among several persons the distribution ought to be made on the basis of the personal merit, good will, self-sacrifice, honest efforts, of the participants; that, in a word, it should be determined by conditions which they have themselves created, and not by aptitudes and qualities for which they are not personally responsible. Certainly this is the standard by which we hope to be rewarded by the All-wise Judge in the life beyond. "From him to whom much has been given much shall be expected," suggests the ideal measure of remuneration from the view-point of individual desert. To be sure it is difficult to estimate the respective efforts of different men, and there is a very good *social* reason for taking into account productivity—what society looks for are results, and it uses the means apparently best adapted to that end—but as a matter of abstract distributive justice the fairer standard would seem to be efforts.

Therefore, to the objection that the employer is not bound to pay a living wage, but merely a wage proportioned to productivity, the answer is that the productive importance of the various factors cannot be ascertained; that the present distribution, which is sometimes assumed to be in accordance with productivity, is in reality governed by supply and demand; and that personal effort seems to be preferable to productivity as a measure of individual desert. And we shall have occasion presently to see that productivity is in any event subordinate to the standard of needs.

WHAT IF THE EMPLOYER CANNOT, OR THINKS HE CANNOT, PAY A LIVING WAGE?

In case the employer has not the means to pay a living

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wage, the obligation to do so will be suspended; for it cannot continue actual in the face of physical impossibility. On the other hand, the inability of one or many to fulfil the obligation will not free those who are in better circumstances. (*Cf.* Vermeersch, *Quæstiones de Justitia*, pp. 579, 580.) The obligation rests upon each employer individually, and is as much a personal matter as is the duty to pay his ordinary debts.

"Cannot pay a living wage," is, however, fatally ambiguous. To one it may mean that if he pays a living wage he will be unable to increase his personal expenditures, or better his social position; to another, that the profits remaining will not be a fair remuneration for his expenditure of skill, energy, and directive ability; to a third, that he will have nothing left with which to extend his business or to make new investments; to a fourth that he will not receive a fair rate of interest on the money that he has invested in his business. None of these interpretations is legitimate, and none of these purposes will justify an employer in ignoring the duty in question. The first is inadmissible because it implies a desire to subordinate the essential needs of the laborer to the employer's accidental needs. An increase in the latter's personal or family expenditures means, generally speaking, the acquisition of goods that are not strictly necessary for decent and reasonable living. This the employer may not lawfully do at the expense of a decent livelihood for his employees. Employer and employee are equal in personal dignity, and their essential needs are of equal worth and moral importance. *A fortiori*, the essential needs of one are morally superior to the accidental needs of the other. The laborer's need of the essentials of moral and reasonable life is more important in the moral order than the employer's need of life's conveniences or superfluities. Consequently, in dividing a product which has been brought into being by their joint efforts, or in determining the remuneration of personal services, the former's right to a living wage takes precedence of the latter's right to a higher standard of living. The employer is bound to give the laborer's essential needs as much consideration as his own, not merely because the laborer is his fellow-man, a creature of equal moral dignity with himself, but because, in addition to the tie of human brotherhood, the laborer is united to him by the wage contract. By the terms of this contract he implicitly forbids the laborer to have

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access to any other means of safeguarding his human dignity. Hence the command of the moral law which requires the employer to treat the laborer as a person, means in the concrete that he shall enable the latter to realize his right to a decent livelihood.

Of course, it is right that the employer also should gain a decent livelihood from his business. This means not merely goods absolutely necessary for right living, but also such as are conventionally necessary. As conventional necessities vary according to a man's station in life—the position that he holds socially and economically and the kind of living to which he has been accustomed—a decent living for an employer ought, as a rule, to include more of the good things of life than in the case of an employee. In both cases it corresponds to the standard of life peculiar to the class. Nor is any injustice done to the laborer by this rule. The *absolute* necessaries of life, namely, a reasonable amount of food, clothing, shelter, education, and recreation, are substantially the same for both; their conventional necessities differ on account of the different standards of life to which they have become accustomed. The hardship that would follow upon a loss of conventional necessities would be approximately the same in both cases. "Nothing can be more unequal than to treat unequals equally," said a distinguished Austrian jurist. The rule here laid down professes to treat men unequally in an aspect in which they are *de facto* unequal. Hence the employer may with justice take from the product a sufficient amount to maintain himself and his family in *reasonable* conformity with the standard of living that he has come to look upon as proper to his station.

"In reasonable conformity"; that is to say, until he has paid all his employees a living wage, the employer is bound to refrain from all luxurious expenditure. The term, luxury, is, indeed, very vague and very relative. No rule applicable to every class can be framed to mark off sharply luxuries from conventional necessities. Moreover, the different social classes in American life merge into one another by insensible gradations, and men frequently regard the grade just above them, rather than the one in which they actually live, as the standard to which their expenditures ought to conform. In spite of these difficulties, some general observations may be made which are sound and helpful. Until the employer has paid his men a

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living wage he is morally bound—not by the law of temperance but of justice—to confine his expenditures to the reasonable, moderate needs of himself and family. He ought not to go beyond the moderate satisfaction of physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual wants. He ought to avoid all lavish feasting, all extravagant forms of amusement, and all ostentation in dress, equipage, and household appointments. In general, he ought to forego all expenditures that minister to idleness, sensuality, frivolity, vanity, and display. His right to satisfy any of these wants from the proceeds of his business yields to the right of his employees to the conditions of a decent livelihood.

The second ground upon which the employer bases his claim to be remunerated at the expense of a decent livelihood for the laborer, is his superior skill and ability. In reality this is an appeal to his superior productivity; for exceptional powers can claim an exceptional reward only when they issue in results. While productivity, as already shown, is impracticable as a *general* standard of distribution, it is tolerably clear that the employer, as a rule, does contribute more to the products than any single laborer. Yet if effort and self-sacrifice constitute a fairer measure of justice than productivity, the employer's claim to an exceptional reward must be set aside; for he does not usually, as compared with the laborer, make exceptional efforts or sacrifices. However this may be, both productivity and effort are *secondary* standards of justice and secondary titles to property. Men do not lay claim to goods merely because they have produced them, but because they *need* them. If the needs did not exist the appeal to productivity would never have been made. Hence the title of needs is the end to which the title of productivity is only a means. If human needs had no moral value and were not the source of rights, productivity would have no moral character and could give rise to no rights. The standard of productivity must, consequently, be measured and justified by the end to which it is a means, and without which it would have no validity. Now, if the end for which the employer desires a remuneration in proportion to his skill be the *essential* needs of personality, his appeal to productivity is superfluous; for the needs themselves constitute a valid right to the reward that he seeks. If the end be—as is overwhelmingly probable—his non-essential needs, the appeal to productivity is vain; for it

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is an attempt to subordinate the right of his employees to a decent livelihood to his own desire for the superfluities of life. This, as already pointed out, is a violation of the moral law. The situation may be summed up as a conflict between two titles of right, namely, productivity and needs; the former, being secondary, must yield to the latter. The essential needs of personality constitute the primary measure of distributive justice and the supreme right to property.

The foregoing reasoning makes it evident that the laborer may not lawfully be deprived of a decent livelihood in order that the employer may increase his investments. This is a need even less important than the need of increasing personal expenditures. Finally, the claim of the employer to a fair rate of interest on the money that he has invested in his business is likewise invalid when it conflicts with the laborer's right to a living wage, and for the same reason—it puts the non-essential needs of the employer above the essential needs of the laborer. As this particular claim holds an important place in industrial discussion, the grounds upon which it is based may profitably be examined.

THE ETHICAL BASIS OF INTEREST.

The claims of capital are frequently stated in such a way as to convey the impression that it stands on the same moral footing with the laborer and the undertaker. Capital is personified. Now, it ought not to be necessary to insist that capital is not a moral and rational being, and cannot, therefore, establish any moral claim to a share in the product. It is not a producer in the sense that the laborer and the employer are producers, nor has it any moral and rational needs to be supplied out of the results of production. Whatever ethical claim it has to a portion of the product must be made on behalf of its human owner, and in terms of his rights. The usual arguments for the capital owner's right to receive interest are, that to the owner of a productive thing belong its fruits, and that interest is a reward for the abstinence practised in accumulating capital.

The axiom, *res fructificat domino* ("property fructifies to its owner"), is by no means a self-evident moral proposition. Originally it was a statement of legal rather than ethical rela-

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tions—of what was customary rather than of what ought to be. It has some moral validity, to be sure, but not as much as it is assumed to have by those who substitute the solemn and dogmatic utterance of handy formulas for the more laborious processes of thinking. Against the latter class—and their number is legion—it is a pleasure to be able to quote such a writer as Father Rickaby, of the Society of Jesus. Writing in *The Month* (vol. xci. p. 153), he maintains that while "natural property" fructifies to its owner, "artificial property," that is, capital, does not thus fructify when the owner is not the sole cause of the fruit or product. When a man so directs the use of his capital that, after paying a living wage to all the laborers employed on it, and taking a fair wage of management for himself, a surplus remains, he is morally bound, says Father Rickaby, to administer that surplus for the benefit of his employees, as well as of himself. Now, if the employer has not an exclusive and unconditional right to the earnings of capital which remain after the laborers have received a living wage, it is evident that his claim to interest before such payment is made rests upon a very insecure moral foundation.

Concerning the second title to interest, it must be noted, in the first place, that the accumulation of a great part of the capital now in existence has not cost its owners any real pain of abstinence. Some of it has been inherited, and some of it saved out of incomes that were in excess of all the existing wants of their receivers. Those who have inherited the wealth that they now use as capital practised no self-denial in acquiring it, though some of them, namely, the beneficiaries of small legacies, undoubtedly did so when they converted it into capital, instead of consuming it immediately. On the other hand, the man with a very large income, say, half a million or more per year, exercises no remarkable self-restraint, suffers no notable pain of abstinence, when he devotes a goodly portion of it to the purposes of production. So far as this kind of saving is concerned, Lassalle's caustic comments on the "abstinence theory" are fully justified.

Not all capital, however, is of this character. Much of it represents a real sacrifice of desires that clamored for satisfaction when the saving took place. Yet there seems to be no good reason for maintaining that interest is required as an adequate recompense for even this kind of saving. It is, of course,

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impossible to define the exact economic equivalent of a given amount of saving, but I am inclined to the view that Mr. Devas is not far wrong when he declares that the saving which issues in the existence of capital "is amply rewarded without any need of interest or dividends. For the workers with heads or hands keep the property intact, ready for the owner to assume whenever convenient, when he gets infirm or weak, or when his children have grown up and can enjoy the property with him." (*Political Economy*, second edition, p. 507.) Savings cannot be hoarded, in any appreciable amounts, in the form of money. They can be continued in existence only when embodied in material goods, such as land and the artificial instruments of production. The part of it that is converted into capital-instruments cannot be preserved for any length of time except through the labor of those who work with or upon the capital, and replace it as it wears out. And this care and conservation of capital would seem to be a sufficient recompense for the abstinence exercised by its owners in accumulating it; hence, as a matter of justice between individual and individual, there seems to be no clear reason why the owner of capital should draw interest. He cannot claim it as the certain equivalent of labor performed or inconvenience suffered. It is not his by any title of *personal* desert.

The statement is frequently made that the taking of interest is *socially* justifiable, since without it not enough capital would be provided for the needs of the community. Whatever may have been true of the past, it is doubtful whether this stimulus to saving is any longer necessary. Not a few economic thinkers are of opinion that the practice of saving has been overdone. At any rate, to assume that if interest were abolished all classes would diminish their savings, is to take a very superficial view of the matter. The change would affect different classes in different ways. Persons enjoying incomes in excess of their current wants would continue to save through sheer necessity, and the desire to add to their possessions; those who save chiefly to provide for future wants would have additional motives for continuing this course; while only those who have already made provision for the future, and who save mainly to enjoy a steady income from investments, would be tempted to increase consumption at the expense of saving. And it seems quite probable that whatever diminution would take place in the saving of

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the third class would be offset by the increase in the savings of the second. (*Cf.* Hobson, *The Economics of Distribution*, pp. 257–265; Webb, *Industrial Democracy*, pp. 622–627; Nicholson, *Principles of Political Economy*, i., pp. 393, 394; Marshall, *Principles of Economics*, first edition, pp. 396–399.)

The foregoing analysis shows that the receipt of interest, even on capital which the owner himself manages, has neither the individual nor the social justification that it is frequently assumed to have. At the same time, the system is so firmly established and sanctioned by industrial usage that no man who contents himself with a moderate rate of interest can be justly accused of dishonesty or extortion,—provided that he has paid a living wage to every man who, under his direction, works in connection with his capital.

This obligation extends likewise to the shareholders in joint-stock companies. Since the direction of the business rests ultimately with them, they are the real employers, and they cannot decline the responsibility of dealing justly with the company's employees. Each of them is bound to use what power he possesses in the company's councils to bring about this result. He may not shift the responsibility upon the impersonal character of the corporation. Of course the responsibility in question rests in an especial manner upon the board of directors and other executive officers. They are bound to pay a living wage to the laborers before they distribute dividends to the stockholders.

To conclude: the employer's obligation to pay a living wage rests ultimately on the human dignity of the laborer. A human being is something more than an animal; he is a person, and as such has certain moral claims which his fellows are bound to respect. To deny or to ignore this vital fact of the sacredness of personality is to destroy the basis and possibility of moral rights. If personality be not sacred and inviolable, not only oppression of the laborer, but theft, adultery, and murder are legitimate; for the rights violated by the last three acts rest on precisely the same basis as the right to live decently. Whatever difference exists between any two of these rights is one of degree, not of kind. This abstract right of the laborer to a decent livelihood for himself and family becomes in the actual conditions of present society the right to a family living wage. The practical, average possibilities of the situation leave

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him no other means to realize the right in question; consequently, if the existing industrial organization is reasonable and legitimate, his claim to a living wage is reasonable and legitimate. Turning to the objections urged against our argument, we find that, as a general standard of distribution, productivity is impracticable, and in any case is less consonant with our moral ideals than the standard of effort and self-sacrifice. Some of the common interpretations of "inability to pay a living wage" must be rejected because they subordinate the essential needs of the laborer to the non-essential needs of the employer. In other words, they violate the moral law by treating the laborer as a mere means to the employer's welfare. The most important of these interpretations, namely, the one arising out of the claim to take interest, is, moreover, notably weak in the grounds upon which it is based. Finally, the phrase "a family living wage" means in terms of money not less than two dollars per day, or about six hundred dollars per year. (See the April, 1902, issue of this magazine for statistics in support of this estimate.) In their recent testimony before the Anthracite Coal Commission, Mr. John Mitchell and Dr. Peter Roberts placed the minimum cost of maintaining a miner and his family at six hundred, and five hundred and seventy-five dollars per year, respectively.

THE WILD FLOWERS.

GRIM ghosts of burnt-out forests, bleak and lone,
Stand bare against the crimson of the sky:
Great boulders in their stoic grandeur lie;
Whilst, here and there, beside some mighty stone
A wild rose in its rarest beauty blown,
A group of daisies, and blue "maiden's eye,"
And soft white immortelles that never die,
And ferns and thistles in confusion thrown!
Deserted birch-thatched cabins face the sun;
Their owners long have vanished, one by one:
Far in the distance lies each Indian grave
Where the blue waters of the Huron wave.
They were the wild flow'rs flung with careless art,
The strange wild children of the forest's heart.

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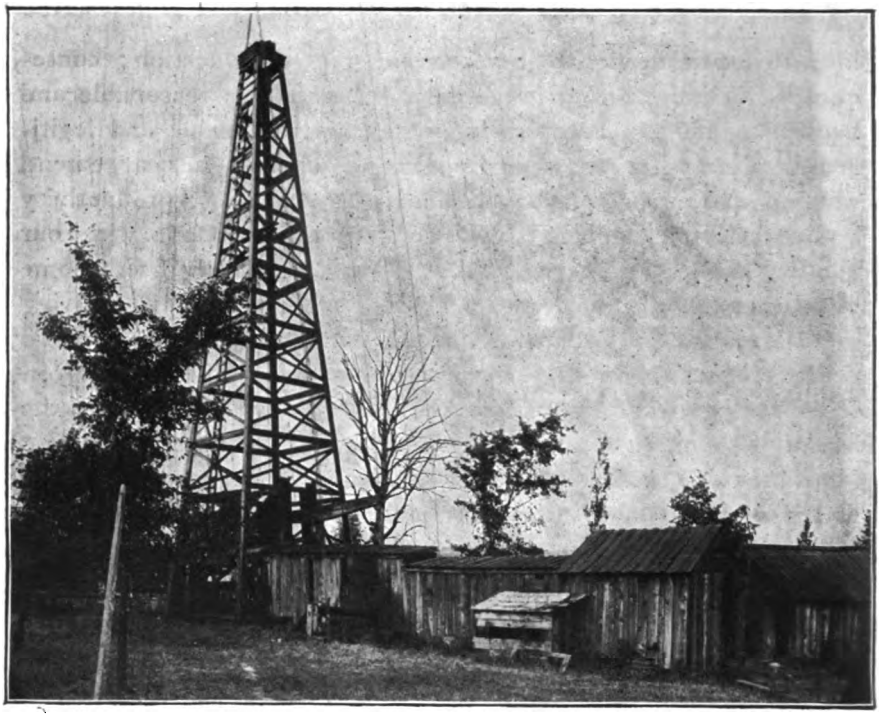

UPPER WORKS OF A 10,000,000 CUBIC FOOT GAS WELL, WEST VIRGINIA.

THE IDEAL FUEL—NATURAL GAS.

BY J. TRACEY MURPHY.

WHAT does the average citizen know about natural gas? Little, probably. Still, it is one of the great sources of light, heat, and power in this country. Mr. F. H. Oliphant, the government geologist, calls it the ideal fuel, while the majority of Americans probably thought that anthracite coal was the fuel beyond compare. The value of the natural gas used in the United States last year was probably more than half that of the petroleum, yet with what reverence we think of the Standard Oil Company and its famous mercantile commodity, and how indifferently we pass over the odd allusion we see made to natural gas.

Think what it would mean if we had natural gas in New York. It would light and heat our houses. There would be no defective flues. It would cook for us without smoke or

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cinders or smell. Coal cellars might be turned to a new use; the coal-box, which the ingenuity of man endeavors in vain to render artistic, would go for ever. Factories would burn the ideal fuel and the soft-coal nuisance would be unknown either as an actuality or a menace.

A novel experience it would be to have gas derricks and screaming gas wells in our neighborhood. When a gas well "comes in," it is with boom like to a cannon. Then it roars with a terrific shrill, metallic sound that is deafening in the immediate neighborhood. Drillers stuff their ears with tow when the drilling bit strikes the "pay sand," the friable rock under which the gas is found. Those who have not taken this precaution and on whose tympanum the shriek of the outpouring gas strikes for the first time often lose their hearing for a week or more. The well after being "brought in" "blows" for some ten or twelve hours while the casing tubing and cap are being adjusted to control it, and for miles in every direction the community learns—from this terrific siren blast—that a new source of riches has been tapped in the earth's womb.

The advantage of natural gas for manufacturing purposes may be judged from the fact that Pittsburg, the great steel and iron manufacturing city of the United States, consumes about half a billion cubic feet of natural gas every twenty-four hours. The Carnegie plants alone consume nearly 100,000,000 cubic feet a day. For domestic purposes natural gas is furnished to the consumer at about one-quarter the cost of coal gas. In heating power it has an advantage of thirty per cent. over the latter, and when burned under an incandescent mantle it furnishes what is claimed to be the most economical and most desirable of all lights. How big the field is in this particular direction is seen in the fact that the Standard Oil Company is at present spending millions of dollars on the laying of pipe lines to carry natural gas to Toledo, Cleveland, and other large cities from the wells in Ohio and West Virginia, hundreds of miles distant.

Professor F. H. Oliphant, the geologist who compiles the United States Government Statistics on Natural Gas and Petroleum, says:

"No other fuel, natural or artificial, has the value and convenience of natural gas. All other fuels require a large amount of labor to fit them for combustion, and most of them must be

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converted into gaseous form before they can be consumed. Natural gas, however, has reached that form, and is in condition to take to itself the amount of oxygen necessary for combustion. The great natural reservoirs require only to be pierced by the drill when the gas may be brought to the surface, where it is at once ready to be used as fuel or to become a direct source of power in the gas-engine. No preparation is necessary for its combustion and no residue is left.

"It is easily distributed in pipes to points of consumption many miles distant, and no known method for the distribution of power equals in economy that of the transportation of a gaseous fuel in pipes.

"The great natural reservoirs of this ideal fuel, so far as known, are found on the north-western flank of the Appalachian mountains, extending from northern-central New York to central Tennessee, and on the summit of the great Cincinnati arch in north-western Ohio and northern Indiana. It is more or less associated with the pools of petroleum found within these areas. These two fields furnish about ninety-seven per cent. of all the natural gas produced in the United States. Outside of these fields there are smaller fields of natural gas in Kansas, Colorado, California, Illinois, Missouri, Texas, and South Dakota."

Natural gas is combustible gas formed naturally in the earth. It is sometimes found issuing through crevices, but is generally obtained by boring. Natural gas has long been used in western China and elsewhere. It was first utilized in New York in 1821, and began, about 1874, to be of importance commercially, especially in the vicinity of Pittsburg.

The area over which natural gas and petroleum are obtained in quantity and the conditions of their occurrence are in most respects essentially the same, but the principal source of the gas in Ohio and Indiana is a formation lower down in the geological series than that furnishing it in Pennsylvania. In the former States the gas comes from the Trenton limestone, a group belonging to the Lower Silurian; in the latter, from the Devonian. The natural gas burned at Pittsburg contains about sixty-seven per cent. of marsh gas, twenty-two per cent. of hydrogen, five per cent. of an ethylene compound, three per cent. of nitrogen, together with a small percentage of carbonic acid, carbonic oxid, olefiant gas, and oxygen rock-gas.

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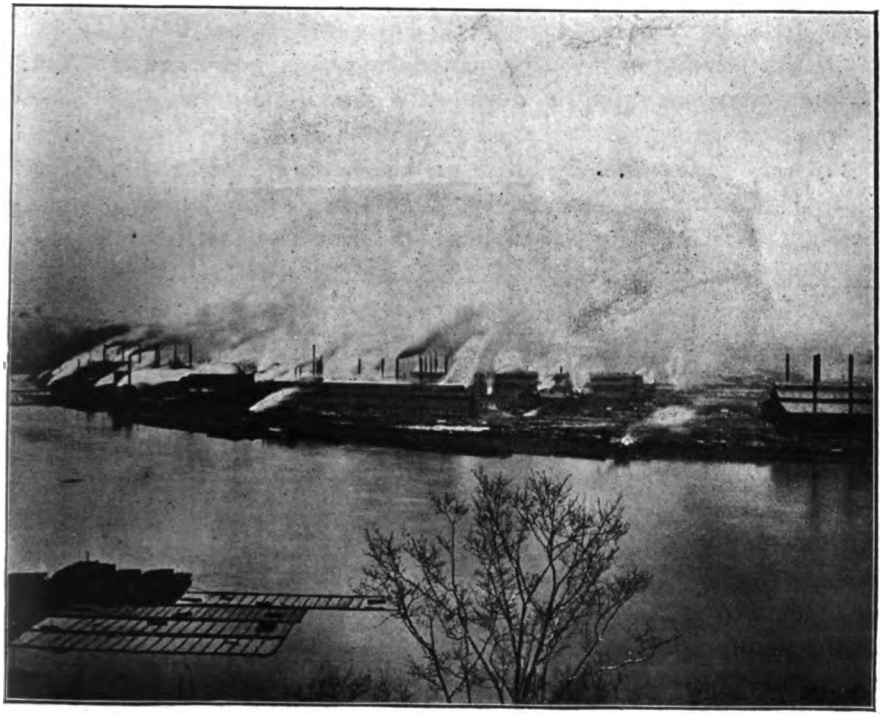

THE THICK PALL OF SMOKE CAUSED BY USE OF SOFT COAL.

A correlation between natural gas and petroleum is universally admitted, but there is a strange conflict of scientific opinion as to the origin of both of them. Without entering into the arguments that are variously brought forward to prove that natural gas and petroleum are an animal, vegetal, or mineral product, it may here be stated that the bulk of scientific opinion favors the theory of animal origin, and that the following conclusions are in this connection fairly generally accepted:

1. Saurians, fishes, cuttlefishes, coralloid animals, etc., especially have authentically contributed to the formation of petroleum, though soft animals without solid frame, of which no authentic determinable remains are left behind, may also have co-operated. While coal has been formed by the transformation of vegetable substances, petroleum and the allied bitumens originated from animal substances.

2. The nature of the conditions under which petroleum could be formed from animal remains is unknown.

3. Petroleum has been formed in all ages of the earth's

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history of which animal remains exist. The archean strata are free from petroleum.

4. Petroleum could accumulate and be preserved in the original deposit only, if during its formation it was shut off from escape.

5. The formation of petroleum has been effected without the co-operation of an uncommonly high temperature; and

6. It has taken place under high pressure, the influence of which on the chemical process is not known.

7. The deposits of petroleum are partially original (primary) and partially secondary. The latter may be or were connected with the former.

So much specifically for petroleum. For natural gas the same materials and similar processes are presupposed. The accumulation of both also took place in the same spaces, frequently in such a manner that the gas occupied the higher and the oil the lower sections of the same rock stratum. No process being known by which petroleum can be formed from natural gas while the separation of the latter from the former—even at the ordinary temperature—is a well-known fact, it is very probable that petroleum is the primary and gas the secondary product.

The recognition of the commercial value of natural gas quickly followed that of petroleum. When the use of petroleum was limited, very primary methods for obtaining it were in vogue. At first the oil collecting on the surface of the water was skimmed off and purified by heating and straining. Later on, shallow pits were dug in which the oil issuing from the lower rock strata collected and was kept for use.

The Namu Indians and the Persians of the Caucasus were in the habit of soaking up the oil with cloths, dipping it out with earthen pots. With the increasing consumption of the oil, the shallow pits were gradually changed to wells (30 to 100 feet deep), from which the oil was raised by hand or animal power.

The oldest traces of obtaining oil by mining are found in Japan, where from a very remote period wells have been dug and tunnels have been run into hillsides for oil.

In the United States several different methods for obtaining oil were employed before wells were drilled. In the Ohio oil districts shafts were found, apparently made by the French. They were probably unsatisfactory in results.

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Artesian wells formed the transition to the present deep borings. Although not employed for petroleum and gas alone, their use for these purposes is as old as the primary methods previously mentioned. In China the Jesuit missionaries found artesian wells in full operation. These wells were drilled for brine and natural gas, the latter being frequently accompanied by petroleum. Abbé Huc, in his work on China, describing the methods of drilling wells, says: "The wells are usually from 1,500 to 1,800 feet deep and only 5 or 6 inches in diameter." A heavy rammer, weighing 300 or 400 lbs., was used, worked by a lever and operated by two men. "When the rock is good the work advances at the rate of two feet in twenty-four hours, so that about three years are required to dig a well."

In the United States the first artesian well was drilled in 1809 and furnished, besides a very large volume of gas, a great quantity of oil.

The success which attended the drilling of artesian wells gave, indirectly, rise to the drill. In the summer of 1858 Colonel E. L. Drake attempted to sink a shaft for oil on property of the Seneca Oil Company. Being thwarted by water and quicksands, he hit upon the expedient of driving an iron pipe from the surface to the solid rock, when after four months he was rewarded by "bringing in" the first drilled oil well in history, and making way for the immediate tremendous development of the oil business.

At the present time three drilling systems are used in boring for natural gas or oil. They are the rotatory, the percussive, and the free-fall system. For the rotatory method the drilling instrument is a screw auger, a common round earth auger, or else a diamond or steel crown drill, to which a continuous supply of water is forced down to keep the crown cool, and which carries off the débris formed by the erosion of the strata by the crown.

The ordinary percussive drill is in the form of a chisel, and is used at the end of an iron or wooden rod. In its simple form it is adaptable only for slight depths.

The free-fall drill is the style in common use, and is suitable for all kinds of drilling. It is swung upward and downward by a walking-beam.

For natural gas, as for petroleum, there is no such thing as positive surface indications of the precious fluid underneath.

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The prospector must take his chances and drill He may strike a "dry hole" or he may get oil or gas, or both; again, the quantity of gas or oil that he strikes may mean a fortune, or it may not be sufficient to pay the expense of drilling the well. This expense is from $4,000 to $10,000. Nowadays the same individual or company is often simultaneously an oil operator and a gas operator, and whichever of the two is found at the bottom of the well is welcome. In other cases, an oil operator will conclude agreements with a gas operator so that when, as the result of drilling by either of them, oil is found, the oil operator takes over the well and pays the expenses of drilling, and when gas is struck the gas operator does similarly.

The first step of the gas or oil miner when he has chosen the spot where he desires to sink a well, and when he has made the necessary preliminary arrangements by purchase, lease or royalty, is to make his contracts for what is termed the "carpenter's rig." This comprises all the woodwork over the mouth of the well, affording shelter for the workmen and the appliances necessary to the convenient handling of the well-driller's tools. The chief feature of the rig is the derrick. This is a tall pyramidal wooden frame, 60 to 85 feet high and 12 to 15 feet square at the base.

When the rig is built and the boiler and engine set up, a pipe eight or more inches in diameter is driven through the soft upper formation. This pipe keeps the earth from caving in and the water from seeping in literally. The pipe is driven in exactly as piles are driven. When the first solid rock has been reached the drilling proper begins. This is done with a "string of tools." The string consists of the centre bit, the auger stem, the jars, and the sinker bar. These tools hang in the order named, the centre bit being the lowest. This is a bar of iron four or five feet long with a sharp steel cutting edge on the lower end. The bit is screwed into the auger stem, a round bar two to four feet in length. Then come the jars, which are two pieces of metal so constructed that a sudden jar will be imparted to the tools at every upward and downward motion as the drilling progresses, serving to loosen the centre bit if it should become wedged in the hard rock. The sinker bar is fourteen or fifteen feet long and used simply to give additional weight to the other tools. The string of tools is some sixty feet long and weighs about a ton. The

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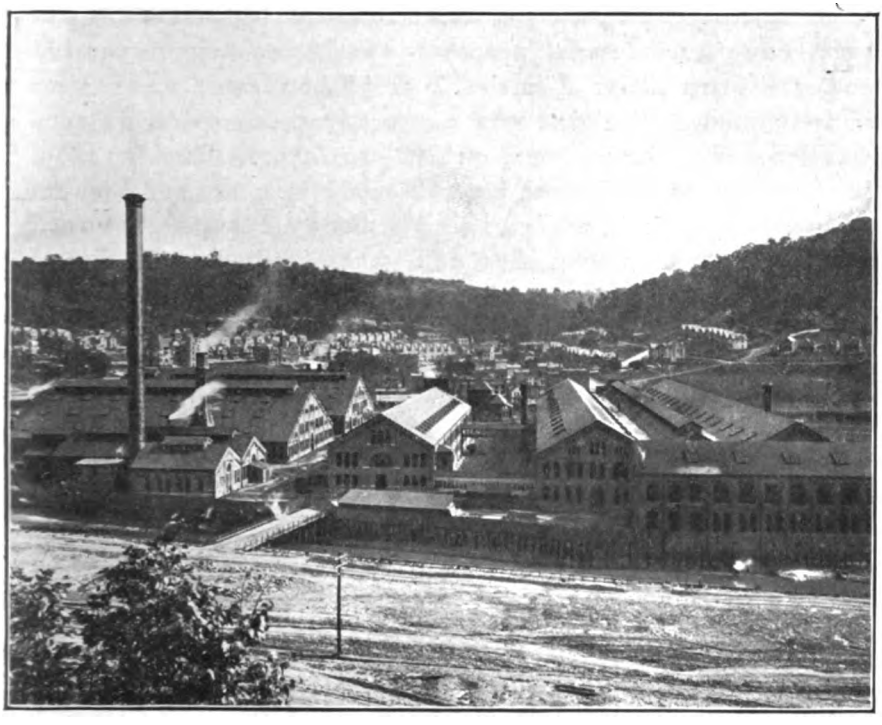

RELATIVE ABSENCE OF SMOKE WHEN NATURAL GAS IS USED.

cable holding the string of tools runs up over a pulley at the top of the derrick and down to the large wheel at its foot. Upon this wheel it can be coiled to draw the tools out of the well whenever it is found necessary to sharpen or replace the bit or clean the bore of the pulverized rock at the bottom. This cable is fastened at the end of the walking-beam already mentioned. By the upward and downward swing of this walking-beam, amounting to two feet or more, the tools are lifted and dropped at the bottom of the well. The connecting link between the walking-beam and the cable is the temper-screw, which lowers the tools a little at every stroke. The débris resulting from the drilling operation is held in suspension at the bottom of the well, water being poured in for the purpose. When a considerable quantity of broken rock has accumulated, the tools are withdrawn and a "sand pump" inserted which removes the liquid mud and sand from the well.

As drilling progresses the well is cased or lined with tubes of gradually diminishing diameter to keep out water from the boring and prevent the well being ultimately "drowned out."

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When the piping of gas was shown to be practicable, its great value for industrial purposes was immediately recognized and the demand for it in the Pennsylvania areas was instant and enormous. The first gas piped any considerable distance was from the Harvey well, in Butler County, Pa. In 1875, seventeen miles of six-inch pipe were laid from it to the mill of Spang, Chalfant & Co. at Eva, near Pittsburg. The gas was turned into the pipe in October, 1875, and traversed the 17 miles in 20 minutes, the pressure at the wells observed being 119 pounds.

The first use of gas in glass-making was at the Rochester Tumbler Works at Rochester, Pa. In 1883, J. B. Ford, at the Pittsburg Plate Glass Works at Creighton, Pa., succeeded in securing a supply of gas for his glass-works, since which time these works have been run entirely by natural gas.

It was not until 1883, with the piping of the gas of the Murraysville district to Pittsburg and the striking of gas in the Westinghouse well, at Homewood, Pittsburg, that natural gas began to be extensively used as fuel. Prior to this time its use had been exceptional and at isolated works, but with the piping of this gas and the striking of the Westinghouse well, the extension of its use became instant and well-nigh universal for manufacturing purposes in the neighborhood of Pittsburg.

An automatic regulator, invented in 1883 by George Westinghouse, Jr., had also an important influence on the extensive use of natural gas, as previously the great and often irregular pressure in the well and in the mains had rendered its employment difficult.

Mr. Oliphant, the famous oil and gas expert, writes in his government report for 1901: "As a source of heat natural gas is unrivalled in the household, as it is also in the workshop in the generation of steam and in varied metallurgical operations; and as a source of light, even in its crude state, it will in many cases give a very fair illumination, which is much improved by the use of an argand burner and chimney. However, it remained for the Welsbach mantle, now in such universal use throughout the area supplied by natural gas, to produce from natural gas the most perfect and economical of lights.

"As a source of power it stands at the head of the list for economy, both as to expense of installation and expense of operation. The natural-gas engine is used most extensively in the petroleum fields for pumping the petroleum to the surface

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in the thousands of small producing wells. In very many instances the flow of natural gas from the upper strata, above the petroleum-producing rock in the well, is sufficient to supply a gas-engine to pump a cluster of from six to thirty wells.

"It has been supplying the power for a very large number of factories and operations in the gas belt; and lately it has been extensively applied in creating the power by which the natural gas itself is compressed from a low to a high pressure when the original pressure has failed and the pipes are insufficient to deliver the necessary quantity of gas at the well pressure. A number of these compressors work up very close to 1,000 horse-power, with an economy that enables 8 to 10 cubic feet of natural gas to develop a horse-power for an hour, a saving of from 40 to 50 per cent. over high-duty steam-engines."

The appliances for consuming the gas have been greatly improved since the introduction of the meter. The pipe-line companies have also greatly improved their methods, in securing better joints, in shutting off wells that were not needed to keep up the pressure in the mains, and in manipulating the wells themselves.

The value of the natural gas consumed in the United States in 1901 was $27,067,500, which, at 15 cents per 1,000 cubic feet, is equivalent to 180,450,000,000 cubic feet. If it were possible to store this gas in a cube, the density throughout being equal, its sides would be 5,530 feet in length, or 250 feet greater than the sides of a cubic mile. If 20,000 cubic feet of natural gas be taken as equal to one ton of coal, 8,458,600 tons of coal, valued at $3.20 per ton, would be required to yield the sum of money for which the natural gas sold.

It may also be interesting to note that the value of the 69,389,194 barrels of petroleum produced in the United States during 1901 was $66,417,335, and that the value of the natural gas amounted to 40.7 per cent. of the value of the petroleum for the same year, and that, further, when the fuel value of the coal and wood displaced by natural gas in 1901—which amounts to $32,445,156—is considered, this estimated value of natural gas is nearly 49 per cent. of the entire value of the crude petroleum produced in the same year.

There were 11,297 wells producing natural gas at the close of 1901, of which number 74 were not turned into the gas mains, and 2,088 producing wells were drilled in the same year;

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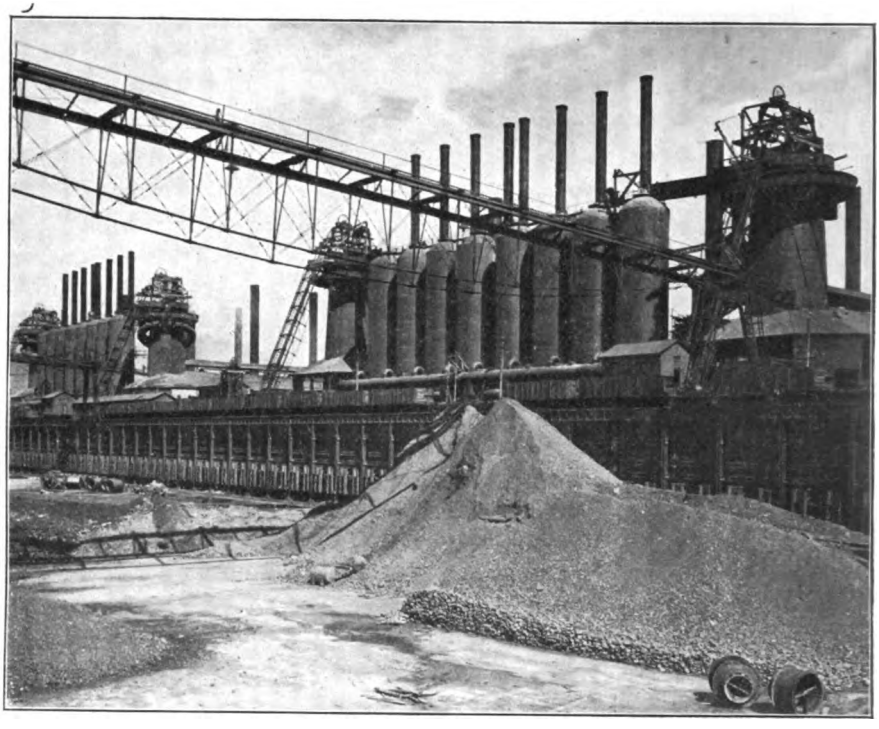

THE DUQUESNE FURNACE, PITTSBURG, PA.

there were 453 dry holes or non-producers, and 1,084 were abandoned. In 1900 there were 10,293 producing wells, of which number 24 were shut in; 1,759 wells were drilled in the same year; 359 were dry holes, and 991 were abandoned. There were very nearly 800 miles of pipe laid during 1901, the mains varying from 2 inches up to 20 inches. This brought the total up to 21,848 miles of natural-gas mains of from 2 inches to 36 inches diameter in use at the close of 1901.

It is to be noted, however, that as the statistics are compiled only on the reports sent by producers to the Government Geological Survey, and as these reports are not complete returns, the figures here given are an understatement as to the quantity and value of the annual production.

It is estimated that fully 1,000,000 domestic fires are supplied by natural gas, and that 4,000,000 people are furnished with this ideal fuel and light to gladden their homes.

There was a considerable increase in the value of the natural gas consumed in Pennsylvania, a slight increase in Ohio, and a large increase in West Virginia and Kansas.

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The following is a table of government statistics of natural gas in the United States in 1901, as reported by 1,545 persons, firms, and corporations:

State.	Companies or individuals reporting.	Domestic fires supplied.	Establishments supplied.				Total pipe laid to Dec. 31, 1901.		Amount received for sale of gas, or value of gas consumed.	Estimated value of coal, wood, or other fuel, displaced by gas.
			Iron-mills.	Steel-works.	Glass-works.	Other establishments.	Feet.	Miles.		
Pennsylvania,	296	326,912	*82	—	80	1,581	47,913,618	9,074·55	$11,785,996	$11,892,070
Indiana, . .	656	153,869	11	—	111	2,448	31,241,320	5,916·92	6,276,119	10,669,402
Ohio, . . .	305	49,709	5	1	13	930	15,199,295	2,878·65	4,119,059	4,448,584
West Virginia,	44	55,808	2	—	13	251	11,852,303	2,244·75	2,244,758	2,415,360
New York, .	114	95,161	—	—	2	96	5,785,038	1,095·65	1,694,925	1,655,942
Kansas, . .	48	10,227	—	—	—	72	2,425,410	459·36	659,173	995,350
Kentucky, .	26	16,420	—	1	—	19	631,535	119·61	187,660	206,426
California, .	12	1,438	—	—	—	7	163,450	30·96	67,602	122,064
Texas, . . .	2	180	—	—	—	9	92,696	17·56	20,000	20,000
South Dakota,	3	93	—	—	—	8	26,800	5·08	7,255	15,005
Illinois, . .	22	73	—	—	—	—	12,000	2·27	1,825	1,825
Colorado, . .	2	—	—	—	—	—	12,000	2·27	1,800	1,800
Missouri, . .	15	31	—	—	—	—	2,825	·53	1,328	1,328
Total, .	1,545	709,921	100	2	219	5,421	115,358,290	21,848.16	$27,067,500	$32,445,156

*Includes steel-works in Pennsylvania.

With regard to the chief States producing natural gas it may be noted that West Virginia is the hope of the future for

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the continued supply of gas fuel to Pennsylvania and Ohio. Its rock-bound reservoirs lie deeply buried in the folds of strata over many square miles that have recently been proved, by wells of remarkable volume and pressure, to contain great reservoirs of this most precious fuel.

During the last year Lewis, Harrison, Marion, Monongalia, and Wetzel counties have produced some remarkable wells from the Gordon sand, the Stray sand, the Fifth, and the Elizabeth or Bayard sands, which are from 2,700 to 3,200 feet in depth, and have a volume of from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 cubic feet in twenty-four hours, and a rock pressure of from 1,000 to 1,300 pounds per square inch. The other counties that have more or less natural gas are Tyler, Ritchie, Doddridge, Marshall, Wood, Wirt, Roane, Calhoun, Boone, Mingo, Kanawha, Logan, and Gilmer.

A number of the largest natural-gas companies in western Pennsylvania get more or less of their supply from West Virginia, and as there are several of them extending their lines farther south, as well as enlarging them, the indications are that the years to come will see very large quantities of natural gas supplied by this State to Pennsylvania and Ohio. There is more natural gas consumed uncredited in this State in the development of the petroleum than in any other.

One of the great centres of gas production in Ohio is the Sugar Grove Field, 150 miles to the south-west. A number of additional towns were supplied from this field during the last two years, and this has caused a great reduction in its pressure, which has declined from 750 pounds to the square inch until the average pressure was less than 160 pounds at the close of 1901, although there was an average pressure of 350 pounds at the close of 1900. This shows the immense drain on this pool, which must have supplied over $1,500,000 of the total $2,147,215 produced during the year 1901. There was a new pool of natural gas developed in Morgan Township, Knox County, from the same horizon as that found in the Sugar Grove field.

Natural gas is found over a very large area in the western portion of New York in a number of different sands and limestones. The counties of New York State producing natural gas are Allegany, Cattaraugus, Erie, Livingston, Niagara, Onondaga, Ontario, Oswego, Seneca, and Steuben. The value of the

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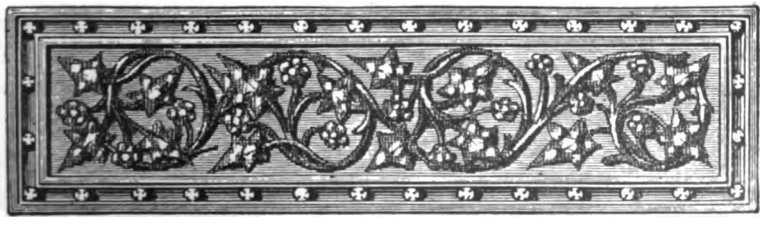
natural gas produced in 1901 was $293,232, being a considerable decrease as compared with the year previous, while the value of the amount consumed was $1,694,925, showing that only about 18 per cent. is produced in the State. The number of wells producing at the close of 1901 was 580, as compared with 535 at the close of 1900. There were 1,096 miles of natural-gas mains from two inches and over in use in New York State at the close of 1901.

No other State increased as largely in the production of natural gas as Kansas during 1901, and south-eastern Kansas seems awakening to the fact that it has buried under its fertile, gently undulating surface reservoirs of the most valuable fuel, and is capable of furnishing large quantities to private consumers and manufacturers at low prices.

The chief natural-gas district in Canada is in the province of Ontario. The Welland County field in Ontario, near Buffalo, continues to furnish gas to Buffalo, N. Y. The Essex County field formerly furnished a large amount of natural gas to Detroit, Mich. There is some natural gas found in the oil region between Petrolia and Sarnia, which is mostly used in gas-engines that are pumping oil wells.

The value of natural gas piped from Canada to the United States and consumed in the cities of Detroit and Buffalo during the year 1901 amounted to $361,719, as compared with $672,362 in the year 1900, a decrease of $310,643. The supply was shut off from Detroit, Mich., the latter part of August, 1901, by order of the Canadian government, which accounts in part for the large falling off in the amount exported into the United States during 1901.



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CARDINAL BARNABÒ.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY R. H., D.D.

ABOUT the middle of the century just passed (from 1855 to 1861), as an alumnus of the college, I lived under the same roof and came into occasional contact with this great man, the chief in those days of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. In reviving his memory I write of him only as he was known to us students, with whom he often mingled familiarly. I know nothing and state nothing of his official career except that it was conducted amid the travail of great issues for religion in Rome and abroad, and was marked by signal skilfulness and success.

Indeed, it may be truthfully averred that there was not one, in the long line of cardinal prefects of Propaganda, all equally eminent in station and title, more eminent in character and powerful in action than Cardinal Barnabò.

But, little knew, little recked we, students of that day, of the solemn deliberations and decisions of the Consistorial Court holding its sessions over the way on its side of the quadrangle facing our class-rooms. Cardinal Barnabò was to us the Students' Cardinal. In this character alone he was known and beloved by us all. As such he is well remembered still by the small remnant of living alumni who once enjoyed his gracious converse.

He would throw off at intervals, and for moments all too brief, the cares of his high office and come across to mingle with us in chapel, in refectory, at recreation. In old Rome he would appear among us to relieve our routine and lighten our labors. In old Tusculum, during our long, bright autumn holidays, he would often come suddenly upon us, enlivening the whole scene with his presence and lavishing on us treasures of wit, eloquence, poetry, and practical wisdom. He was a man of many and great parts, only revealed in those familiar social gatherings when the stern duties of office were laid aside for a

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passing moment. In all he did or said he was at all times simple and grand, exalted and lowly. This is what I meant when calling him the Students' Cardinal, and the term will be made more clear presently when I come to particulars of his intercourse with the college.

But here I deem it the place to note the relation of the College of Propaganda, a complete establishment in itself, with the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, of which it is a subject appendage.

It is not apparent that the foundation of a foreign missionary college in connection with the Sacred Congregation was contemplated in the original design of the said congregation. Indeed, the two establishments were instituted at different periods by different Pontiffs. The Sacred Congregation of Cardinals *de propaganda fide* was established by Gregory XV. (1622). The College of Propaganda was founded by Urban VIII. (1644), and its management was entrusted by him to the aforesaid congregation. Hence the college is called Collegium Urbanum and the students sign themselves A. C. U.—*i. e., Alumnus Collegii Urbani.* So the college grew rapidly by the side and into the heart of the congregation. But its direct management is in the hands of a rector and his various assistants. Its professors are ecclesiastics from the city, of noted scholarship in the various branches they teach from lowest grammar to highest dogma. They do not reside in the college. They have nothing to do with its management. They come daily at their appointed hours, give their lessons or lectures, and then retire to their homes. Even the confessors are non-resident, and have no concern whatever with the external discipline of the house. These are the cream of the spiritual directors and devout men of the city. They hear and counsel their student penitents, and go their way till next week, or some intervening great festival demand their presence again. There is, however, a resident *padre spirituale*, whose duty it is to preach a short sermon to the whole college every Sunday and give religious instruction to the students in grammar or the humanities. Some of them are very young. He may also be chosen by any individual student as confessor, and in that and other spiritual respects he is a most useful personage as a resident in the college. But he has nothing whatever to say in the matter of order or discipline. There the rector is absolute

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and supreme, subject only to the cardinal or his secretary, who never interfere except in some rare instance to support the rector's authority.

All this may appear discursive, but it is not so. I wish to make it plain how the Cardinal Prefect may, and usually does, hold himself entirely aloof from the ordinary life of the students, and, on the other hand, how he may cultivate, if so disposed, a certain intimacy with them, and appear among them occasionally. His position entitles him to take upon himself the functions of the rector, the spiritual father, the professor, acting the part of one or other, or all, even though only for a brief moment. This the regular Cardinal Prefect rarely or ever does. But Cardinal Barnabò often did so, to the immense enjoyment and profit of the whole college. This is why I have called him the Students' Cardinal. I have, of course, no experience of those who preceded or succeeded him. But I have known, as a visitor to Rome in after days, every one of the latter and have held converse with them—Cardinals Franchi, Simeoni, and Ledochowski—and I know from students of their time that they confined themselves wholly to the work of the Sacred Congregation and rarely appeared on the college side of the quadrangle.

And now, to come to particulars of Cardinal Barnabò's intercourse with the college, in recounting which I shall be excused, I hope, if the above paltry pronoun obtrude itself occasionally. These are reminiscences, not oral or written tradition. Memories can neither be recalled nor recorded without the interference of the inevitable *ego*.

With these, perhaps unnecessary, remarks I proceed to give my impressions of the great cardinal and relate the incidents connected with him that came under my notice.

I first met Monsignor Barnabò, as he then was, in the private sitting-room of his predecessor, Cardinal Franzoni. This was on the bright morning of my first arrival in Rome in early September, 1855. I had already gone straight from the stage-coach station (there were no railways then in the Papal States, scarce any in all Italy) to St. Peter's and had heard Mass there in the Capella Borghese. On entering Propaganda I found the college deserted. Not a sound, not a footfall but my own, awaked the echoes in those sombre corridors. All the students, superiors, servants, were away in Frascati for the

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summer holidays, not to return till October. For about two hours I roamed those empty halls.

At length a person appeared whom I took for a sort of under-sacristan. His soutane, quite plain in cut, was glossy and greenish with age and use. There was no vestige of dignity or authority about him. How well I knew and admired him later on as Don Domenico Veglia, the learned, kindly, wise, and witty Vice-Rector of Propaganda! Where is the student of those days, among the few now living, who, seeing these lines, will not bare and bow the head to his memory and breathe a prayer for his eternal rest? Through devious ways he led me up the grand staircase through the silent halls, up another mean and narrow stair leading, as I afterwards knew too well, to the infirmary. Opening a side door at the top we found ourselves in a narrow passage, then suddenly in the great consistory room, then in the ante-room, and finally in the cardinal's private sitting-room or study. There Don Veglia, retiring, left me. It was a small room but lofty. At the head of an oblong table in its centre sat his Eminence Cardinal Franzoni. At each of the sides was an ecclesiastic—under secretaries or minutarets. At the other end, facing the cardinal, sat a distinguished-looking priest in plain, black cassock, without a vestige of the purple. His torso was massive, and the head even larger proportionately. As he sat, one would take him for a tall man when on his feet, but he really was somewhat under the middle height. His brow was broad and high beyond the common, the nose long, thin, and slightly aquiline, the mouth wide, compressed, and firm, the eyes light gray and rather small, hair light brown turning gray, complexion of a healthy pallid hue. This man, then Monsignor Secretary, became in two months from that date Cardinal Barnabò, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda.

Cardinal Franzoni received my letters and put me a few questions, not searching nor embarrassing. He was a spare, feeble-looking man nearing, probably, his seventieth year. He had finely chiselled, patrician features, and looked the saint he was and all Rome held him to be. Neither in the spirit nor the flesh did he show kindred with this earth. He was tender and paternal to me, and dismissed me soon, saying, with a subtle smile, "Now you know French well enough; go, learn Italian." I never saw him again. About two months after

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this interview all the other students, torches in hand, followed his bier in the dead of the night, amid a pelting rain storm, out beyond the city walls to the Campo Santo at San Lorenzo, where Pius IX. also lies at rest with many a saint and martyr. The cardinal died of low fever turning into that dread disease, the scourge and terror of Rome in those days, called "febbre perniciosa" in Italian; in English, more forcibly, "black death."

When we returned from vacation in Frascati in October, no appointment of Cardinal Prefect had yet been made. This, however, was not permitted to interfere with the ordinary routine of our college life. Yet a vague sense of uneasiness, a strong ripple of conjecture pervaded the whole house. So much depended for us on the character and the personal connections of the new Cardinal Prefect. He himself might be a kind of hidden Divinity to us, confined to his consistorial shrine and leaving the college to plod its way under the care of the Rector. But he would assuredly call around him new assistants, trusted and tried servants in his former office and household. Among those would be a new secretary who would be *ex-officio* moderator of our studies and president of the professorial staff. Almost as certainly there would be a new Cardinal Economo, whose influence would reach the refectory and govern the supply system—a matter of supreme interest to all students in all colleges under the sun. There was but one sentiment throughout Propaganda as to the election of the new Cardinal Prefect. Monsignor Barnabò was the man we all wanted, from rector and professor down to cook and scullery man. But the election to this office, though consultatively in the hands of the members of the Sacred Congregation, is really in the hands of the Pope alone. It was not usual to nominate him from the body of the Cardinals of the Sacred Congregation. It was unheard of to uplift the monsignor secretary, whose sole ecclesiastical titles, in the case of Barnabò, were those of monsignor, an honorary title at best, and Canon of St. John in Lateran (a high rank but conveying no official status outside that church), at one bound to the dignity of Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda. The position of secretary of Propaganda is, indeed, what is called a "cardinalitial post," and sooner or later leads to the red biretta. But it does not, even then, in-

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volve membership, much less prefecture, of this Sacred Congregation. Usually the secretary, having become cardinal, is transferred to some other Congregation of Cardinals. Besides, the secretary of Propaganda is almost always either an archbishop or a bishop. The cardinal prefects have always before, without exception I believe, held episcopal rank. This rank Monsignor Barnabò did not possess when secretary, and could never be induced to accept after he became Cardinal Prefect. He remained always a simple priest in orders and cardinal priest of the title of Santa Susanna. Not even Pius IX., his beloved master, intimate friend, and fellow-townsman (they were both Umbrians from about Sinigaglia and true types of the Romagnuolo), could induce him to change his resolve in this matter.

So his chances seemed slight. But all at once the college was electrified with joy when his appointment as Prefect was made and proclaimed.

We had a grand *fête* that day. The new cardinal came to dine with us. Jacovacci, our *maestro di capella*, a composer whose name would be immortal only that his modesty was immeasurable, had a grand hymn ready for the occasion. The professor of rhetoric, who was a poet, composed the words. Our select choir tried to sing it, but the body of the students struck in, spoiled its harmony and scattered its beauties to the winds.

After this came the cardinal's reception to the *élite* of Rome in the grand rooms connected with the consistorial hall. We were present at this too in turns of cameratas—just a walk through to see the brilliant display and no more. The cardinal was in undress; that is, in society dress. He wore a very dark brown—not black—dress-coat with large lappets trimmed with gold lace and with a single row of gilt buttons. A regular eighteenth century coat it was, with its regular accompaniments, silk stockings (red of course) and buckled shoes. He remained all the time uncovered, and never moved from a pillar against which he kept his back, and behind his back his hands. This, to prevent the hand-kissing universal in Rome from all below to all above—even from children to parents when they meet at morning and part at night. Thus ended the cardinal's appointment and installation. Next day all were at work, he harder than any, as though nothing had happened. I shall have no more to say of him in his official capacity.

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Before long the cardinal began to mingle amongst us students. It was his delight and his frequent custom to celebrate the Communion Mass for us on a Sunday or special holiday. Immediately after Communion he would address us in what the Romans call a "fervorino"; that is, a devout and ardent appeal to the heart on the greatness and grace of the Blessed Sacrament. In this particular style of address I never met his equal anywhere, though I heard the best and holiest men in Rome of my day. His knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures and the Fathers, and his manner of welding them into his own discourse without effort or display, was amazing. The man himself seemed on fire with devotion, and I never witnessed any one celebrate Mass with such vivid faith and complete absorption of soul and body in the great act. Once, at least, he practically conducted the whole annual retreat for us in Frascati. Padre Pio, the saintly Passionist of those days, was appointed for the work. But, on the second day, out came the cardinal from Rome and took up the morning and afternoon instructions (two practical lectures called in Rome "Riforme"), leaving to the padre only the night and early morning meditations. Here the cardinal was in his element, and soon made it our element also. In nothing was he more eminent than in common sense, knowledge of men and affairs, and experience of the human soul and its devious ways. I used to take down those discourses in writing in my room while they were fresh in my mind. I bitterly regret they are not to hand, but hidden somewhere among the débris of a life's memoranda. While, in the chapel in Rome, the cardinal could melt the heart by the suavity and sweetness of his word, here, on retreat, he was engaged in forming our spirits for the coming conflict of life, and he was all power, prudence, and pith. At all times, outside his hours of devotion, there was something about him of the military commander—the French commander, whose soldiers are "mes enfans" and he to them "mon capitaine" or "mon colonel." And for this feature of his character there was an excellent reason. When a mere boy—scion of a noble family of the Romagna—he formed one of many such young lads taken hostages by Napoleon I. to extort compliance from Pius VI. with certain points of the Emperor's policy, particularly that of the exclusion of England from all commerce with the territories of the Holy See.

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Young Barnabò was brought to France and went through the course of military training at St. Cyr. This seems to account for his prompt and energetic bodily movements and his quick decision on all matters brought before him. Whether or not he also learned at that school the proper use of his fists when occasion called for it, it is certain he possessed that noble art. It was well known to all Rome—though he sought to conceal it—that, returning from a visit to Padre Pio, who was his confessor, at the Passionist Church of SS. John and Paul, he was attacked by two burly ruffians just under the shadow of the Coliseum. They demanded his watch and money, and proceeded to lighten him of both. Two scientific blows, one landing under a chin, the other behind an ear, sent both assailants sprawling in the dust. They rose, when they could, and ran away. He was only monsignor then, but I am quite sure "it was in him" even after he became Cardinal Prefect. One of our greatest joys in Frascati was when he came out on a social visit, merely to spend the day. Then, after a specially good table, we had coffee altogether in the *gran salone* overlooking the boundless Campagna lying at the foot of our Villa Montalto and stretching away to hazy Rome and the dimmer sea in the distance.

There were good music always and songs for the occasion, and addresses in verse, good and bad, but our best. Now, the cardinal was not only a cultured poet but an *improvisatore*. To every address he would reply, on the spur of the moment, in classic Italian verse, excellent in thought and rhythm. Some of the best of these were set to music by Jacovacci. Living students will remember his hymn on the beauties of Frascati commencing—

"Di Montalto i verdi boschetti";

and another, when some student addressed him as our "Gran Pastore":

"Quando nel' vostro canto
Voi mi chiamastè grande
Come Sol che luce spande
O suol ch' ingemma il fior
Grato Io son' e contento
Le pur falso è l'accento
Che vi seduce il cuor.

. . . .

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Se quel Pastor son Io
Figli e' uniam' insiêmi
Per lodar sempre Iddio
Chè il resto è vanità."

Over forty years have passed, but I remember that scene, and this much of his improvisation, as though they were of yesterday.

This sketch grows long, but I have not much more to add to it.

Only three times did I communicate with the cardinal directly and personally. I have mentioned the stairs leading to the college infirmary. It was also a back way conducting from his eminence's apartments to our side of the quadrangle, to the class halls and the chapel. It was my duty in the last years of my stay in college to transact the business and see to the minor wants of my own *camerata* of which I was *bidêllo*. On winter nights when all were about to retire to rest I had often to go to the infirmary kitchen for hot drinks (*aqua d'orzo*, barley water) for one or other complaining of cold. Whoso would know what it is to be chilled to the marrow should spend a winter in a Roman college of those days. Well, I frequently met the cardinal, as I went up or down this back stairs, with a lighted *cerino* in his hand. Every night, as soon as the house was still and all supposed to be in their beds, he came that way to reach the organ loft of the dark and silent chapel and end his laborious day by a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. For the first few of those meetings nothing passed between us except a "Felicissima nôtte, figlio," and my response, "Felicissima nôtte, Eminenza."

One day, however, my prefect of *camerata* asked me did I not often meet the cardinal on the stairs and whether I gave him the customary reverence by kissing his hand. I replied no; that we only passed with a "Good night." "Well," said the prefect, "I may tell you that his Eminence asked the rector 'who is that long, swaggering fellow who passes me at night as cool and independent as you please?' You had better," pursued the prefect, "kiss his hand when next you meet him; he does not care for this, yet he noticed its omission." The very next night I met the cardinal on that narrow stairs, he coming up, I going down holding a steaming kettle of *aqua d'orzo*.

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I went for his hand to kiss it. "E—e—eh," he roared out, "mi voi scottáre"—"What! do you want to scald me?" Then, with a kind smile, "Don't mind it, son. Good-night, and God bless you." And he drew his hand from behind his back and placed it on my bowed head.

The next time I communicated with him by letter. I held a place in the college for a certain foreign diocese. But in my last year the president of the college in Dublin where I had first studied wrote inviting me to come there and take a professorship. He would settle it with my bishop, etc. The offer was tempting, and after some thought I decided to accept it. But then, I felt it would be hardly fair to have occupied the post in Propaganda for six years and then at last withdraw my services from the diocese that sent me there. So without using any influence, or consulting any one, I wrote the cardinal direct, petitioning for the continuance to my diocese of the place I held, and, as I was about it, I asked also for a new place in the college for the diocese neighboring my own, which was badly equipped and needy. In a very short time I received an official letter from his Eminence granting both requests, and I immediately forwarded it to my bishop.

Those places have since sent out several good missionary priests and furnished my own diocese with a bishop. I note this fact to show how quickly Cardinal Barnabò recognized and rewarded a good motive, how generous he was in giving, how approachable and free of formalities when a worthy object was proposed to him.

The last time I came into personal contact with Cardinal Barnabò was when I took my degrees. He headed the table where sat the fourteen professors, members of the faculty. I had passed all but one and he was a *supplente*, as it was called, or *locum tenens*, for the professor of canon law, who had been for some time ill. He was a very young man anxious to distinguish himself, and I was another and younger man anxious to get away. We had a disagreement. Meantime the cardinal was chatting merrily with the professors near him at the other end of the long table. He, too, had had enough of it. Noticing the contention between the *supplente* and me, and tired of the delay, he cried out, "What are you two arguing about down there?" The *supplente* replied, "This

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young man does not answer my question" (it was one about conditions between the contracting parties that annul the contract), and he repeated the question for the cardinal. "Well, what is your answer?" said his Eminence to me. I repeated it as I had before given it and stuck to it. "That is a sufficient answer," said his Eminence; "the examination is closed." I retired while the vote was being taken and, called by the junior professor, I returned and knelt before his Eminence. "You have them all," he said, laying his hand on my head, "and now you barely know how to study."

A picture of Cardinal Barnabò is a difficult thing to find. Only through a ruse, of which he was utterly unconscious, could a portrait of the man be obtained. It was the custom of the students in their last year to secure, and carry home with them, photographs of the whole college of their day, grouped in *cameratas*, and of the superiors singly in cabinet size. But Cardinal Barnabò could never be induced to have his portrait taken. In vain we besieged the rector, Tancioni, who was a great personal friend of the cardinal, to persuade his Eminence to gratify us in this matter. The cardinal would not hear of it. At length one day when his Eminence came to dine with the students, on occasion of a college festival, the rector quietly introduced a good photographer and planted him, in college costume, at one of the tables commanding a good view of the cardinal in a good light. As his Eminence was seated at table it was only the bust and head that were presented, and so nowhere to-day will a fuller portrait of his figure be found. That was absolutely the only picture of Cardinal Barnabò ever taken, and I believe he never knew that his person, or the portion of him then visible, had been thus kidnapped. The rector took every precaution that his amiable subterfuge should not come to the cardinal's knowledge. Yet a few replicas of the photo were produced and a few oil paintings taken of it. I was a witness of this little by-play and was aware, with all the rest of the *camerata*, of the reason and motive of it—the profound humility and self-effacement of this great man, unconscious of his gifts and merits, and of the grandeur of his own soul.

One of the old paintings taken from that photograph—the only one I ever saw either in Rome or America—hangs in the

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sitting-room of the Paulist Fathers in New York. It is a faithful likeness, though there are a dulness and heaviness about the expression of the features that were not natural in the original. He seems much older too than when I first saw him in Cardinal Franzoni's room. That was only a few years before the taking of the picture; but a few years of his responsibility, with the ardor he gave to it, quickly converted mature manhood into age. The picture at the Paulists is treasured there as a dear memento of one who—placed in the City of Rome in the highest station, except one, that the Church of Rome can confer—was the loyal friend, the liberal benefactor, the strong protector of the Paulist Congregation He stood by it in troublous times. He cheered it onward amid the gloom of suspicion and the stumbling-blocks of prejudice. He cast his broad mantle over it when the darkness and the coldness of death encompassed it. During all his life he made himself its surety and its saviour.

And here I close this too meagre sketch of a man mighty in his soul and in his life-work. He would not, in life, have desired even this much of a memorial to his name. He sought only the kingdom of God and asked not that aught else in this world should be added thereunto.

Would that some one of the few now remaining on whom, as on myself, the light of his life was shed in those bygone days—some one better equipped than I for the task—were inspired to enlarge this picture and give color to its crude outline! No more instructive or interesting work could be presented to the Catholic or the general public than the full story of the life and times of Cardinal Barnabò

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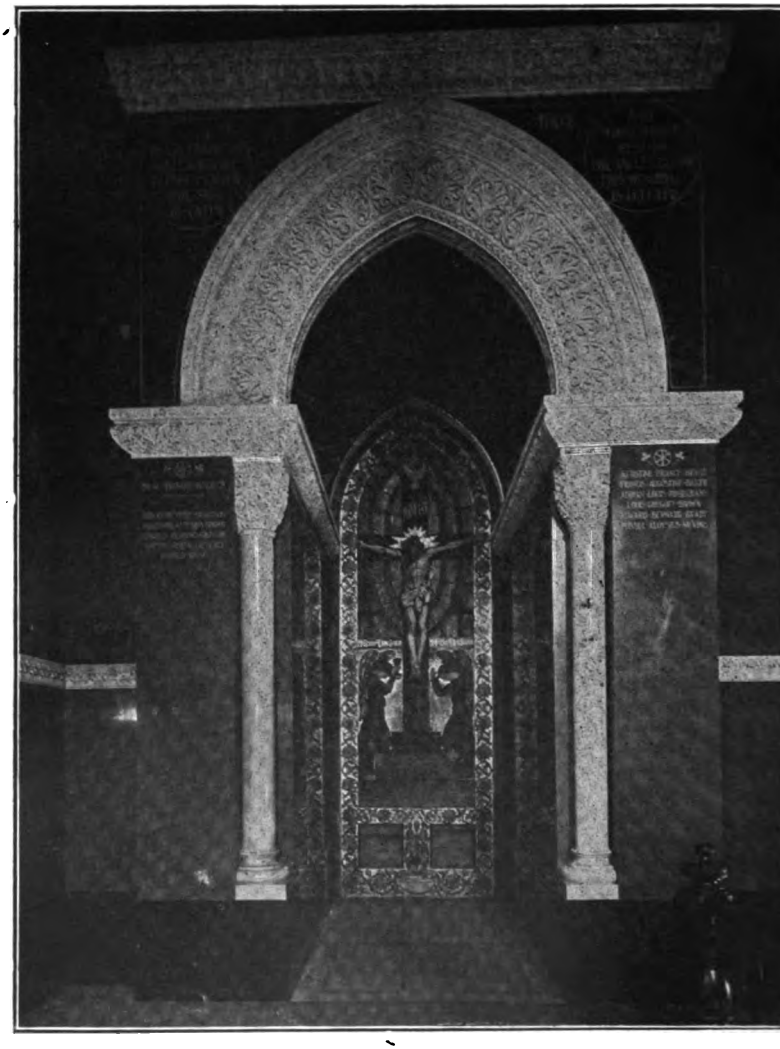

THE MEMORIAL TO THE DECEASED PAULISTS.

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THE MEMORIAL TO THE DECEASED PAULISTS.

MEMORIAL to Father Hecker and other deceased Paulist Fathers has recently been completed at the entrance to their great, massive stone church in New York. While it fills one of the large doorways of the south tower, yet it reveals something of the nature of a chapel. The alcove is about six feet wide, seventeen feet deep, and twenty feet high, and it is spanned by a Romanesque arch resting on marble pillars with modified Byzantine capitals. Just outside the columns are two polished memorial tablets of Vermont marble extending from the base to the level from which the arch is sprung. At the top of the tablets are trefoils symbolical of the Trinity and of the Christus.

Below this are the names of the priests of the church who have died. Beginning on the left is the name of Isaac Thomas Hecker, and on the right is that of Augustine Francis Hewit. Beneath these leading names on the left is a space left vacant, in which will be carved the name of George Deshon, the present Superior-General, and then follow the names of Robert Beverly Tillotson, Algernon Aloysius Brown, Charles Redmond Crosson, Martin Joseph Casserly, Alfred Young; and on the right, Francis Augustine Baker, Adrian Louis Rosecrans, Louis Gregory Brown, Edward Bernard Brady, Russel Aloysius Nevins, to be followed by the name of Thomas Verney Robinson, who died on February 16, 1903.

Flanking the arch above is the inscription: "To the Paulist Fathers who have gone before us with the sign of the faith, and whose bodies rest in the vaults below, this memorial is erected."

In the recess of the doorway is a panel of the Crucifixion, life-size, wrought in wood by the burning point and illuminated with gold. On either side, at the foot of the Cross, are adoring angels, one uplifting the Chalice, with the inscription "My Blood is drink indeed"; and beneath the other, elevating the Sacred Host, with the inscription "My Body is meat indeed." Above the Crucifix is the figure of an ascending dove, and over

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that the Triangle symbolizing the Trinity, and the Alpha and the Omega..

The whole is the design of William Laurel Harris, who has charge of the mural decorations of the Church.

Mr. Harris has earned for himself in the artistic world an enviable reputation for the very excellent work that he has done, and this latest masterpiece of his skill is bound to attract national attention. While it is a suitable memorial, executed with rare ability, it is also a unique specimen of devotional art. It creates an atmosphere of prayer right at the very door of the Church, and is, moreover, a very fitting reminder to the people of the labors of the Fathers who have served their spiritual interests in this Church..

The Memorial Chapel is a part of the scheme of decoration that is transforming the Church of the Paulist Fathers into one of the most attractive churches in the country.

In the beginning the great size of the Church, together with its large unadorned wall-spaces, gave the edifice a cold, forbidding aspect. But as time has gone on the warm coloring, together with the devotional paintings, has created an atmosphere of prayerfulness, so that there is no more devotional church in the country than this one. What intensifies this effect is the fact of the solid stone walls shutting out the city noises, and the light coming from above leads the soul heavenward in prayer. The mural paintings of Mr. Harris are one of the most beautiful features of the Church.

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THE EASTER DAWN.

BY MARY O'BRIEN.

I.

HERE woke the Dawn.
Fixed were its dim gray wings
And stilled in flight,
Like morn whose soul still clings
To fading night.
Why doth it pause across the sleeping sky?
So might thy sons, blest Israel, breathe: "Ah, why?"

II.

There woke the Dawn.
It bade the mist-veiled flowers
To rise from sleep;
Then fell o'er all Earth's bowers
Its myst'ry deep.
Why doth the hills expectant watch the sky?
So might thy sons, dumb Israel, pray: "Ah, why?"

III.

Calm waits the Dawn.
A sudden mighty breath!
A conquered tomb!
Now is thy death, O Death,
Past all thy gloom.
The Crucified from sin's fell doom is freed;
Blest God!—yet sleeping Israel pays no heed!

IV.

'Tis still the Dawn.
O tears of death and night
And faithless fear,
Ye shades of Calv'ry's height,
How come you here?
The Light that flashed above the dreaming sod
Shines o'er us still,—the veilèd Face of God.

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JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART III.

AT THE TURN OF MATURITY.

CHAPTER VII.

"AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED."

JOYCE'S instinctive suspicion as to the missing Hans' whereabouts proved one of such truthful intuitions as souls in sympathy sometimes experience. Half in romantic sentiment in its morbid phase, half in the despair of the materialist when temporal fortune deserts him, Hans had stolen away from the bed of death, and set his face towards Oakland. He did not question the motives impelling him; in truth, he was but sub-conscious of his destination and intention. He realized only that he was ruined,—ruined! The catastrophe seemed final, eternal!

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life. On the journey to the West Joyce has a long talk with Raymond, in which the latter gives his views on various matters, and states the terms on which he engages Joyce. Arrived in San Francisco, Joyce sends an exuberant telegram to his mother. Joyce enters social life and takes part in a ball at the Golden Gate Ranch. Mina and Joyce are drawn unto each other, while Raymond's wife talks of divorce. Mina and Raymond, landing at Island Rock, are both drowned. Joyce endeavors to save them, and narrowly escapes with his own life. After Raymond's death Mrs. Raymond removes to San Francisco, pending the settlement of her husband's estate. Pearson, having assumed control of the *Pioneer*, has a stormy interview with Joyce. Mrs. Raymond suddenly decides to sail for Europe; Joyce, failing to agree to her plans, decides to remain with the *Pioneer*. Stephen proposes to Gladys. Joyce meets with the great temptation. Pearl Ripley, a Comedy Girl, enters into his life. Womanhood has lost something of its spiritual beauty as the result. Later on he is lured into a scheme of stock gambling. Stephen engages in social work, and tastes some of the higher things of life. He meets Gladys after the promised year's delay; while Mrs. Raymond, a restless woman of the world, comes into Joyce's life again. Joyce is about to declare his love for Gladys when the news comes of a mine swindle. Joyce saves Hans from despair, but comes again under the sway of Mrs. Raymond's power.

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From side-street to thoroughfare, from car to ferry, from ferry to shore again, was a headlong and purely mechanical progression. Faces strange and familiar impressed him but vaguely, like shadows that flit through a dream. The gentle-eyed stars, the sad sea and the night-wind, seemed more closely akin to him than indifferent humanity. Life's agonized hours come vestured in loneliness. Therein human tragedy lies.

In the starlight, the home of Hans' heart looked its fairest. Recent rains had but freshened its vigorous verdure. Here and there were bare stalks, vivid foliage, frost-nipped blossoms; but, as a whole, the estate was unblighted by winter. The white house in its centre looked an ideal "Love's Cottage." Yet Hans, whose shock of loss had left hope behind, came no longer to claim, but to renounce it.

Against the white gate he leaned long and listlessly, scanning the familiar scene before him with leave-taking eyes. Then, semi-circling the house with laggard footsteps, he reached the rear acre,—his "mother's garden." But the bent, old brown-faced figure in the short skirt, the blue apron, the close cap he remembered, never would potter here now,—never prune the clambering vines, or watch the young sprouts growing:—never sit at night by the inner hearthstone, knitting socks for him and his children. All her prayers and hopes rendered null and void,—all the hoard of her life-long toil and self-denial lost,—lost through his fault and folly!

"*Mütterchen!*" he sobbed, tearlessly: and all affection, all remorse, all pain and despair were in the cry. Then, with the sullen defiance of utter hopelessness in his face, he retraced his steps towards the highway.

But as the gate clicked behind him he glanced over his shoulder. Then unshed tears, warm as life-blood, obscured his vision. If the fall of his castles of filial affection was bitter, what was the blight of his dreams of love? How sweet it had been to fancy Katrina's light step through the rooms, down the stair, out upon the green-trellised porch, down the steps to the bordered paths, the level lawn, the star and heart-shaped beds brilliant even now with hardy flowers! How her yellow hair would have matched the sunbeams of California's golden mornings, her blue eyes the skies, serene yet changeful,—her fresh young face the lilies and roses it had been his labor of love to train for her. How, on happy holidays, the songs of

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the birds, now with heads under wings, had suggested the music of glad years to come, when he and Katrina should share their home-nest with dear little human fledgelings! All that was pure in the man's heart, all that was sweet and simple and selfless, all that was tender and human with the sanctified humanity of the love that God destines, seemed, in his distorted judgment, to be mocked maliciously. He pressed towards the water-front where it stretched deserted, apart from the boats and wharves.

It was a blind lead that Hans was following,—the morbid impulse of the melancholy strain in the blood of the Teuton, when sapped of the religion that recognizes in even the most overwhelming of temporal misfortunes a grace to be smiled at through tears. Long since, alas! religion and Hans had parted company. But his mother and Katrina still prayed for him.

As the wind skimmed the bay, legion drowned stars scintillated. In Hans' eyes, as he paused, was the fixed gaze of the fatalist. He knew now, why he was here,—what occult force had impelled him. The golden-haired Lorelei was calling him—

"Hans!"

Swinging along from the pier, with the speed of prophetic dread, Joyce was startled, rather than surprised, by the sight of Hans' solitary figure in its ominously despondent attitude. Even as it slowly swayed seaward, his firm hand gripped it, and Hans was hurled safely inland!

"*Hans!*" he repeated, as instinctively, rather than with deliberate intent, Hans opposed dumb resistance to rescue. Joyce's voice, by moral force, achieved instant victory. In its imperativeness was a note surpassing mere human protest. The Creative Will, the Divine Arraignment, thrilled the mortal chords of their chosen instrument. Accused, judged, convicted even by his own guilty soul, Hans cowered in humbled silence!

"Come," commanded Joyce, discreetly ignoring the tragical circumstances, and quelling emotion by his commonplace accents. "I've no time to waste,—we'll talk on our way back. I've followed you to make you my messenger to the *Pioneer*. Tell the boys that *not one of them is to lose a dollar!* On this assurance they can live for a day or two, till I post you with all the details."

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But Hans only stared in stolid silence. Momentarily, his usually quick intelligence was blunted. Moreover, his conviction of loss still stunned him. Joyce's public assumption of financial responsibility,—the multi-millionaire's vow by his beloved son's death-bed,—had been but as empty words in Hans' ears,—pretty platitudes of no practical value. If hope dies hard in the human breast, it is equally hard to resurrect it!

"Oh, don't you understand?" demanded Joyce, impatiently. "We will call in all shares at their purchase-value! If you gain nothing, at least you will lose nothing by me. But small thanks to me! Thank poor—Dick!"

As his voice broke, his pretence of tolerance vanished with it. His own joyous vitality made him contemptuous of a man who in his youth and strength, could hold the boon of human life lightly. His eyes flashed on Hans like flames of scorn. They were scathing his guilt and cowardice.

"*Dick!*" he cried. "Had his death-bed to-night, then, no lesson for you? What would he not have given for your vigor and health,—for your man-life's glorious chances?"

"He—was—rich," was Hans' sullen answer.

"Rich? Yes! And what did his riches do for him, but dishonor his manhood, and cut off his young life? The earners of bread fill their parts in the world; but what part had he filled, when his short call came to him? Do you remember his death-cry? '*It didn't pay!*' Is there no moral there for us, Hans?"

Silence,—shamed, sulky silence on the part of Hans. Joyce affected obliviousness no longer.

"How would suicide pay you,—body or soul?" he thundered. "How would it pay the dependent women to whom you owe support and protection? Where is your honor to desert your mother and sweetheart,—you, to whom they entrusted their little savings? To leave them destitute,—you, a son, a lover! I am disappointed in you, Hans: ashamed of you!"

"But I can't bring them out," Hans pleaded, helplessly.

"Yes, you can bring them out, too! Hang it, can't I get it through your pate that you have lost nothing,—nothing? But what if it were otherwise? Have n't better men than you had to begin life over? Look at me, out of the *Pioneer*, and with every dollar of my private means now public pro-

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perty! But am *I* flinging myself to the devil? Nix, I'm alive and kicking! You chicken-heart, live up to your manhood!"

"Manhood!" echoed Hans, passionately. His torpor was ended, his temper aroused. Thoughts long rankling in silence strained fiercely to voice themselves. Joyce's challenge had rung to his heart. "Manhood?" he repeated, with bitter satire. "Ach, yah,—manhood! Are brain and brawn and a heart, a man's measure, then, in this day of the world,—in this country?"

"Yes, they are, you mad pessimist;—as they always have been, as they always will be!"

"*It's a lie!*" Hans' excitement condoned its expression. "Is mere manhood respected while it lacks means to back it? Has it a footing and voice with its generation? Can it found home and family, and insure sons a future? Nein, mein Herr! The man's day is over!"

"Hans,—"

"Humanity,—does it count, under foot of *Society?* Has manhood its chance, where the wealth-line discounts it? Brute human, and gentleman,—so mankind is divided!" The cursed gold-race is the death of the middle-man, I tell you! Yet what choice, but to join,—and lose it?"

There was a sob in his voice, though his eyes burned drily.

"Oh, big houses, fine tables, tailor's clothes, aren't our prizes," he cried. "Simple lives for us plain men! Work and hardship agree with us. But life's vital, it's human, it's *manly* things,—men *must* have them! And, by heaven, they've got their cash-price!"

"Hans, Hans, this is the refinement of social anarchy,—"

"Anarchy for the knave; and 'Social Equality' is the cry of the fool! '*Honor to just inequality,*' is the cause of the sane man. But its hope was the democracy! The plutocracy kills it. The *man* must go down, before—money!"

"Hans—"

But Hans was oblivious to all save his grievance. Interruption and argument were alike futile, inconsequent. His life-problem clamored for solution.

"Money!" he cried, recklessly. "*Sehr gut,* then let it be money! We must run with our world,—and worship its idols! But it takes money now to make money, already! That's the curse, the dead-lock, the despair of it!"

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The awful riddle of the majority,—the vital difficulty of the great middle-class! What possible solution for all ages and nations,—for peace and good-will among men?

The night, momentous for Hans in its mortal issues, was recording a finer spiritual crisis for Joyce. Catastrophe after catastrophe had awed and humbled him. From the heights of fortune, he had been hurled to the deeps of ruin, to the verge of dishonor, with a suddenness alike appalling and incredible. Within these great wheels of material fatality, subtler wheels seemed to grind his spirit. Through the night's strange vicissitudes ran a single *motif!* They were no fugitive notes, many-keyed and discordant, but perfect chords of minor harmony. The downfall that was the penalty of his own reckless ambition,—poor Dick's fatal accident,—Hans' soul-slaying despair,—and now, man's wild heart-cry against man's inhumanity,—as effects, these suggested a common cause! What was it,—and what was the cure of it?

Even as Hans was speaking, light had dawned upon Joyce,—such spiritual light as the unspiritual recognize but dimly. Nevertheless it dissolved the densest shadows bewildering him,—as the first star illumines the night.

"Hans," he cried, flinging his arm about Hans' big shoulders,—"you 're wrong-headed but right-hearted, and the heart 's the main thing! Wealth *does* serve Society at the cost of Humanity! There *is* something rotten in the whole world's Denmark! But to go wrong with wrong,—to turn deserter instead of hero,—rights nothing, and only makes bad worse!"

"*Was*, then?" demanded Hans, with reviving interest. With death cheated, and his finances intact if not augmented,—perhaps most of all, because Joyce's arm was around him,—despair was rebounding to hope.

Joyce hesitated. He did not know how to word it,—the new thought within him, the sweet grace enlightening him. He knew only, that Dick's first and last soul-cry haunted him: that the stars and the winds and the sea seemed to thrill with it: that it rang in his soul as life's universal Solution,—the Divine-human Name of *Christ!*

"Well, look here," he began, diffidently. "We 're all wrong together,—rich and poor, man and master,—because we 've strayed from first principles. We 've got to turn back to *A. D. 1* to get righted! Yes, sir! There 's no other way!"

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Starward, seaward, through the night dark yet glowing, his eyes gazed earnestly, with a new, tender reverence in them. His voice seemed to harmonize with the music of Nature; human tones do, when the soul is their keynote.

"Your socialism," he went on, "has taught me one lesson, Hans; and poor Dick's death has taught me another. The first is, that the one perfect Socialist came out of Nazareth! Vital force, dynamic power, good and justice, are in Him! The second is, the memory that Dick died in His Name! Now, it appeals to my intelligence, my philosophy, my logic, that the Name to die by, is the Name to live by! Hans, the best men and women I know, *do* live by It,—and by glory, their Christian lives '*pay*'!"

"*Gott in Himmel!*" exclaimed Hans, in incredulous surprise. With the spiritual sensitiveness and sympathy latent in all music-loving races, he comprehended Joyce's thought,—assimilated it,—responded to it;—but it was only as a gay young worldling that he had known his friend, hitherto. Even such soulfulness as German rationalism accepts intellectually, he had not ascribed to the dashing young speculator.

"Right you are," assented Joyce, in a tone lighter than his thought.

"'*God's in His heaven. All's right with the world!*' When real things go wrong,—well, we've left God out of it! And that's what's the matter with *us!*"

"*Und—warum—nicht?*" meditated Hans, after perplexed hesitation,—gesturing inquiry to the murmuring sea. Joyce's solution, although unexpected, yet had the reminiscent charm of familiarity. Long ago, God and heaven had been realities.

Like a fair dream remembered, the faith of Hans' childhood recurred to him. How the mother-face—plain and worn even in its youth—had been glorified, as its smile blessed his kneeling figure. How he had loved the pious shrines, the choral service, the holy festivals of Catholic Germany! But the schools of his boyhood stimulating intellect rather than spirit,—the rationalistic atmosphere of his impressionable youth,—the shallow philosophies of his military comrades when compulsory conscription claimed his service,—and later, the socialistic tendencies of his age and class, all too soon had set Büchner and Bauer against Genesis and Christ's Vicar, and substituted Feuerbach, Hartmann, and their prolific kind, for the four great

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Christian Evangelists! Then the New World's Republic had fanned smouldering ambition to fire,—such fire as scorches the soul.

"Come," said Joyce, descending from his unaccustomed heights with relieved alacrity. "A spurt to the boat, Hans, and back to town with me! I must keep an appointment, though it's well on to midnight. I owe you one, for trotting me way out here!"

Hans turned from his vision of Lethe without reluctance. Life attracted him newly, since Joyce's words had reconstructed it. That the Christ he had been wont to relegate to the Scriptures and churches, to priests and women, to ignorance and childhood, had been a Socialist, was a novel thought that yet seemed corroborated by early lessons recalled. All at once he remembered the Birth in poverty, the Youth as a carpenter's son, the Ministry to the multitude, the Death of the Innocent as a malefactor! Was it not thus that all reformers, all idealists were destined to perish,—martyrs to causes blood-drenched, yet by death unvanquished,—victorious victims of the impotent hate of the world? Suddenly the stars seemed illumed by the Star of Bethlehem. In contrast, the dark waters he had sought made him shudder. The most perilous of all temptations had passed from Hans for ever. Mother-prayers, maiden-prayers, thus won answer.

With a hasty glance at his watch as he landed, Joyce sprang into a cab, bargaining that the pace should be a "record-breaker." Unexpectant of admission at such a late hour, yet he felt in courtesy bound to honor Imogen's summons. But even as he ran up the steps, the door opened hospitably. "The ladies awaited Mr. Josselyn in the library!"

However true may be the refrain of the sad old song,—

"For men must work,
And women must weep,"—

yet that while men serve, women only stand and wait, is a truth of still deeper pathos. The sorrow that weeps, ebbs with its tears; but the tearless suspense of the heart that waits, is the woman's keenest agony. Thus the hours that had been so full of engrossing action for Joyce, had been to Imogen but a time of enforced passivity, during which conflicting thoughts had rein. She was facing a fate she could not control; and her imperious

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nature rebelled against her impotence. She had seen Joyce exalted to the heights of her desire for him; and just as the way of love without undue sacrifice of pride had seemed clear, sudden mischance had hurled him far below his original level. His honor was compromised; his little fortune, though but a drop in the bucket of his indemnity, must be surrendered; and even his professional position already had been stript from him by the wrathful and hasty Colonel! But Imogen's fancy had strengthened beyond the power of worldly adversity to blight it. The woman's weird that makes "the world well lost for love," had come to her; and to dree it was her bitter-sweet fate!

As she pondered her problem,—so complex in the social, so simple in the human sense,—little by little her keen regret for Joyce's downfall lessened. Was his ill wind not blowing her the good she craved? That his simple, admiring, grateful affection for her was still the sentiment of a boy, rather than the passion of a man, Imogen was too astute not to recognize; and the recent *tête-à-tête* which had transferred Gladys' violets to his buttonhole, had convinced her that she had a dangerous rival. Therefore there was compensation even for humbled pride in the realization that Joyce's difficulties could be utilized to forge him fast to her by the fetters of dependence and indebtedness,—delicate advantages which Gladys would be the last to dispute.

But as Imogen was nothing if not farseeing, she had been at pains to frighten Gladys from the field in advance, thus obviating all possibility of future emulation. With malice prepense, she had hinted broadly during their homeward drive, that as financial influence alone could exempt Joyce from liability, Gladys, of course, would exert it lavishly! The smiling insolence of her assumption had effected its subtle work, and the girl, startled and flushing, had retreated into herself, shrinking from the suggestion of friendly assertion, since, even anticipatively, it was open to such humiliating misconstruction. But even aside from natural sensitiveness, Gladys, though the soul of generosity, had found it painful to contemplate Joyce's pride and manliness degraded by the supposition that he was open to a woman's material assistance. Purposely pressed by Imogen, the girl had acknowledged reluctantly, that while sorrowing for his misfortune, and deeply regretting the

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Colonel's severity, Joyce was not, in her eyes, the innocent victim of others, but responsible for his own unhappy position.

Though secretly exulting at an admission which could not but be mortally offensive in the repetition, Imogen had sneered at the friendship that could judge in cold blood; and the girl had gone to her room heavy-hearted. Which was right—Imogen or she? Could the reckless chances taken by Joyce be indeed legitimate and justified? Was not his hazard of the dollars of the needy masses a selfish and cruel wrong? Must not ignobly purchased exemption from just penalty prove demoralizing,—an evil rather than a good for him,—lowering his principles and standards, and thus menacing the honor of his future? Above all, was it possible for a young woman to assume the financial burdens of a man unrelated to her, without misrepresenting herself, and simultaneously exposing him to the loss of all manliness in the moral order? Impulsive by nature, Gladys had schooled herself to control her girlish sympathies, and to hold indiscriminating generosity in check. She must think, she must pray, she must seek counsel, before committing herself to any compromising action. But if Gladys had known it, Imogen had not the smallest intention of conceding any opportunity of action! The field to herself was her chance of victory; and no woman who loves yields her chances.

Slipping out of her jet armor into a tea-gown of pure white lace, Imogen stabbed the higher coils of her dark hair with a dagger of pearls, and after a long, fixed stare in her fire, descended alone to the library. Under the circumstances, to dine together in the absence of Mam'selle, would have been an ordeal for which neither she nor Gladys was eager, so the more elaborate meal was declared off by common consent, and Gladys sipped her tea in her room under plea of fatigue, while an informal supper, adapted to stand for the evening, was spread in the library, to await Mam'selle's return.

Dolly, with healthful masculine appetite, did due honor to the tempting table which rewarded his escort-duty,—but Mam'selle, too exhausted by emotion for substantial refreshment, diluted her hot chocolate with gentle tears, as she described to Imogen the scene of Dick's death. Then resigned, as Dolly departed, to her duty as chaperon, she sank into a seat by the fire, a devout book on her knee. But though her spirit was willing, in the delicate flesh Mam'selle was over-

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weary. Soothed by her cheering cup, warmed by the flames, calmed by Imogen's deceptive quiet, she was betrayed into peaceful somnolency. Her eyes closed,—her head nodded,—she dozed.

Imogen scarcely drew breath as Mam'selle's slumber deepened. The silence, the virtual solitude, were more than welcome to her. She slipped cushions behind the nodding head till they pillowed it, and screened Mam'selle's face from the fire. Then she stole to the portières, whispering to the servant answering her ring, that no further service would be needed, and that she was "at home" only to Mr. Josselyn, who would be in haste, and was to be admitted without announcement! Then she crossed to the window, and like the lady of the moated grange, looked wearily out while the late-comer tarried. As she listened for Joyce, her heart throbbed in her ears; and the regular clock-ticks seemed to pulsate deafeningly. A glance in the mirror showed her burning lips and brilliant eyes; but a face white and rigid in its nervous tension. There was a claret-cup on the table, and she drank of it feverishly. Then she watched, as her stimulated blood restored her coloring. When Joyce's step, quick and firm, at last rang on the pavement, the clock-ticks were subdued, and her heart beat normally. As he entered, her smile indicated the oblivious Mam'selle; and in silence she beckoned him towards the further end of the room. In her white-vestured beauty, her youth triumphed touchingly over her widowhood. She was simpler, more feminine in the tender sense, in gentler mood, than Joyce ever had seen or imagined her. Between her and her surroundings his dazzled eyes vacillated. Unconsciously, he breathed a sigh of content.

"How good of you to receive me so late," he murmured. "It seems like Paradise in here,—after the events of my evening! Of course, Mam'selle has told you of Dick's death in my rooms,—of my subsequent call to Oakland—"

But his experiences had moved him more deeply than he knew. His voice choked. All the tragedy of human life seemed upon him. With a gesture, appealing in its boyish simplicity, he covered his eyes with his hand.

Without remark she stole to the table, pouring claret, and selecting the most tempting sandwiches.

"Eat, drink, and be silent, while I tell you all the pretty things said of your tea," she commanded. "Then, I prescribe a

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cigarette, to restore the tone of this room. We have been so gay that it has fallen into disuse, save as the sanctum of Gladys' studies, and Mam'selle's devout meditations; and the feminine atmosphere in excess, quite stifles me. A masculine cigarette will make all the difference!"

He obeyed, while touched and cheered by her womanly ministry; and finding, as she had intended that he should find, in the compliments she retailed, a fine balm for his wounded spirit. When the dainty yet subtly strong cigarette was smoked well to its end, the dispirited Joyce was himself again! Then Imogen leaned back in silence, and gave him his vent. The woman who knows men respects the fine line dividing sweet tyranny from intrusive assertion.

It had been far from Joyce's original thought to give Imogen his full confidence. His first impulse upon entering had been to look for Gladys; his first impression, one of unreasonable disappointment that the girl was not present, since he had known that she would not be present at such a late hour. But Dick's death, Hans' despair, the high-lights mystically dawning upon his own soul just as temporal misfortune most deeply submerged him, had been subjects at his heart to which he knew she would have responded; and the assertiveness of the ego in hours of stress, is incredibly selfish and irrational. Conventions, possibilities, even probabilities, all go down before it! Joyce's first instinct had been to resent Gladys' absence. But the intangible change in Imogen, transforming her, of a sudden, from woman to girl, from pride to humility, from the insolence of indifference to the flattery of solicitude, almost if not quite substituted Gladys for the hour,—while the material influence of his passage from chill night to light and warmth,—from exhaustion to the recuperation of rest and refreshment,—from the ugly realism of life to its fine æsthetics,—united to soften and sway him. The deep reds and dull golds of the rich interior, its paintings and statuary, its books and fire and hospitable supper-table, with the mother-like presence of Mam'selle at her ease, insidiously appealed to his mood, his temperament. The restful homeliness, the sweet intimacy of the scene, were resistless. His surcharged heart vented itself in speech to Imogen.

"Oh, I feel such an impostor!" he cried, impulsively. "If you knew all my guilt, Mrs. Raymond, I should forfeit your

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friendship! I took chances—after I doubted: which was a base wrong to others. From the first, I distrusted Bull and Price,—and the Colonel and Stephen warned me! But the bait was too tempting,—and I ran the risk. I knew that I had a following to whom loss meant despair,—yet in my selfishness I let them take their chances with me. Of course I hoped against hope,—with the hope of the fool! But that is not the smallest excuse for me!"

Upon the wound of his soul her low voice fell absolvingly.

"It is every excuse, Joyce," she said, with conviction. "What is any speculation but a game of chance? Western men are not children, to be led blindfold by you! Why, you are as unjust to yourself as the Colonel—and Gladys—are to you." Her pretty pause of reluctance redeemed her mention of Gladys. "The Colonel is unpardonable,"—she resented: "but we all know his temper! As for Gladys, girlish inexperience is always hard and unreasonable." She hesitated as if loath to censure, yet coerced by sympathy. "Ideals," she admitted, from her store of ripe wisdom,—"ideals may be high,—and yet human."

He plunged headlong into the trap her cleverness had set for him. Upon his self-reproach, the reproach of another,—above all, of Gladys,—fell sorely. What self-confessed "miserable sinner,"—however truly remorseful and humble,—but resents rather than loves the stern justice corroborating him? So Gladys was hard and unjust in her judgment of him? He was hurt to the heart, but pride dulled pain effectually. A smile flickered behind Imogen's discreetly lowered lashes. Joyce's thoughts were an open book to her.

"I am not surprised that Miss Broderick condemns me," he answered, coldly. "Her principles concede nothing, and I am open to censure. I make no protest against my punishment—"

"But *I* do," she hastened, with a zeal that touched him. "Why, save to stand between you and punishment, have I sent for you, Joyce? Your position, you know, is no laughing-matter! You must have definite plans,—sufficient resource,—for to-morrow,—"

"Hush!" he interrupted her. "Let me answer before you have spoken!"

Between his punishment and him, as responsible for a

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scheme to defraud, she, a woman, could stand only as represented by the miracle-worker, money! The reason of her imperative summons was no longer a mystery. The solution claimed Joyce's passionate gratitude. Although already he owed her all that he had been and was, she but awaited his word still to pour out her wealth for him, with grandly ungrudging nobility. What a contrast to critical and conservative Gladys! How could he thank her,—how indemnify her sufficiently? In his ardor of thought, he sprang to his feet;—an impulse mistaken for a sign of resentment. Imogen's heart palpitated; her proud eyes, for once, were deprecating. The fear that she felt of Joyce, established his sovereignty. She did not know that all women fear, where they love!

"So far as any public penalty goes," he explained with glad pride, "I am already exempted. The sell-out of my Shasta will go a long way towards righting things; and where my resources end, poor Dick's millions begin. In his memory, his father's influence and fortune are mine; so the Pioneer Mine will justify itself, in spite of defaulters. But your wonderful goodness is no whit less my debt to you! You dear, kind, sweet, glorious friend of friends, I thank you,—oh, how I thank you—"

As blank disappointment blurred her face like a mask, she, too, rose,—with a hauteur appalling him.

"Thanks from *you* are gratuitous," she emphasized, with cruel scorn. "The *Pioneer* is identified with the Raymond name. For my own sake, I have no choice but to rescue it, at any cost, from even vicarious dishonor. As you know, Colonel Pearson is not a man of great wealth; and of course I was unaware that Mr. Dawson had assumed his obligations. Since I am anticipated, I regret to have troubled you unnecessarily. As you remarked, the hour is late. Good-night!"

But as she would have passed him, he impeded her way. His breath came in gasps. The color flooding his face pulsed like visible heart-beats. In that moment of sudden shock and shame, it seemed to Joyce that he had received his heart-stab,—his death-blow! So Imogen, too, condemned him!

"You believe that the *Pioneer* has been dishonored by me?" he panted. "Yet only a moment ago you declared Miss Broderick's censure unreasonable! Could censure go further than the accusation you have implied, Mrs. Raymond?

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Personally, I should scorn to defend myself or my honor to you. But as associated with the *Pioneer*—"

As her eyes fell before his, he ascribed her averted glance to disdain. Yet he spoke on with proud persistence.

"Your concern for the *Pioneer* is quite natural," he admitted, bitterly. "But pray comfort yourself with the assurance that the editor and the speculator are two distinct figures. The *Pioneer* has in common with the Pioneer Mine only its name,—the common property of a thousand Western enterprises. It advertised the mine, yes; but so did the *Scout*,—likewise every other journal on the coast. The single mention I gave it, was neither more nor less than the current compliment by which the press ordinarily recognizes all big advertisers. If the *Scout* distorts truth, am *I* responsible for the libel which already is cutting its throat? Was my fight for myself, when I forced its lies back to it? No; but as the press of to-morrow will prove to you,—for the Raymond name, for the Colonel, for the *Pioneer!* I carried the boys with me, till they hissed the *Scout*, and cheered the *Pioneer!* Not to redeem,—since to redeem the uncompromised is an impossibility,—but to confirm the unblemished honor of the *Pioneer*,—was my voluntary final service to it;—a service beyond the power of all your wealth to accomplish! Now, Mrs. Raymond, 'good-night,' indeed! My farewells to Mam'selle and Miss Broderick!"

He was reaching the door as her voice recalled him. It was so tender, so tremulous, that his heart alone heard it. "*Joyce!*" was all that Imogen said. But love's language is limited. As he turned, he saw tears in her eyes.

"Oh, I have wounded you," he cried, with swift repentance. "To give you pain, you, who have all my gratitude,—"

"I am tired of your gratitude," she objected, passionately. "I abhor the word. It offends me. It—hurts me—"

The bright tears brimmed over. Joyce watched her incredulously. Such proud eyes, such cold eyes,—to weep!

"I was bitter in words, Joyce," she confessed, with appealing penitence,—"only because I was disappointed,—so cruelly disappointed! I thought that at last—I had found something—to live for! And to have it—all at once—snatched away—"

"*You?*" he exclaimed, in amazement. "Why, of all women

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living, surely your life is most full and rich,—most brilliant, most beautiful—"

"'Full' of emptiness," she interrupted, with plaintive eyes fixed upon him; "'rich' in the husks that starve womanhood, whose life is the heart-life:—'brilliant' with the surface-brilliance of smiles lip-deep only: 'beautiful' with the mocking beauty that masks disillusion!—*My* life 'full'?—oh,—the satire! 'Full' of—what?"

Her voice, low yet impassioned, thrilled like passionate music. Mam'selle stirred in her chair, and sighed softly.

"Mrs. Raymond—" he began, helplessly. What to say, what *not* to say,—seemed a delicate question.

"Call me Imogen," she pleaded, softly. "The mask is off, Joyce,—the social mask,—just for an hour! For to-night, just to-night, we are real man and woman. By to-morrow we shall have forgotten,—or remembrance, at most, will mean laughter! But to-night, let me forget—help me to forget—"

"*What?*" he questioned breathlessly. Her spell was upon him. He felt like one drifting—drifting—

"That I stand alone, I, a woman:—that the conventions imprison me,—that the world's ethics insulate me from the simplicity, the sweetness, the activity of woman-life happy in its personal freedom, happier still in its privilege of elective affinity,—in its birthright of human love,—"

Her flush deepened. Her eyes flamed. Her words flashed upon him from her anguish, her anger.

"You have called me 'Queen Imogen' in your thoughts!" she reminded him. "Has it never occurred to you, then, that the queen is but a woman? I abdicate my throne. I am weary of gilded loneliness! Yet what is the future of the queen deposed? My chance to live actively, to expend intelligently, to taste the rare sweetness of a labor of love, already is anticipated by a man,—a mere stranger! Like all other things under the sun, wealth is for man, not for woman. The rich woman is the jest of the gods."

Joyce's incredulity was evident. Imogen smiled through her tears. The illusions, the young ingenuousness of him, entranced her.

"Think, for instance, of the difference," she suggested, significantly, "if *you* commanded a fortune—as large as mine!"

"At my present dead-broke moment, don't ask me to think

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of it," he jested, in his desire to cheer her. "It is cruelty—heartless cruelty to the human animal!"

"What a difference it would make in your future," she persisted, dreamily. "How indulgently men would judge you! What a position you would command,—what a seat with the mighty! To see the world,—for you—would be to conquer it, like a son of Cæsar! Nothing human you could not do,—few things in the world beyond your possession! What a beautiful dream,—were it true!"

He drew a sharp breath. For an instant she tempted him. But he had met life and death face to face, heart to heart; and material ambitions were subjugated.

"Do you wish—that the dream—might come true, Joyce?" she asked him. Her voice trembled. It was a question of destiny.

"Oh, I'm not so sure,—not to-night," he hesitated after a brief space, absently. He was thinking what a strange mood possessed Queen Imogen. "Of course you know that in the past I have been all too keen after wealth; but to-night the gilt edge seems worn off a bit!"

"That will pass," she said, wise in her generation.

"God forbid!" he said, earnestly. The possibility was a pain to him. "To forget the despair of a brother—"

"Then you will esteem wealth in future only for the sake of—your brother?" There was the satire of amused doubt in the incredulity of her voice. Something in Joyce shouldered arms, and defied her.

"At least," he answered, "I shall realize that I am my brother's keeper!"

She shrugged her shoulders lightly, in superior tolerance. Yet she humored his mood. She had no choice.

"It will be a long struggle," she murmured, sympathetically, her thoughtful face turned towards the fire. "Have you realized that self-amassed fortune necessarily comes late in life,—that meantime, all you might be doing—must be undone?"

"Of course! But that—is the penalty of my sin!"

"Is it?"

Her vivid color retreated. Of a sudden she was startlingly pale and rigid. Her lips were dry, her voice oddly tense and unresonant.

"Suppose I could show you—a shorter cut to your goal,—would you take it?" she questioned, desperately.

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He hesitated, his eyes scanning her averted face. To wound her again seemed a graceless cruelty; yet he must stand against what he suspected she had in view,—the veiled benefaction of a lucrative sinecure.

"There are few advantages a man can owe to a woman of wealth,"—he said, finally, "without losing his claim to her respect."

His answer, not unexpected, yet humiliated and hurt her! To have tempted him vainly,—oh, the shame of it! Disowning the unshed tears still in her eyes, she flashed him a brilliant smile.

"What have I told you, but that wealth walls in a woman from human things," she taunted. "Well, I accept my fate! Rest assured that my first tears shall be my last! In the future, as in the past, I shall live—and die,—laughing!"

Her laughter was sadder than any tears. She was so young,—and so unhappy!

"From what are you debarred?" he demanded, almost sternly. All at once it seemed contemptible to him that she should mourn over a crumpled rose-leaf, while real troubles, tragic troubles, tortured the world.

"Only from such use of my wealth as would bring me personal happiness," she jested, bitterly. "Only, for instance, among other feminine trifles, from the illusion of—human love!"

"Love? Why, you,—you have been so beloved always—"

"Is love passive—or active?" she interrupted, curtly.

His thought reverted to his suspicion that she had never loved Raymond. He pitied, yet blamed her. What could he say?

"I am so sorry,—"he began.

"I reject your pity."

"I am so sorry, I say,—" he repeated, masterfully.

"Words, words, words!"

"Let me prove them by deeds! If any service of mine—"

"I decline your service."

"Yet you asked it in the past, when I was not free! May I make amends now,—with all my heart?"

She traced the rug-pattern with restless foot, evading his eyes,—failing to answer him.

"I understand," he said sadly, after a moment. "You trust me no longer. My God!"

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He was turning away, when her trembling hands detained him. Their mute plea was pathetic. He could not resist it. Gently he pressed them between his palms.

"Come nearer to the fire," he urged. "Let me waken Mam'selle. You are cold,—you are ill,—"

"No,—I am only distressed that you should misunderstand me—so cruelly!"

"You *do* trust me, then?" he asked with sensitive eagerness.

She swayed forward, as her almost inaudible answer panted to him.

"Joyce, Joyce, I trust you so perfectly,—that the half-trust has become a pain, an impossibility! I must trust you altogether,—or not at all."

He was puzzled, perplexed. His fair brows knit thoughtfully. There was something about this new Imogen that bewildered and baffled him.

"But of course you must trust me altogether," he replied, impatiently.

"You do not know—what you are asking!" she breathed, rather than uttered.

"*What* am I asking?"

"Nothing!" she moaned. "Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!"

Was it her voice, or her face, that told Joyce her secret?

"Imogen, Imogen!" he cried, dazed between doubt and conviction. Then impassioned silence palpitated between them.

The ticking clock, and the crackling flames,—the monotonous sounds seemed to Imogen, eternal! The suspense thrilling Joyce with delirious rapture, was her exquisite suffering, her consummate torture! She had done what never could be undone,—humiliated herself,—revealed herself, almost avowed herself,—to what end? Did Joyce love her? Or did he not love her?

Soft shudders of womanly shame and fear, subtly blended with exultation, quivered through her. Her sweet tremor against him touched Joyce inexpressibly. Yet even as he felt himself moved, he resisted her. He must waken from this dream,—break its spell, defy its illusion! He must face man's real life, poor, obscure.

But the vision of ambitions fulfilled beyond his maddest hopes, tempted his eyes from the bleak vista of honor! The world's glory, the pride of manhood, the pleasures of sense,

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the exaltation of self through the human omnipotence only great wealth boasts,—all flashed in dazzling succession within his grasp, even as Imogen's intimate charm grew upon him. Inevitably he became conscious,—exquisitely conscious in every masculine fibre,—of the sweet mass of her hair, the smooth bloom of her skin, the perfumed lace of her gown, the caress of her touch. The fastidious luxury of her perfectly cultured beauty encompassed and bewildered him. For a moment his brain whirled. But by a mighty effort he recovered himself.

"Imogen, listen," he said, lifting her face with a hand firm rather than tender. "For one delirious moment I have been mad enough to forget my circumstances. Every dollar—and even my position,—are swept away in an hour. I am flung back to the starting place, to begin life all over! I shall win the world yet; but until then—"

She made no answer, but her hands still clung to him, clung to him—in woman-love's mutely eloquent way.

"Dear," he struggled, casting off all chivalrous pretence,—"you make it so cruelly, so needlessly hard for me! Can a man be a parasite,—to take all—and give—nothing—"

"Nothing," she echoed to the fire. "Life, youth, happiness, love,—all 'nothing!'"

"Imogen, Imogen, do not keep me," he cried, wildly. "Dear, let me kiss your hand,—and go!"

Her lips against his own were her triumphant answer.

"*Stay*," she whispered. And the last word—the conclusive word—is the woman's!

Something fell at Joyce's feet, as at last he yielded. But his eyes, glowing upon Imogen, missed the little episode.

Only Gladys' colors,—her violets, crumpled and wilted:—

Yet the future was to prove them immortelles!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Views and Reviews.

1.—Mr. Edward Howard Griggs has given us what he has called *A Book of Meditations.** He is an observer who deserves well of those who, being distressed with the vulgarities and materialism of modern life, betake themselves to the things of the spirit. It is much for one in these externally brilliant days to learn for himself the lesson that it is in the cultivation of the spiritual sense that we shall come to the true worth and merit of human life. Mr. Griggs has taken hold of this truth, but it is a question whether or not he has tasted or relished its sweetness. Perhaps if he had, he would manifest to us a little less of the temper of Marcus Aurelius and Emerson, and let shine forth from these notes and "Meditations" of his something more of the humility and candor and simplicity of the author of the *Imitation*. It is distressing to find Mr. Griggs, whose better instinct is always spiritual, contenting himself with superficial judgments and observations of art which might be picked up from the gossips around the Latin Quartier of Paris. If in his writing he safeguarded the point of honor and expressed only things he has perceived and felt, his style would be true and of some distinction, for he has the attributes of the gift; he does but lack the severity of profound truthfulness. All this is pitiful, for Mr. Griggs is needed in these days. With more study, suffering, prayer, and the ignominy of the Cross, and Mr. Griggs bids fair to be a serviceable author.

2.—We have spoken before concerning Mother Juliana's book, on occasion of a new edition recently presented to the public. The book before us† is a still later edition, gotten out in a very neat form, light in weight and plain in type, and prefaced with a few pages from Father Tyrrell's pen. The text is something to be studied and prayed over and dreamed about. It is a mystic's teaching on the soul's growth in the perfect life, full of mystery to the uninitiated, rich in doctrine to the pure of heart. This is the kind of work that contemporary writers never think of presenting to the world; first, because they

* *A Book of Meditations.* By Edward Howard Griggs. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

† *XVI. Revelations of Divine Love Shewed to Mother Juliana of Norwich, 1373.* With a preface by George Tyrrell, S.J. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.

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can't write in that style, and secondly, because the general public doesn't read it. But the world is all the worse off for this; and the hope we cherish of a wide-spread and deeper growth of true spirituality prompts the wish that an ever-increasing number of readers will be found to appreciate such books as that now before us.

3.—Seldom have we read the life of a more noble, self-sacrificing soul than Prince Demetrius Gallitzin, the pioneer priest of the Alleghanys.* In 1792, at twenty-two years of age, he set out from Germany to visit the United States. Seeing the great need of priests here, he resolved to renounce all claim to his title and inheritance in order to become a poor missionary of the Cross of Christ. He was ordained by Bishop Carroll in 1795, and at once began his priestly labors among the German Catholics in Baltimore.

In 1799 Gallitzin set out, with a few followers, to found a new community in the West. The spot chosen was Loretto, Pa., where he was destined to labor faithfully for forty years, and to find his final resting place. His noble mother, the Princess Gallitzin, is no less deserving our admiration than her son. No more inspiring biography could be read.

4.—Miss Marion J. Brunowe has done most creditable work in her many books for boys and girls. Another edition of the *Sealed Packet*† has just appeared. This story is written particularly for girls, but boys figure in it also in no unimportant way, so that brothers as well as sisters will be interested by it. The volume, with its happy, simple style, its intimate knowledge of children's characters, of girls, particularly the bright and honest girl, the peevish and the selfish one, its sustaining and fascinating interest, has been known for some years to the American public. Like the other volumes from Miss Brunowe's pen it has been well received, and we feel that it merits the chronicling of that fact here. The author is one of the writers popular to-day among the young folks. Last year when Mr. Bostwick, chief of the Circulation Department of the New York Public Library, sought to know the children's favorite authors through the votes of the children themselves, only two living

* *A Royal Son and Mother.* By the Baroness Pauline Von Hügel. Notre Dame, Ind.: The Ave Maria—Loretto Press.

† *The Sealed Packet.* By Marion J. Brunowe. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

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American Catholic authors found place on the list; namely, Father Finn, S.J., and Miss Marion Brunowe.

The Cathedral Library Association announces for early publication another work of the same author, *The Girlhood of Our Lady.*

5.—The Arthur H. Clark Publishing Company is bringing out a series of sixteen volumes written by Archer Butler Hulbert, on the historic highways of America.* The first of the set is before us, a study of the paths of the mound-builders, and of the courses of the great buffalo-herds that ranged over two-thirds of the territory of the present United States. Judging from this volume, the series will be of great use to geographers, historians, and students of American antiquities. It is somewhat unfortunate, in our opinion, that these books are sold only by the set. This is an arrangement which will prevent the more useful of the series from coming into the hands of a great many students.

6.—Dr. Baldwin divides his manual† into two parts, Prose Composition and Prose Diction; the first being subdivided into Logical Composition and Literary Composition. The treatise on Logical Composition, which includes a discussion of exposition and persuasion, might well be called applied logic, as it takes the rules of logic and shows their utility and value as applied in composition. This manner of treating logic and rhetoric at one and the same time, by embodying the rules of the former in the study of the latter, should make both studies more practical to the average student than the old way of studying each subject separately; in the many examples given he perceives how, and why, he should use his powers of reasoning in all forms of writing. The second division treats of the elements of Literary Composition, and especially narration and description, in a very instructive and interesting manner.

The second part of the book is devoted to Prose Diction. Usage and Style are the subjects, and under these are discussed Originality, Elegance, Directness or Force, the Balance of Elegance and Force in Classic Prose, and likewise the necessity

* *Historic Highways of America.* Volume the First: Paths of the Mound-Building Indians and Great Game Animals. By Archer Butler Hulbert. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Company. 1902.

† *A College Manual of Rhetoric.* By Charles Sears Baldwin, assistant professor of rhetoric in Yale University.

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and value of Harmony and Sincerity are shown. It seems rather regrettable that Dr. Baldwin did not think it necessary to enter more into the details of these subjects.

An appendix of two hundred pages devoted to notes, examples, specimens, and references is a most valuable addition to the book. The selections throughout the whole work, and particularly the longer selections of the appendix—*e.g.*, Cardinal Newman's Description of Literature, Alice Meynell's Symmetry and Incident—show the author's excellent judgment and catholicity of taste. While the manual is admirably adapted for the purpose intended by Dr. Baldwin, namely, for use as a college rhetoric, yet, owing to the clearness and preciseness with which its subjects have been treated, it may be used advantageously by those who must study English privately. To such it will prove as good a substitute as we know for the explanations of an expert teacher.

7.—The two little scientific text books named below* are possessed of various qualifications that recommend them to the teacher, and though in a new edition each, perhaps, may be somewhat more perfectly adapted for practical use, yet as they stand they are well worth a careful examination. The Zoölogy is intended to introduce the pupils of secondary schools to the study of animals, and it seems to represent both a student's knowledge of the subject and a teacher's experience of practical instruction. We consider it a defect, however—and not a slight one—that these pages contain so little in the shape of diagrams and plates.

The Laboratory Manual is a triumph of condensation. It might be improved, perhaps, if the divisions were more clearly defined, but after all this is scarcely more than an inconvenience. But we do wish that those who have prepared this book had not perpetuated a time-honored blunder by copying down the specific heat of hydrogen as 3.409. A moment's attention would give one to understand that the figure is wrong and that the 3 should be zero.

8.—Our readers have made up their mind long ago as to

* *Studies in Zoölogy.* By James A. Merrill. *Laboratory Manual of Physics.* By Henry C. Cheston, Philip R. Dean, and Charles E. Timmerman. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Company.

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whether or not Max O'Rell is entertaining. To those who have decided in the affirmative we beg leave to recommend his latest book,* with the ungrammatical title given, as the author lets us know, in defiance of the protest of a friend absolutely destitute of humor. The book is made up of a series of running comments upon men and women, shrewd, good-naturedly cynical, and in some measure instructive. The critic may say they are very light and almost superficial; probably the author would allow that they are meant to be. But if you are anything of an observer, if you relish a hit at the foibles of your neighbor, if you are willing to laugh now and again at your own expense, then you will be pleased at the chapters headed "Concerning Women." You will hear about The Man all Women Like, and The Women Whom Men Do Not Like; you will be told how to ascertain The Character of Your Future Wife and What to Avoid in Matrimonial Life; and in a rollicking jocular vein you will be so effectively enlightened upon various psychological mysteries that you will conclude Max O'Rell has studied the fair sex very closely and very successfully. And what he says is n't all joking. Some readers may be saved trouble if they give the author's theories a chance. The book is full of quotable things, but let us be content with the following random selections:

"Burn your love letters, is a piece of advice that has been often given to both men and women. And I will ask permission to add: 'Never write love letters, . . . let your letters be temperate, almost cold; . . . if you have anything pressing to tell her, send a telegram.'"

The chapter called "A Lexicon of Love" is good. The author—and he should know—tells us that "'I will love you eternally' signifies 'My love for you will continue as long as it lasts.'" "A man has his senses never more about him than when a woman says to him 'Are you mad?'"

Here are some more: "Don't tell fibs to your wife. Never attempt to teach a monkey how to make faces." "If girls who want to marry, only knew what qualities and attainments sensible men generally require in their wives, they would use much less powder and shot and proceed in quite a different way. . . ."

*'*Tween You an' I*: Some Little Problems of Life. By Max O'Rell. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.

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9.—Lady Amabel Kerr's recent novel* is probably the best piece of fiction that has come from her pen. Its main interest lies in a series of mixed marriages which furnishes a powerful setting of incident, and gives occasion for the inculcation, in a striking manner, of the Catholic position as to these unions. The book is full of vigor, the narrative is quick in movement, the situations are often of thrilling interest, and the controversial dialogue is done with a hand of rare skill. It is truly a fine bit of literary craft and deserves a highly creditable place among Catholic novels of recent years.

10.—From the point of view of technique Mark Lee Luther's novel† is an achievement worthy of a high place in recent literature, especially in that department of it led by *The Honorable Peter Stirling*. It is a fascinating political study, admirably written, full of life and vigor, to which the author has brought a consummate knowledge of politics and its ways. It is seriously marred, however, by the introduction of a love affair not in the least honorable. It may be that such affairs are not uncommon accompaniments of a political life, but we question the propriety of bringing this one into a work otherwise so splendidly done.

11.—An excellent judgment on the poems of Sliav-na-mon‡ is that expressed in the preface by William O'Brien: "Nobody can well read his verses without feeling a breath of healthy air pass through the lungs, and a pleasant twitching at the heart such as affects one who in dreams, in a distant clime, hears the sound of the chapel bell of his young days floating on his ears." This power of transporting us to the scene of his verse, and of transforming us from critical sceptics of a sordid city to reverent lovers of the deep romance that dwells in every valley and on every hill of Erin, our young author possesses in almost a masterful measure. He is so consistently true to the Irish spirit as the source of his inspiration and the theme of his song, he voices so spontaneously the burden of Irish legend and the moods of Irish hearts, that his very sincerity wins us to his

* *The Whole Difference.* By Lady Amabel Kerr. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *The Henchman.* By Mark Lee Luther. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡ *Irish Mist and Sunshine.* Ballads and Lyrics. By Rev. James B. Dollard (Sliav-na-mon). Boston: Charles E. Peabody Company.

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music, and for the time we forget the sad work of the centuries, and are back with an olden bard in an olden country and an olden time. It takes power and personality to achieve this—and power and personality stand out clear from Father Dollard's verse. He must work for perfection in expression; he must bear the weight of sleepless labor until his poetical form is the very best, and then he will hand to posterity a name that generations will honor.

12.—Mr. Coleman's volume of poems * is deserving of encouragement and praise. A deep and tender religious spirit, a fervid sympathy with all peoples struggling against oppression, and a love of the warmest for the green isle of the Celt,—these are the characteristics of the little collection, and assuredly they indicate a noble and heroic inspiration. As to the technical form of poetic expression, Mr. Coleman's phrasing is often felicitous and striking. He displays a native ability in rhyme and rhythm that is full of promise. But it is in this difficult department of the poet's art that we urge him to be most studious. Let him cultivate energetically, laboriously, and perseveringly those singers who have lent to English meter a charm surpassed in no literature of the world; let him discipline his taste to that fine sensitiveness to perfect form which is the passion of the true artist, and he will some day win distinction. To give one's self to austere application, to be relentlessly exacting in cleaving to a perfect ideal, to be merciless in excising, transforming, and destroying whatsoever falls noticeably short of that ideal,—this is the pain and the premium, the despair and the joy, the menial toil and the princely splendor, awaiting him who would be a priest of Poetry in these modern days.

13.—In *The Art of Disappearing* † a young blue-blood from Boston, Horace Endicott, finding his wife faithless, instead of divorcing her, resolves to punish her by disappearing, after having disposed of all his property. Acting on a suggestion derived from a Catholic priest, and through his co-operation, Horace Endicott turns up in New York as Arthur Dillon, the

* *A Martyr of the Mohawk Valley, and Other Poems.* By P. J. Coleman. New York: The Messenger Press.

† *The Art of Disappearing.* By John Talbot Smith. New York: William H. Young & Co.

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long-absent son of a worthy Irishwoman. He soon finds himself launched into "politics" under the auspices of Tammany Hall. Arthur's gradual change under his new environment; his successful efforts to elude his wife and her detectives; the intrigues of anti-Catholic bigots; some municipal and a little national politics; the versatilities of a lady who simultaneously plays the *rôle* of a ballet-dancer, a detective's wife, an escaped nun lecturing on the public platform, and a sick sister from the West enjoying the hospitality of a local convent, are woven with considerable dramatic skill into a story so rapid in action and varied interest that the amused reader is carried along without being left leisure enough to criticise. When the hero, whose wife still lives, falls in love with a Catholic girl, the author presses into his service the Pauline privilege in order to give the story a satisfactory ending. As he might just as easily have killed off the inconvenient wife, we presume that it has been his intention to give his readers some help in repelling the charge made against the church that, notwithstanding her professions, she does after all sanction the marriage of divorced persons—sometimes. Although there may be something justifiable in this motive, still the introduction of the topic is open to fair criticism. And certainly, when he did broach the subject, Dr. Smith ought to have explained much more thoroughly than he has done, all the conditions exacted by the church in recurrence to this plea for dispensation. His readers are very likely to receive from him the false impression that this way of escape from an unhappy marriage is widely available and invitingly easy.

14 —The first volume* of the long-looked-for work of Dr. Bardenhewer on the history of early Christian literature has appeared from the house of Herder. We hardly need to say that it is a work of exceptional critical value. Dr. Bardenhewer's name alone is enough to show that. Placed alongside the great production of Harnack, this monument of Catholic scholarship suffers in no way from the contrast. Its wide range of patrological erudition, its cautious application of the best principles of modern criticism, its priceless bibliographical appendices, and its deep Catholic conviction that the literature of

* *Geschichte der Altkirchlichen Litteratur.* Von Otto Bardenhewer. Erster Band. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herdersche Verlagshandlung (St. Louis, Mo.) 1902.

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the early church is a living witness to revealed dogma, make the work the most finished product of Catholic science that has appeared thus far in the new century, and give promise that it will long be recognized as a court of final reference in its special province. A priest or educated layman who would set himself to the study of such a volume would derive from it a profound knowledge of ancient Christian history, and a sane appreciation of modern historical criticism. The sixty-two pages of *Einleitung* are not surpassed in value by any other section of this volume. They give a sketch of patristic historiography down to our own day, contain precious directions as to methods of study and works of reference, and above all they have a carefully elaborated conception of the nature of early Christian literature. It is in the course of this last that Dr. Bardenhewer displays the firm Catholic conviction of which we have spoken. His uncompromising words may be shown in a phrase or two. He says: "Die Patrologie ist eine spezifisch katholische Disziplin. Das Wort Patrologie hat einen spezifisch katholischen Klang. Es ist dem Glaubensbewusstsein entsprungen welches die Protestanten aus dem katholischen Mutterhause mitnahmen in die Fremde." In the spirit here indicated, and certainly it is the true spirit for such a subject, the author constructs his entire work. The present volume ends with the close of the second century. Consequently its contents are perhaps greater in importance than any other patristic period can furnish. The Apostolic Symbol, the Didaché, Clement, Ignatius, Polycarp, the Apologists, the Gnostic, anti-Gnostic and Apocryphal literature—what studies of primitive Christianity can equal these? We trust that Dr. Bardenhewer will be spared until the remaining volumes of his great life-work shall have appeared. And in conclusion we congratulate the Herder Company on the beautiful appearance in which the book has come out. Such fine work impresses one anew with the great truth that a good publisher is the scholar's right hand.

15.—Cardinal Hergenröther's *Manual of Church History** is probably one of the best ever written by a Catholic—at least it

* *Joseph Kardinal Hergenröther's Handbuch der allgemeinen Kirchengeschichte.* Vierte Auflage, neu bearbeitet von Dr. J. B. Kirsch. Erster Band. Saec. I.–VI. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herdersche Verlagshandlung (St. Louis, Mo.) 1902.

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shares that distinction with the works of Alzog and Franz Xaver Kraus. Accordingly we welcome a new edition brought out under the expert supervision of Dr. Kirsch. This first volume is a noble book. Its exterior appearance is of the finest, and it is fortified with references, a copious index, and an admirable map, which add a new lustre to the treasure that we have known for a generation. There could be no better book on the desk of a student or on the shelves of a school.

16.—Those who know Abbé Vacandard's reputation as the historian of St. Bernard and his times will hail with pleasure these two brochures* from his pen upon the Sacrament of Penance and its development in the early church—an historical question of no little interest and around which quite an extensive literature has sprung up. He carries these studies no farther than the fourth century, and the last Fathers he cites are St. Augustine, St. Innocent I., and, by exception, St. Leo the Great. His method throughout is strictly historical, and he is never tempted to have recourse to unsound theological arguments when confronted with difficulties. It goes without saying that these contributions on the subject are most valuable, and deserve the attention of students of history generally and of the history of dogma in particular.

17.—A recent contribution to that invaluable collection, "Science et Religion," is a brochure† by a Capuchin Father upon the modern scientific explanation of certain quasi-miraculous phenomena. Evidently the writer has been well prepared for the task here undertaken; he is familiar with the science involved and he has carefully thought over the facts bearing upon the matter. Hence no surprise will be occasioned at his differing in his conclusions from those estimable men who have pronounced upon the essentially diabolical character of various phenomena without having taken the trouble either to investigate them, or to master the branch of physics connected therewith. Two reflections occur to us as we read, both of them bearing directly upon religious issues of no small importance.

* *La Pénitence Publique dans l'Église Primitive.* Par M. l'Abbé E. Vacandard. *La Confession Sacramentelle dans l'Église Primitive.* Par M. l'Abbé E. Vacandard. Paris: Librairie Blond et Cie.

† *La Science de l'Invisible ou Le Merveilleux et la Science Moderne.* (Science et Religion.) Par R. P. Hilaire de Barenton, O.M.Cap. Paris: Librairie Blond et Cie.

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We perceive that an alteration must take place in the once conventional theological standards of measurement for the preternatural. Again, we are led to hope that scepticism and materialism will appeal less and less to intelligent men, in proportion as they become better acquainted with the amazingly limited range of our knowledge as compared with all that there is to be known; men should grow less ready with offensive scoffs at the existence of mysteries as they come to appreciate what Father Tyrrell calls "the confinement of the human race to what is relatively a momentary existence on a whirling particle of dust in a sandstorm."

We recommend the present brochure to our readers very earnestly; they will find in it what is not at all usual—a statement of some most amazing but well-authenticated facts and a strictly scientific discussion of them in the light of recently discovered physical laws, and all from the pen of a man whose signature stands for uncompromising faith in whatever pertains to Catholic belief. Very recently, new writers have added their names to the list of those who defend the view proposed by P. Franco, S.J.—the hypothesis that one of his confrères called the "devil-everywhere-theory." P. de Barenton's pamphlet will serve to more than offset these misfortunes.

Perhaps some of our readers may be curious to know the precise phenomena considered by our author. They are chiefly these: 1st. A young Syrian girl of Beyrout, fifteen years old and a pious Catholic, sees through earth or stone with perfect ease, and has been of great service in revealing the location of subterranean water-courses. 2d. Frère Arconce, of the Petits-Frères de Marie, has discovered more than 1,300 sources of water by means of an iron rod, and recently, having been summoned to Rome by Mgr. Gracci, repeated the phenomenon there, and was made the subject of a report to the Pontifical Scientific Academy. 3d. A universally accepted fact is the ability of the Spanish Zaboris to see through opaque substances —*e.g.*, into the interior of the human body, or to a depth of thirty feet underground.

In discussing these curious physical phenomena the author presents us with a well compressed treatise on the Röentgen and allied rays of light ordinarily imperceptible to the normal eye. He shows by a table that no substances are absolutely opaque, each being penetrable by some one of the sets of rays

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now known to science. Normal insensibility to these rays must be ascribed not to the retina—which seems really to detect them when in contact—but to the defective transparency of the crystalline lens. The brochure discusses the possibility of our sometime coming at a means of rendering all these rays perceptible by means of instruments.

18.—It is with a feeling of pleasure that we take occasion to recommend to our readers the work of Professor Ramsay on the credibility of St. Luke's account of the Nativity.* Professor Ramsay's name is known to every living student of Christian origins. His works on the relation of the early church to the Roman State, and on the life of St. Paul, have placed his reputation so high that few scholars in his department of research are equal to him. But it is on the little book we are now reviewing that rest his fairest fame, and his unquestioned right to the veneration of the Christian world. Every one is aware that it has been the fashion from long past in critical circles to despise the historical value of St. Luke's writings. Both in the third Gospel and in the Acts—so we have been and still are eruditely informed—Luke is guilty of an entire lack of the historical sense, and passes before us under the guise of authentic fact what modern scholarship has demonstrated to be empty report, downright contradiction, and patent impossibility. And his blunder of blunders, so runs on the impeachment, is his account of the Saviour's nativity. He tells us of an enrollment made under Augustus, when as Gardthausen, the great authority on Augustus, assures us, such an enrollment never existed, and would have been futile if it had. Secondly, even on the supposition of an imperial census, Palestine, being an independent though tributary state, would have been excluded from it. And finally, even granting a Palestinian census, the alleged journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem would have been entirely against Roman usage, which numbered people, as we do, in their own homes.

The case against St. Luke seemed apparently to have strength. Professor Ramsay takes issue with this prevalent criticism, utterly demolishes it, and demonstrates the thesis he has upheld for years, that St. Luke is one of the most reliable

* *Was Christ Born at Bethlehem?* A Study on the Credibility of St. Luke. By W. M. Ramsay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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historians and careful chroniclers we can read. Recent discoveries of enrollment lists in Egypt show the periodical census-taking of the Roman emperors; an investigation of the official states of tributary countries like Palestine proves that they were bound to observe these enrollments; and, finally, the whole history of Herod's reign assures us that he would almost certainly order his subjects to be numbered in the Hebraic manner of tribal connection, so that the hated Roman law might give them less offence. This tribal enumeration would require precisely such a journey to the native city as we see Joseph and Mary making from Nazareth to Bethlehem These three counter-positions to the critical arguments are established by Professor Ramsay with a vast store of learning handled with consummate ease. The book is already a classic the world over. It has profoundly modified the critical thought of recent years, and for many years to come it will be the unrivalled treatise in its own sphere. To our readers who engage in such studies we highly recommend it.

19.—A new volume in the Oxford Library of Practical Theology, by the Rev. Leighton Pullan, and entitled *The Christian Tradition*,* is in many respects a noteworthy book. It is first of all remarkable in the variety of its contents. Its nine chapters deal with The New Testament, The Creed, Apostolical Succession, Episcopacy, Western Liturgies, Festivals, National Churches, Penitence in the Early Church, and Monasticism. Some of these topics are treated in a masterly manner. The chapter on the New Testament is a fine summary of the main positions and of the vital weaknesses in rationalistic criticism. The discussion of Episcopacy and Penance presents the classical arguments for the Catholic position on these doctrines. Indeed, it is not difficult to perceive that the author has gone more than once to the researches of Roman Catholic scholars; he gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to Mgr. Batiffol, the rector of the Catholic University of Toulouse, whose essay on Penance he has largely used. We rejoice to see so much of the book uncompromisingly Catholic. The author is an advanced Anglican who loves to describe his belief as that of the first six or seven ecumenical councils, and consequently that of the undivided

* *The Christian Tradition.* By the Rev. Leighton Pullan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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primitive church. Naturally, however, he comes into conflict at times with positions dear to Catholics. For instance, speaking of the Quartodeciman controversy in the second century, he refers to St. Irenæus as rebuking the Roman Bishop, and thus proving how in primitive times the successor of St. Peter was on a perfect level with his colleagues in the episcopate. The action of St. Irenæus in that dispute was, on the contrary, more like that of a suppliant than an indignant remonstrant, and his appeal to Pope St. Victor not to excommunicate the Quartodecimans is one of the strongest witnesses to the undisputed primacy of Rome even in that very dawning of Christianity. The author contends, too, that Roman Catholicism stands to-day for undue interference with the privileges and liberties of national churches. The precise limits of autonomous action within these churches have from the beginning until now formed a vexing problem, and rash would he be who would presume to give a final and irrevocable solution of it. But it is a problem after all of accidentals. Rome as the centre of infallible Christian teaching is the main point to be settled, and that clear issue should not be clouded with considerations and controversies about disciplinary regulations, for these will soon adjust themselves peaceably when once unity in Christ's doctrine has been reached. And indeed, on reflection, our author himself, we think, would admit that the inconveniences, as he deems them, of Papal rule are far preferable to the misfortunes that multiply over the head of a Christian communion when it becomes too national. Stagnation in the Greek Church and appalling Erastianism in his own Anglican body, have a more disastrous history than can be found in the external government of any national church that looks to Rome for guidance.

We take leave of this book with sincere respect for the author's wide learning, tolerant spirit, and love for many things which we are one with him in venerating. To meet men like him fills the heart with hunger for the Saviour's heavenly ideal, "that they may be one as Thou in Me and I in Thee."

20.—We had already at hand a rather full knowledge of the life of Max Müller, from the reminiscences published in his lifetime. But most decidedly was there need for the two volumes* of his letters just brought out under the editorship of

* *The Life and Letters of the Right Honorable Max Müller.* Edited by his Wife. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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his wife. There is in these documents of the great scholar's intimate life and thought a fascination far surpassing any merely biographical interest. In reality these two volumes form a fairly complete biography, so well is the disposition of the correspondence made, and so good is the running sketch of the very capable editor. The early letters tell of the heroic struggle made by the young man to secure an education and a name despite the obstacle of poverty. The letters of his middle life show how wide an influence he exercised in the world of scholarship. Burnouf, Bunsen, Renan, Pusey, Tyndall, Gladstone, and scores of other eminent men in school, church, and state corresponded and took counsel with him; and that counsel is given with so genial a temper, with so warm a human interest, with so clear a personal tone that we find ourselves reading at the same time the records of a wonderful mind and the sentiments of a tender heart. His letters to his mother are more than charming; they are edifying. Beginning with his first hard struggles, when there were many days without a dinner, but never one without hope, these affectionate notes to the one he loved best continue until her death, when his name was known in honor the world over, and express throughout the deepest filial solicitude, reverence, and devotion. The spirit of his German home and the traditions of the Fatherland grew green in his heart to the end. He is a typical Teuton. In a kindly but unmistakable manner he holds to the superiority of the northern over the southern nations of Europe, both in general civilization and in religion. On this topic he once or twice speaks in a way from which Catholics would dissent.

21.—In the well-known French series of lives of the saints we have a new biography * of St. Alphonsus. It is a brief sketch which vividly presents all the authentic incidents in the life of a great servant of God. For ever beautiful and for ever sad will be the story of those last terrible trials which beset St. Alphonsus in his extreme old age. That story is touchingly told here, and of itself would be enough to win many readers for this book. There is an attempt to consider the writings of

* *St. Alphonse de Liguori (1696–1787).* Par le Baron J. Angot des Rotours. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

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St. Alphonsus, but so brief is the notice that it can hardly be called satisfactory. Finally, we must express our regret that the author, in his preface, has placed before us as worthy of credence the story of the celebrated assemblage of Jansenists at Bourgfontaine. It will be remembered that several eminent leaders of Jansenism are said to have met at Bourgfontaine in 1621 and devised means for the destruction of Catholicity. The story has found place in reputable history, but it is too improbable to be believed, and weakened by too many decisive arguments to be honored at this late day with insertion in a serious composition.

22.—The life of St. Philip Neri by Pietro Giacomo Bacci,* which was first brought out at Rome in 1837, and ten years later translated into English, has just been reissued, in an elaborate two-volume edition, under the supervision of Father Antrobus, of the London Oratory. St. Philip is esteemed by multitudes as the most winning, most lovable, and most wise of all the church's canonized heroes. No saint is so well adapted to be the patron of the lives of modern men; for none has been so devoutly ingenious in devising means for sanctifying the ordinary avocations of secular activity. We need to know St. Philip well. A life of him should both give us the inner spirit of the saint, and commend itself to our minds and hearts by a sane and sympathetic treatment. We regret to say that from this twofold point of view Bacci's Life is a failure. The historic position of St. Philip, and his true and complete character, are missed in this feeble delineation. And from the stand-point of rational piety the work is repulsive. We object to nothing in hagiography or in any other department of history which has evidence to rest upon. But when miracles are accumulated by the hundred, great numbers of them puerile and unworthy of a divine Agent, and some of them shocking to reverence and delicacy, we strenuously object. The Catholic spirit does not require food of such a sort; on the contrary, it finds it revolting. Bacci's book should never have been placed before English and American readers. It

* *The Life of St. Philip Neri.* From the Italian of Father Bacci. New and Revised Edition. Edited by Frederick Ignatius Antrobus. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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was like an impertinence to place it alongside Cardinal Capecelatro's still unsurpassed biography.

23.—Those who revere the memory of the illustrious Bishop of Orleans, Mgr. Dupanloup, will be glad to receive this volume of extracts from his *Journal Intime.** The selections are the daily jottings of a man of profound piety. They are entirely spiritual, and reveal the inspiring spectacle of a man engaged in multitudinous labors, far-reaching projects, and historic controversies, and at the same time looking ever toward interior union with Almighty God. Mgr. Dupanloup is a great figure in the church history of the last half-century, but greater a thousand times is he in this domestic history of his own soul. Those who must bear cares and endure opposition in somewhat similar way to him will draw the strength of sanctity from these simple pages of his hours of prayer.

24.—The merits of Canon O'Rourke's excellent history of the Irish famine† are doubtless already well known to many of our readers. First published in 1874, and now in its third edition, it is altogether the most complete and reliable account we possess of an event which is the saddest perhaps in the pages of Irish history. In the treatment of his subject the author displays a clear and extensive knowledge of facts, together with a fair-minded, impartial, and truly historical appreciation of their value and bearing. His material, drawn for the most part from public and approved sources, is largely supplemented by the personal testimony of living witnesses, the survivors in that awful conquest of death. This gives a very living interest to the narration. The summary given at the head of each chapter also adds decidedly to the excellence of the book.

25.—Father Wilberforce has also presented us with a translation of a little treatise‡ which Blosius originally joined as an appendix to the *Book of Spiritual Instruction.* The translator

* *Journal Intime de Monseigneur Dupanloup.* Extraits Recueillis et Publiés. Par L. Branchereau. Paris: Librairie Téqui. 1902.

† *History of the Great Irish Famine of 1847.* With Notices of Earlier Irish Famines. By the Rev. John O'Rourke. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *A Short Rule and Daily Exercise.* For a Beginner in the Spiritual Life. By Ludovicus Blosius (Louis of Blois), of the Order of St. Benedict. Translated by Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

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truly enough describes it as a sort of concentrated essence of the larger book. The form in which it now appears—it is a companion to the other small volumes, *Oratory of the Faithful Soul* and *Mirror for Monks*—makes it very easy to carry about with one, ready to be drawn forth when a quiet corner and a moment's rest allow us to forget the worry of life for a little while. The translator's wish is our own hope: "May it help many to seek God diligently and to love Him generously."

CHARITABLE WORK FOR ITALIAN GIRLS.

A FRIEND, who is in a position to know, writes from Italy to assure us that the Protestants are striving to proselytize the working girls of Rome. As an offset the Missionarie Francescane di Maria have established a workshop in the Holy City, and at present are giving employment to some sixty young women, who are thus protected against the efforts of the missionaries of Protestantism. The establishment in question, of course, is but a beginning and quite inadequate to the needs of the situation. It must spread in order to fulfil its mission, and American Catholics—whose missionary zeal is well known in Rome—have been appealed to for sympathy and co-operation. Beautiful embroidery and fine needlework, we are informed, are produced in these workrooms, and trousseaux prepared. Possibly some of our readers may see a way to enter into the work and act as a kind of American agent for the "Missionaries of Mary." If so, a letter to the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE will suffice to establish communication with the Roman house.

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Library Table.

The Tablet (7 Feb.): Fr. Herbert Thurston considers Mr. Mallock's article on "Talking-Pictures" in their connection with the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.

(21 Feb.): The same writer gives a further consideration of recent arguments in the question of the authenticity of the Holy Shroud of Turin, and says "it is to be hoped that a thorough scientific examination of the incriminated cloth will be permitted before it be again exposed to the solemn veneration of the faithful in the Cathedral of Turin."

The Critical Review (Jan.): *The Life and Letters of James Martineau* is briefly noticed by Rev. S. D. F. Salmond, who believes it to be a full and appreciative estimate of the lofty character and remarkable career of the great thinker. The first and greater part of the work is devoted to the biography, and in the reviewer's opinion is for the most part admirably done, though at times it is somewhat too full and detailed, and on that account fails to portray the personality of its subject with that perfect unity and vividness which one would desire. The second part contains copious selections from Dr. Martineau's extensive correspondence, which enable the reader to gain a clearer notion of his position in philosophy and theology as well as the influence of his thought and teaching on many of his great contemporaries.

The Month (Feb.): Newman's correspondence with Fr. Coleridge is continued throughout the year 1866, being largely taken up with protests against the calling of names and imputing of motives in controversy. Newman objected to the use of phrases like "foolish," "unscrupulous," "absurd," "childish," etc., in Fr. Coleridge's article on Pusey, and says: "Now, if even *I* feel pained to read such things said of him, what do you suppose is the feeling of those who look up to him as their guide? They are as indignant at finding him thus treated as you are for his treatment of Catholic doctrine. They close their ears and their hearts. Yet these are the very people you write for. You don't write to convert the

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good fathers at No. 9, but to say a word in season to *his* followers and to *his* friends." A letter from Fr. Coleridge in very manly fashion acknowledges the justice of these criticisms, and traces the fault to the atmosphere surrounding him at the time.

Father Tyrrell attempts a distinction between the inspired eternal elements of Christian ethics and the rational variable elements, "the mass of precepts and prohibition handed down from prehistoric times, and gathering in bulk from century to century," the result of human experience and reflection, of human credulity and ignorance. To winnow the chaff from the grain is the task of Christian reason aided by the breath of God's spirit.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Jan.): In some pages destined to serve as a preface to R. Charbonnel's essay upon "Literary Apologetic," P. Laberthonnière discusses the value and the character of the historical method so indispensable and so excellent when it displays "the sense of the relative," the sense that all our actions and all our formulas are imperfect and inadequate. They who anathematize the past must be shown that it still lasts in them; they who idolize the past must be reminded that no two instants in the life of humanity are altogether the same, any more than in individual life.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Feb.): Sig. Minocchi writes upon a recent article in *l'Unità Cattolica*, in which Prof. Magri copies from P. Gayraud's contribution to the *Univers* certain "inaccurate and calumnious" criticisms of Loisy's answer to Harnack. Sig. Minocchi thinks that had Sig. Magri read Loisy's book he would never have given credit to P. Gayraud's remarks; for Loisy's real attitude was not that of one giving a complete demonstration of Catholicism, but rather of one turning a rationalist's own arguments against him. Luisa Alberti gives a most laudatory notice of P. Semsia's recent work on Doctrine, Hierarchy, and Worship in the Primitive Church.

Civiltà Cattolica (21 Feb.): In the course of a comment on the recent book of P. Fontaine, S.J., *The Kantian and Protestation Infiltrations in the French Clergy*, attention is drawn to the recent condemnation of Loisy's latest book,

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and to the fact that certain articles in the *Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne* lean toward the subjectivism of Kant. It is also asserted that P. Fontaine is not the victim of a hatred for all kinds of progress in religious science. A detailed presentation is given of the unfortunate religious condition of the Italians in New York, as described in a recent issue of *The Messenger*, and emphasis is laid upon the duties of American Catholics towards their Italian coreligionists, who in large part come from southern Italy, where the people lack any sort of religious instruction.

Razón y Fe (Feb.): P. Murillo, continuing his discussion of the decadence of the Latin races, draws attention to the fact that although a characteristic proclivity of the Spanish is toward passivity, this tendency is better checked by the pursuit of the Catholic ideal than in any other way, and was least prominent in the days when Catholicism was most flourishing. Neither Spain nor Italy gives us reason for believing that Protestantism or Revolutionism will cure the national vices of a people.

Science Catholique (Feb.): M. le Chanoine Gombault *(Le Problème Apologétique)* pursues his criticism of the immanent method; his conclusion is: L'Apologétique historique, telle qu'elle est conçue et appliquée par la methode d'immanence devient ainsi un imbroglio d'où il est impossible d'extraire la vérité et l'existence concrète de la Révélation. In *Quelques Questions du traite de la Grace, etc.*, M. l'Abbé Michel supports the conclusion of M. Gayraud *(St. Thomas et le Prédeterminisme)*, that while the motion of concurrence admitted by St. Thomas cannot be explained as the "simultaneous" of Suarez and Molina, nevertheless concursus "la motion dans lequel St. Thomas fait consister ce concours n'est pas, au moins pour les actes libres, une véritable predétermination physique." Other articles are: "Télégraphie et Téléphonie sans fil" (M. le Dr. Surbled), "Le Poéte Chrétien Prudence" (M. Maigret), "Le Programme d'Études au Grand Séminaire de La Rochelle."

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 Feb.): M. Savaète, the managing director, and Mgr. Fèvre reply to an expostulation of M. Brancherau, who complained that in the "Centenaire de Dupanloup" Mgr. Fèvre had represented him

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as expressing some unfavorable estimates of Mgr. Dupanloup. Elsewhere Mgr. Fèvre contributes a *Postscriptum* to his Dupanloup article. Dr. Fourier Bonnard continues his sketch of the Canons of St. Victor de Paris. Mgr. Fèvre continues his diffuse commentary on the principles expressed by Father Aubry on the reform of ecclesiastical studies. M. Jean d'Estoc pursues his study of the moral condition of the French army.

Revue de Lille (Jan.): Mgr. Baunard, in a letter to Père Laneille the Oratorian, draws a contrast between Jean Marie de la Mennais and his unhappy brother Félix. In "Fénelon et l'Éducation du Duc de Bourgogne," a discourse delivered at Cambrai, M. Lecigne gives a brilliant and sympathetic sketch of Fénelon, his educational methods, and their success as witnessed to by the character of his illustrious pupil. "Le Swastika et La Croix" (M. le Dr. Duret) is an archæological study of various ethnic symbols resembling the Christian cross. "Bossuet et le Père Quesnel" (M. Th. Delmont) is a continuation of the writer's reply to the Abbé Urbain's contention (*Revue du Clergé Français*, 15 Jan., 1901) that Bossuet is the apologist of Quietism and of Jansenism.

La Démocratie Chrétienne (Feb.): In the leading article Prof. Toniolo gives a history of the Catholic social party in Italy. The object of its formation was to protect the interests of religion and to cultivate the Christian life in communities and homes. Thus far, he shows, it has succeeded beyond expectation, and present conditions promise much for the future. Dr. Dubois insists that the need of the hour is an immediate adoption in France of a uniform plan of action if the country is to be saved from the dangers of socialism. In discussing the nature of the Catholic clubs which are being organized in and about Nord, G. Vanneufville says no intention is entertained of forming a Catholic party such as exists in Belgium and Germany; the chief aim of the movement is to promulgate among young men correct views in regard to the relation of church and society.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (7 Feb.): Among the book reviews is an *interesting* comment on the recent French version of Father Tyrrell's famous and universally admired *External Religion*. The reviewer says in part: "The book

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contains great incentive to thought and much that is of the utmost utility to believing Protestants. Not infrequently, however, it recalls certain prevalent ideas (Mode-Idéen), which have found sympathy among a part of the American clergy. Some remarks are rather obscure and might produce confusion; as, for instance, those on frequent Communion and "blind" obedience. Too little attention is given to the great fruit resulting from zealous reception of the sacraments. We feel repeatedly the lack of a clear distinction between what is necessary under pain of sin and what is desirable in the interest of the common good. That the average Catholic layman has no liking for religious dispute is correct and warrantable, but it is unwarrantable to conclude from this that he is indifferent towards his religion. He might, without inconsistency, possess the warmest enthusiasm for religious truth.

Closing his article on the Congressional Library in Washington, D. C., Father Schwickerath, S.J., says that "its system is so original and practical, and so singular in its kind, that it may rightly be called an invention." The book shelves have a combined length of 231,680 feet—about 42 miles. If all the space is utilized the building can accommodate 4,500,000 books. At present it contains 1,000,000 volumes. Nearly every book printed in America is among this number. The principal papers of every State in the Union and the best magazines of all nations are on file. Catholic literature is fairly well represented. We need but mention Migne's Patrology, Mansi's Collection of the Councils, the Acta Sanctorum of the Bollandists, and numerous magazines. The library of music contains 311,020 pieces.

The library for the blind is noteworthy. It is visited by 1,900 blind. A society of fifty ladies has been organized to conduct these unfortunates to and from the library. 300 standard English works (some Catholic), current magazines and papers, and some pieces of music are at their disposal. There is a tunnel leading from the library to the Capitol, a distance of about a quarter of a mile. Through this members of Congress can be supplied with books within three minutes' notice.

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Comment on Current Topics.

The English Church Discipline Bill.

The struggle that has continued for many years past, within the Established Church of England, between the "extreme" and the "anti"-ritualists has lately been the occasion of some bitter feelings. A determination evidently exists in the minds of the latter party to stop once and for all the aggressiveness of the former. In truth it is not too much to say that a crisis is at hand for the Established Church itself. Forebodings of the present storm came years ago, in 1899, when, against the evident ultra-ritualistic tendencies of many, the House of Commons passed a resolution to the effect that if the efforts of the bishops to secure due obedience from their clergy were not speedily effectual, further legislation would be needed to carry out existing laws in the church. Later the Lambeth Conference was called for the purpose of determining what should be taught and practised on many points.

But the bishops did not receive obedience from their subordinates; the ultra-ritualistic party grew in numbers, in boldness, and in aggressiveness, so that now their opponents maintain that something more effectual than the passing decision of a bishop is needed, and consequently they call upon the civil law to exercise drastic power.

The present Church Discipline Bill, passed to its second reading on March 13 by a majority of 51, abolishes the bishops' right to veto proceedings against disobedient ritualistic clergymen, and provides that such clergymen may be deprived of their livings when they persist in disobedience. Mr. Balfour, the Prime Minister, gave evidence of the critical nature of the situation when, at the motion for second reading, he said: "I do not know what the future of the church is going to be. I look upon it with the greatest anxiety."

The real question is a wider one, of course, than ritual or no ritual. Behind this struggle, and that which really stirs on the anti-ritualists, is their claim to and their belief in the rights of the laity to control matters ecclesiastical. It is the Protestant theory, and the champion of the Protestant party within this Protestant church, Sir William Harcourt, emphatically declared in Parliament: "That is what they (the laity) are entitled to under an established church. If you do not

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like interference in this matter, disestablish the church." The anti-ritualistic party then is determined even unto death. The ritualists likewise are not thinking of giving way. Lord Halifax, speaking at Cambridge at a meeting of the University branch of the English Church, declared the only way out of the present difficulty was to accept the authority of the church in matters of faith and practice. "We," he maintained, "were not guilty of violating solemn obligations, but the others were—the great majority,—they were the faithless members of the Church of England." He added that he had no fear of a Church Discipline Bill.

It will be seen, then, that signs are by no means wanting that point to the not distant disestablishment of the church in England, and that the break will come, not from the attacks of enemies without, but by dissensions and differences among those within. Even with the stout support of the law of the land it would seem that a city divided against itself cannot put up the appearance of standing. It will be seen also, by those who care to use their eyes at all, that Parliament and the laity control the English Church, call it High, or Anglican, or Catholic, or Primitive, or Apostolic, or whatsoever you will, and that for all its high standing it is no more the church of Christ than any other sect that has cut itself off from the centre of Christian unity.

Religious Reform in Russia.

The ukase recently issued by Nicholas II. has been welcomed by applause altogether premature, and its effects have been dwelt upon as momentous, beneficial, and extensive to a degree entirely unjustified.

The Czar himself may be desirous of introducing the long-needed reforms for which the peasantry are clamoring and making at times ominous demonstrations. Be that as it may, the present decree in itself practically effects nothing.

Religious toleration has been known in Russia since the time of Catherine II.. and the Czar now deems it expedient "to strengthen and decree the undeviating observance of the principles of tolerance laid down by the fundamental laws of the Russian Empire, which . . . grant to all our subjects of other religions . . . freedom of creed and worship." This is nothing new, and does not change the existing Penal Code. That code forbids a member of the Orthodox Russian Church to change his religious belief under pain of being de-

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prived of his children and his land. Again, it deprives one who would persuade an Orthodox Russian to change his faith of all personal rights and exiles him to Siberia or imprisons him at hard labor; if he persuade him to embrace a non-Christian faith, he is to be deprived of all civil rights and sent into penal servitude for a period of from eight to ten years. In the case of "mixed" marriages the same code rules that the children must be brought up in the Orthodox Russian faith.

This entire code will still remain in force, and certainly it is far from giving to the Russian people liberty of conscience or true religious toleration. Still the Czar's decree, which gives evidence that the power of the bureaucracy is being weakened, is a hopeful sign in this, that continued and augmented agitation on the part of the people may within a short time bring about these needed religious and economic reforms.

Certain Articles on Catholicism.

Of late there have appeared a number of articles in American, and more particularly in English magazines, written by those who claim to be Catholics, on the teaching and the discipline of the Catholic Church. The names of the authors are carefully hidden under such titles as Romanus, Catholicus, Vox Veritatis, Presbyter, or the like. They always conceal their names "for fear of persecution," and, without exception, they are titled by the editor as men of superior learning and unimpeachable character. No man ever yet wrote seriously who was not actuated by the sincere and unshakable love of truth for truth's sake, cost what it may. But these men, if we are to believe them, have been given by Providence a more loyal and a more honest love of truth than any of their predecessors; and they are determined to set forth the truth, cost what it may, so long as it does not cost themselves anything. They always make for reform and progress and advancement. At least that is the good impression which they would give their readers and by which they would seek to gain adherents. On the same plea they launch forth erroneous statements, iconoclastic theories, and champion interpretations that would mean simply the undermining of the fundamental truths of the Catholic religion. Development of Christian doctrine, the further reconciliation of Catholic teaching with the best advances of modern science, the continued demonstration that the Catholic Church is in perfect

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accord with later-day governments, historical and biblical criticism,—all these are good and have their proper place. But these men of whom we write have o'erreached themselves and fallen on the other side. We have always thought that criticism of these articles but gave them unmerited attention, and condemnation of them was unnecessary, since to any intelligent Catholic they condemned themselves. We have written this particularly in view of an article that has just appeared in the New York *Independent*, derogatory and false to the Papacy and to the Catholic Church, at a time when the whole world, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, is giving testimony to the worth of Leo XIII. as a man, and to his commanding position in the world of civilization as Pope. He has more than proved that Catholic teaching and practice are not only in line with, but the very leaders of the best thought and movement of our day. The article is but an unhappy and discordant note, unworthy of further attention, that jars upon the Catholic ear in an otherwise harmonious chorus of world-wide accord.

Child Labor.

A study of the census of 1900 with regard to the number of illiterate children in the great industrial States has just been issued by the Charity Organization Society of New York City. The six leading manufacturing States, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, Ohio, and New Jersey, all stand near the bottom of the scale, that is with the greater number of illiterates, except Massachusetts, which is twenty-sixth in a scale of fifty-two. These States of course attract immigrants whose children are likely to remain illiterate by being sent out to labor at a very early age. Such a condition demands the strict enforcement of a law which would require that such children know how to read and write English before being permitted to labor. Such a requirement would remove one cause of child labor, the greed on the part of parents, and also effectively prevent the operation of the greater cause, the greed of manufacturers. A close study of these tables will bring it home to one that the problems of child labor and child illiteracy are in great measure twin-problems, and that together they demand for their solution no mere sectional effort, but the vigorous determination of the whole people that the years of childhood shall be held sacred to the work of education, free from the burden of wage-earning.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the coronation of Pope Leo XIII. was observed as a general holiday at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., and with ceremonies which were both solemn and impressive.

After the Pontifical Mass the professors and students and the superiors and students of the affiliated colleges assembled in the Aula Maxima, McMahon Hall, for the academic expression of the University. Bishop Conaty made the opening address, in which he spoke of the relation of Leo XIII. to the University, in its establishment and development, and said it was fitting the University as an academic body should hold a public meeting, in which different phases of the Pontificate of Leo XIII. might be discussed in addresses by professors of the University.

Addresses were made as follows: The Relation of Leo XIII. to Oriental Studies, Rev. Henry Hyvernat, Ph.D., professor of Oriental languages; Leo XIII. and the Biblical Commission, Rev. Charles P. Grannan, D.D., professor of sacred Scripture and member of the Biblical Commission; Leo XIII. and Ecclesiastical History, Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D.D., professor of Church history; Leo XIII. and Philosophy, Rev. Edward A. Pace, professor of psychology; Leo XIII. and the Science of Law, Hon. William C. Robinson, LL.D., dean of the faculty of law; Leo XIII. and Social Science, Rev. William J. Kerby, Ph.D., associate professor of sociology; Leo XIII. and Poetry, Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, dean of the faculty of philosophy. The last address was made by Very Rev. Edmund T. Shanahan, D.D., dean of the faculty of theology, who also presented the following resolutions:

Leo XIII., student, littérateur, sociologist, philosopher, civil governor, diplomat, statesman, priest, bishop, cardinal, Pope, who shed the lustre of his many-sided personality on these several careers; restorer of the philosophy and theology of St. Thomas to the place of honor in all Catholic schools; advocate of the synthetic spirit and sweeping world-view of the great Dominican as an offset to the extremes of present day specialization and as an incentive to a larger outlook upon the field of human knowledge; advocate, no less, of science and research, whereby the revelation of God in Nature is daily increased, the hardships and discomforts of life are more and more diminished, and the truths from above are ever more surely seen to be in concert with the discoveries from below; exhorter of the clergy and the laity to a spirit of study in which investigation and reconstruction should go together; patron of the science of history, who encouraged the work of a number of the independent investigators in history and liturgy by appointing them to membership on the Historico-Liturgical Commission, who opened the doors of the Vatican archives to the scholars of the world and wrote the three supreme canons by which all historical research should be for ever governed; patron, no less, of the Biblical sciences in the interests of which he has shown a scholar's zeal, for the direction of which he has latterly appointed a permanent commission; foreseeing

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friend of the poor and needy in a world whose fat and lean kine do not exhibit the proportions revealed in the dream of Joseph, his ancient homonym; spokesman of the rights of labor, the worth and dignity of the human individual, the ethical as against the purely economic appreciation of man; adversary of socialism and all movements threatening social order; exponent of the Christian constitution of civil governments, the mutual rights, duties, and prerogatives of Church and states in promoting respectively the spiritual and temporal good of their subjects; supporter of the Hague Conference, and freely chosen arbiter of international disputes in the interest of universal peace; indefatigable promoter of harmony between the Churches of the West and East, within and without the spiritual commonwealth of Christ, between embittered political and religious parties in his own and other lands; guardian of the Christian family and opponent of divorce; champion of Catholic piety, practice, and tradition throughout the Church universal; establisher of a larger and more solidified hierarchy for the purposes of a more generous spiritual life; founder of The Catholic University of America for the inheritance of his spirit and the propagation of his ideas in the years that are to be; friend of this truly great Republic of the West, in which his watchful eyes have ever discerned a fair field for the beloved Church Catholic whose interests have been peculiarly his in the century of years with which we hope the Lord's bounty will crown him ere he takes his place among the peers of the Church Triumphant.

Wherefore: In honor of this great Catholic Leader, whose sword is of the spirit; in honor of this encyclopædic Pontiff, whose hospitable soul admitted an ailing and troubled world into the confidence and council of his sympathy; in honor of this Pope of Solidarity, who strove to restore harmony between the natural and supernatural, science and religion, faith and reason, piety and learning, and exemplified in his own matchless career the embodiment of the ideals which he taught in honor of this Advocate of Peace, who sought the peace of the family, the workingman, the Church, the State, and the reunion of all Christendom by his firmly gentle and gently firm method of conciliation, by his loftiness of purpose and nobility of aim; who ever rendered to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's, protesting only with the righteousness of a holy cause against the despoilment of the patrimony of Peter's successors and his own enforced captivity; in honor of Leo XIII. in fine, our common spiritual Father, Founder, and Friend, be it and it is hereby

Resolved: That we, the rector, professors, and students of the Catholic University of America, in joint meeting assembled, after hearing the eulogistic discourses on our Holy Father pronounced by members of the teaching staff of this institution, do mark this day as sacred in our annals, and do hereby give public act of expression to our sense of loyalty, love, devotion, and gratitude to this noble successor of the Fisherman, to whom it has been given to see the years of Peter, to whom it shall be given, God grant, to enjoy still greater length of days in governing the Kingdom of God and furthering the purpose of Him who died that all men might live.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted as the expression of the University. Bishop Conaty sent the following cablegram:

The rector, professors, and students of the Catholic University of America,

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in joint meeting assembled for the purpose of celebrating the jubilee of Leo XIII., their father, founder, patron, and friend, rejoice with him on this glorious day, wish him still greater fulness of years in the government of God's Kingdom, and humbly ask his apostolic blessing.

The answer received from Rome was as follows:

Right Rev. Bishop Conaty, Rector, Catholic University, Washington:

The Holy Father has received with great pleasure the expression of devotion conveyed to him on the occasion of his solemn pontifical jubilee, and most affectionately sends his blessing to the rector, professors, and students of the Catholic University, an institution fondly cherished by him.

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* * *

The aim of the Xavier Publication Society is to place gratuitously within the reach of the blind throughout the United States Catholic literature in raised point print, of which they have hitherto been wholly deprived.

By this vast and costly undertaking it is proposed to brighten and cheer the lives of the many thousands of these afflicted ones, and help them to see the things of the world to come, lest, as has happened in the case of thousands of them in the past, to the loss of their physical sight be added the still greater loss of the light of faith. This truly apostolic and much-needed charity should rouse the sympathy of every one who has the priceless gift of sight and enjoys so many means to preserve undimmed the light of faith.

The Society depends entirely upon donations and annual subscriptions. With a fair increase in the number of these yearly contributions, it hopes to enlarge its scope and to extend the sphere of its beneficent purposes.

Contributors are those who subscribe $1 annually; members are those who subscribe $5 annually; associate members are those who subscribe $10 annually; patrons are those who subscribe $20 annually; benefactors are those who subscribe $100 annually.

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From its foundation up to March 1, 1903, at a cost of about $4,500, the Society has printed or stereographed the following books:

Books Stereographed and Printed.

The Workings of the Divine Will, ... J. P. Caussade.
The Will of God in Trials and Afflictions, ... J. Hillegeer.
The Manual of Prayer.
The Sacrifice of the New Law, ... Cardinal Vaughan.
The Ceremonies of the Mass Explained, ... Hallet.
What Christ Revealed, ... L. Jouin.
Wayside Tales, 4 vols., ... Lady Herbert.

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Little Lives of Great Saints, 2 vols., ... J. O'Kane Murray.
The Bible and Its Interpreter, ... P. H. Casey.
Meditations on the Angelical Salutation, ... R. Clarke.
Spiritual Pepper and Salt, ... Dr. Stang.

Books Stereographed.

The Leading Events in the History of the Church, 3 vols.
The Life of Christ in the Words of the Evangelists (with notes), 2 vols., ... A. Maas.
Golden Sands, 4 vols.
Fabiola, 3 vols., ... Cardinal Wiseman.
The Heart of Jesus of Nazareth, ... Mother Loyola.
Growth in Holiness, 2 vols., ... F. W. Faber.
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The Apostleship of Suffering, ... G. Lyonnard.
The Apostleship of Prayer, ... Ramière.
Tales and Legends of the Middle Ages, ... Capella.
Who and What is Christ, ... F. Roh.
Christ the Man-God, ... O'Conor.
The Art of Always Rejoicing.
The Art of Being Happy.
All for Jesus, 2 vols., ... F. W. Faber.
Consoling Thoughts, 2 vols., ... St. Francis de Sales.
Bethlehem, 2 vols., ... F. W. Faber.
Mary's Part in the Work of Redemption, ... P. Jeanjacquot.
The Blessed Sacrament; or, The Works and Ways of God, F. W. Faber.

The publications for the blind have, up to date, been placed in the following libraries:

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Public Library of New York City, N. Y.	Public Library of Chicago, Ill.
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" " " Boston, Mass.	" " " Hoboken, N. J.
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The Library of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, Boston, Mass.

* * *

An unusually large gathering of members and guests of the Fénelon Reading Circle greeted the Rev. P. McHale, president of St. John's College, Brooklyn, the lecturer at the March social meeting held in the Pouch Gallery. Dr. McHale's theme was Some Phases of the French Revolution, and as the study topic this season for the active members is devoted to this period of his-

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tory, the lecture, in addition to its general interest, proved of special value and assistance to the study circle.

The lecturer was introduced by the director of the circle, the Rev. J. J. Coan, who stated that the Fénelon was particularly interested in the study of Catholic literature and history. By Catholic literature was not meant that which was sectarian, but that which had for its motive goodliness and Godliness and whose aim was the uplifting of humanity.

Dr. McHale, in his opening remarks, called attention to the celebration of the coronation anniversary of Pope Leo XIII., contrasting the Pontiff's reign of a quarter of a century with the events in the history of France, eldest daughter of the church, at the time of the Revolution.

Justin Huntley McCarthy in his historical writings, said Dr. McHale, has quoted Disraeli as saying that there are but two events in history, the siege of Troy and the French Revolution. To-day, interest in the former event is but antiquarian and academic, but the principles of the French Revolution are a living issue. The causes that led up to the struggle which culminated in the Reign of Terror were summarized by the lecturer, who said that it would be as false to say that the French Revolution was wholly bad as to say that it was wholly good. A change was inevitable, and there was need of reform in both church and state. Unless he belonged to the nobility no priest could aspire to any higher position than that of a poor parish priest, and to this fact was due the sympathy in the early part of the struggle shown by the mass of the French parish priests with the demand for a new order of things. When, however, the reformers clamored for a national church and separation from Rome the majority of the French clergy, high and low, refused to accede and remained true to Rome as the central power. Therefore, although the church sustained a rude shock during this period in French history, it was enabled to survive the blow through the heroism and loyalty of the greater portion of the clergy and religious. Dr. McHale gave striking instances of heroic conduct on the part of bishops, priests, and nuns.

A graphic account was given of the scene at the assembling of the convention of the States General called by Louis XVI., and Dr. McHale paid a high tribute to Louis XVI. as a man, but said that he was a weak king. It was to be regretted that upon him should have fallen retribution for the excesses and extravagances of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. and their courts. The lecturer also paid a tribute to the character and heroism of Marie Antoinette.

Had the people not been oppressed by taxes, divided in their allegiance by religious dissensions, and disgusted with the extravagance of the higher classes, the teachings of Rousseau and the sneers of Voltaire would have had no effect whatever upon the masses. But they were ready for a change and welcomed anything that promised a better condition of things. Passing reference was made to the Reign of Terror, and in conclusion the lecturer said that the principles of 1789 are in the air to-day in France, and while there will not again be a Reign of Terror there is a reign of tyranny and oppression.

The lecture was supplemented by a delightful musical programme arranged under the direction of Mrs. J. C. Keough; Miss Rosemary Rogers, accompanied by Miss Anna C. Rogers, sang Springtide (Becker) and Dear Love (Chadwick) in a very artistic manner. Miss Elizabeth McGuire was heard with much pleas-

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ure in the selections, My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair (Haydn) and Question (Lynes), Mrs. Frank Cuddy playing the accompaniments. The instrumental selections comprised two piano solos by Mme. M. Forster Deyo, who gave a brilliant rendering of the Revolution étude by Chopin, and a Mendelssohn number.

The lecture was followed by an informal reception to the lecturer, Miss Mary E. White, the president, and other officers acting as reception committee.

* * *

A book prepared by Catholic hands is beyond doubt the most beautiful volume among the 500,000 in the Congressional Library at Washington. It is a Bible which was transcribed by a monk in the sixteenth century. It could not be matched to-day in the best printing-office in the world. The parchment is in perfect preservation. Every one of its 1,000 pages is a study. The general lettering is in German text, each letter perfect, and every one of them in coal-black ink, without a scratch or blot from lid to lid. At the beginning of each chapter the first letter is very large, usually two or three inches long, and is brightly illuminated in blue or red ink. Within each of these initials there is drawn the figure of some saint, or some incident of which the following chapter tells is illustrated. There are two columns on a page, and nowhere is traceable the slightest irregularity of line, space, or formation of the letters. Even under a magnifying glass they seem flawless. The precious volume is kept under a glass case, which is sometimes lifted to show that all the pages are as perfect as the two which lie open. A legend relates that a young man who had sinned deeply became a monk and resolved to do penance for his misdeeds. He determined to copy the Bible, that he might learn every letter of the divine commands he had violated. Every day for years he patiently pursued his task. Each letter was wrought with reverence and love, and the penitent soul found its only companionship in the saintly faces which were portrayed on these pages.

M. C. M.

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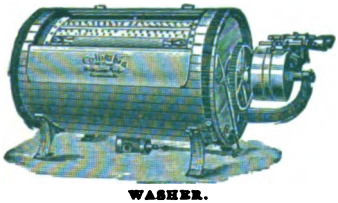

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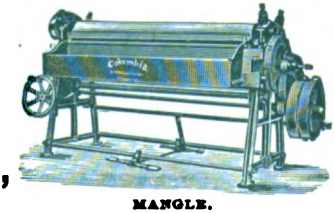

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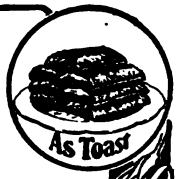

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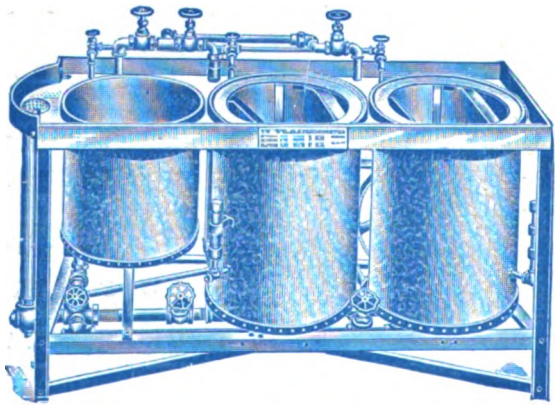

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THE

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MR. W. H. MALLOCK'S DEFENCE OF RELIGION.

BY REV. JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

I.

IN THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, number for January, 1902, we called attention to two articles which had appeared some time previously in *The Fortnightly*, from the pen of Mr. W. H. Mallock. These articles, with others which followed, have recently been published in book form, under the title *Religion as a Credible Doctrine*. The book is intended by its author to be a defence of the three basic doctrines of natural religion—God, freedom, and immortality—against the assaults of scientific unbelief. The volume is not worthy of its author. To Catholics it can only be a matter for regret that he is responsible for such a sorry performance; for Mr. Mallock, by eminent services to the cause of truth, has deserved the old Roman encomium, *Bene meruit de republica*. More than twenty years ago, when the Positivism of Spencer, Tyndall, and Huxley seemed to be carrying everything before it, Mr. Mallock in his *Is Life Worth Living?* first showed that the doctrines of that school logically involved the destruction of morality; and he thereby dealt it, in its most vulnerable part, a blow from which it did not recover. Since then he has, in his own inimitable manner, laid bare the nakedness of "undogmatic Christianity" and exhibited the folly of Anglicanism in search of a ground of authority. The more one recalls the logical acumen and philosophic grasp displayed by Mr. Mallock in his other writings, the more one is puzzled to understand how he can be the author of his latest

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1903.

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work. What has disturbed the judicious temperament which never slighted the strength of an opponent's position, and used the same weights and measures in weighing the arguments of friend and foe? What strabismus has dulled and distorted the keen eye which no fallacy, however well disguised, no latent absurdity, could escape? Had *Religion as a Credible Doctrine* come forth from the press anonymously we should have been inclined to say: What a treat it would be to watch Mr. Mallock tear this thing to tatters!

The object which he proposes to himself in the present volume is "to exhibit as worthy of a reasonable man's acceptance, not indeed the dogmas of any one religion in particular but those fundamental doctrines which are essential to all religions, and which are, moreover, the doctrines against which modern science, as generally understood, directs its fundamental protest." The method by which Mr. Mallock pursues this end, is, first to show that the arguments offered by the ordinary apologist of religion are "ridiculous and ignominious failures," for they have all been completely and irrevocably demolished by modern science. This endeavor calls upon him to marshal before his reader those invincible conclusions of modern science which have wrought this havoc. Finally, when he has proved to his satisfaction that science and religion are in deadly conflict, he points out his way of escape, a sure and safe one, though all the masters missed it. It consists simply in admitting the existence of the contradiction, and paying no attention to it, since though science has, to the satisfaction of reason, demolished the "three buttresses of religion," nevertheless we may reasonably continue to believe these tenets to be true, because they are indispensable to morality. That such a contradiction between science and religion exists, Mr. Mallock maintains in the strongest terms. "The doctrines of immortality, of freedom and of a God who is in relation to ourselves, is a system for which among the facts of science it is utterly impossible to find a place." Again, he says: "To any doctrine of individual immortality science opposes an unbroken and impregnable barrier." Summing up the arguments on the scientific side against immortality and free will, he declares: "We have seen as to will that he (man) is nothing but a mere machine, who, whatever he does, deserves neither praise nor blame, since whatever he does he could not have done other-

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wise. And as to his alleged immortality, we have seen that the more deeply we penetrate into the observable facts on which his life and his mind depend, the more clear does it become to us that these facts, all and singly, exhibit his life as a mere fleeting phenomenon, which appears with the body and disappears with it, leaving nothing behind." Finally, as to the existence of God there is a similar verdict: "What science reveals to us with regard to the fact of man it reveals also to us with regard to the idea of God. The universe, as we know it, is a system of unbroken determinism; and if, in any sphere of its existence the Supreme Mind is free, in its relations to this universe it has laid its freedom aside."

The purpose of this paper is not to refute these contentions put forward by Mr. Mallock in the destructive portion of his thesis, but to point out the worthlessness of the attempt which he makes to establish religious truth on a reasonable basis after he has accepted the foregoing conclusions. Relative to the first portion of his work we shall only point out two facts which indicate how completely he has relinquished the use of his critical faculties. In the first place, he has solemnly propounded the extravagant speculations of Professor Haeckel and dignified them with the name of science. He speaks of this monistic philosophy as if it were as truly science as is astronomy, and the wildest conjectures of the German professor concerning the mysteries of the Infinite are laid down by Mr. Mallock as if they carried the same weight as the theory of gravitation. Even Haeckel himself warns his readers that the doctrines set forth in *Die Welträthsel*, which is the storehouse from which Mr. Mallock draws so liberally, are but speculations. And no scientific man of eminence attaches any value to Haeckel's philosophy. The venerable professor himself complains that those who once walked with him have deserted him in his old age. The work from which Mr. Mallock has drawn his weapons, has, as one of his critics observes,* been stigmatized by Professor Paulsen as a disgrace to German scholarship; and another distinguished fellow-countryman of the professor has accused him of playing fast and loose with science and the public. That Mr. Mallock should accept the views of "a belated eighteenth century materialist" as the last word of science is enough to show us that, from some cause or another, his

* See *Catholic University Bulletin*, January, 1903, p. 93.

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critical powers were in a state of inhibition when he constructed this wonderful piece of apologetics. More than twenty years ago, when dissecting with his keen dialectic knife the pretensions of Tyndall, he said the human will "is a force, a something of which physical science can give no account whatever, and which it has no shadow of authority either for affirming or denying; and further, if we are not prevented by it from affirming his (man's) immaterial will, we are not prevented from affirming his immortality, and the existence of God likewise." * Since Mr. Mallock wrote these words a change has taken place in the status of the controversy between theists and their opponents. The change is not that science has thrown any further light on the problem; but, on the contrary, that the great mass of scientific men, and of speculators who profess to take science as their guide, have come to the conclusion that the questions of God's existence and man's immortality lie beyond the domain of science so far that science cannot expect ever to throw any light on the subject.

If Mr. Mallock's inexplicable procedure when summing up the scientific side is a discredit to his judgment, the manner in which he handles the arguments for religion is, if possible, still more unworthy of him. Instead of stating them fairly and giving due weight to them, he distorts, minimizes, and misrepresents. Especially is this the case in his treatment of Father Maher, S.J., from whose work on Psychology he takes the statement of the case for free will and immortality. He has displayed an almost incredible crassness in the treatment of Father Maher's work, misapprehending its gist, and travestying its arguments till his presentation of them becomes nothing better than a caricature. In an article in *The Fortnightly* for March, Father Maher exposes a few of the more glaring blunders which Mr. Mallock has committed. They are such as to show that not only has Mr. Mallock failed to present Father Maher's arguments fairly, but that he has not even grasped the fundamental tenets of Catholic philosophy. Yet he sets himself up for an "intellectual accountant" qualified to examine the conflicting claims of the religious apologist and the scientific unbeliever, and then to settle the litigation by a judicial sentence from which there can be no appeal. And here we may remark that one of the many grotesque features in this grotesque book is

* *Is Life Worth Living?* p. 242 (edition Putnam, 1897).

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the contrast between the vein of self-deprecation in which Mr. Mallock assumes what he calls the humble *rôle* of intellectual accountant, and his undisguised arrogation to himself, as he discharges the task, of a thorough ability to sit in judgment on both the apologist and the scientist. Both the scientific thinker and the theologians are, he says in his introductory chapter, disqualified from making an accurate estimate of the positions of religion and science; this "is the work of a person much humbler, the intellectual accountant." To this "limited and unambitious task" he addresses himself. But forgetting his humility, he pretends to the expert knowledge of both theologian and scientist; and, in the event, he tells them that both of them are ignorant of what they are talking about, while he alone has the secret to the palace of truth. Mr. Mallock's comparison of himself to an accountant is not a very happy one. It would describe his performance better to liken him to a professor of legerdemain who having borrowed a watch from a spectator, subjects it to a great deal of ostentatious hammering and passes fragments around to the audience to convince everybody that the thing is completely ruined; then, with a few graceful turns of the hand, he draws it forth from some mysterious receptacle perfectly sound, and blandly hands it back to its owner.

II.

We come now to the principal part of Mr. Mallock's thesis. Having led us through a land where robbers have, in the name of science, deprived us of our most precious possession, he points out the intellectual road leading to the realm of certainty in which we find awaiting us our lost religious truth. The key to the problem lies in the fact that as perfectly reasonable beings we may, says Mr. Mallock, assent to two contradictory propositions (such as the assertions that the will is free, and that the will is not free); and with complete conviction hold them to be both alike perfectly true. It is a natural opinion, he admits, that to accept two such propositions simultaneously can seem reasonable to a madman only. This prevalent belief Mr. Mallock proceeds to brush aside by the most convincing of arguments, which is to demonstrate that the acceptance of just such contradictories is something that all of us do, and that, "owing to the constitution of our own minds

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and of the universe, unless we followed this procedure no coherent thought would be possible." He observes that he does not mean that a simultaneous assent to contradictories takes place in most minds as a conscious process; but that "it takes place by implication as a strictly logical consequence of thoughts and judgments which lie at the bottom of all our knowledge, and that a logical analysis sufficiently deep and careful is all that is wanted to bring it to the surface." Then in proof of this statement he submits to analysis various ideas, religious and scientific. The theist's idea of God involves contradictions; the scientist's ideas of space, time, ether, etc., etc., all involve contradictions. Bore down anywhere, in short, through the surface of our knowledge and we invariably strike the primary stratum composed of contradictions. Logic leads us to a point where all our ideas resolve themselves into mutually repellent particles, and every truth generates from its own womb monsters which devour it. If, then, every idea involves contradiction, let us once for all liberate ourselves from our superstitious belief that contradictions cannot be true. Though the fundamental tenets of religion are proved to be false by science, yet when we look into our moral nature we find that if we are to safeguard morality, we must believe in them. This need is sufficient grounds for us to accept them. And it is only one contradiction the more in an intellectual world built up of contradictions, when knowing them to be false we yet believe them to be true. Such is the astounding theory which Mr. Mallock offers as an impregnable basis of religion.

To this charmingly simple solution of the difficulty there is but one objection. Human reason is so constructed that it is incapable of carrying out Mr. Mallock's suggestion. First he invents a fictitious difficulty, and now he offers an impossible remedy. Some of Mr. Mallock's critics have treated this theory as a revival of the antinomies of Kant. It is much more extravagant than Kant's position. For according to Kant the antinomies, or contradictions of reason, arise out of our inveterate propensity to take our ways of thinking, which are mere laws of our subjective thought, for laws of the universe outside us, that is, the universe of things-in-themselves about which our mind, he teaches, can know nothing at all. Fully aware of the absurdity of the view that the mind can acquiesce in the acceptance of contradictories, Kant, after pointing out

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the antinomies, treats them as delusions, and solves them by a demonstration in accordance with his own system. It would be more correct to say that Mr. Mallock has taken his cue from Sir William Hamilton and Mansel, who consider that antinomies in thought do really exist, so that reason finds grounds for adhering to both sides of a contradiction and none for giving the preference to one over the other. But even Hamilton and Mansel do not outrage our intellect so far as to pretend that it can consciously entertain two contradictories; for they hold that faith must cut the Gordian knot by approving one and rejecting the other. The various cases which Mr. Mallock cites as instances in support of his thesis do not help him at all. Let us grant, for argument's sake, though we hold it to be really an erroneous view, that some of our fundamental concepts involve a contradiction which appears when subjected to a logical analysis sufficiently searching. To hold this principle is to doom the intellect to scepticism, and to declare that certainty of anything is beyond our reach. Still, it is conceivable that the mind might simultaneously entertain two concepts or two propositions of this kind, because though contradiction is implied, nevertheless it is latent; a logical process of a complicated character is required to bring it into view. Consequently the mind is not conscious of it, and the fundamental law of our reason is not called into play. If by a course of reasoning we make the contradictory implications explicit and obvious, our puzzled intellect stands still and refuses to assent either to one side or the other. Only by allowing ourselves to forget the antagonism between them can we again treat the given concepts as true. Very different is the feat which Mr. Mallock calls on us to perform. He asks us to accept as certain truths proved by scientific demonstration the following propositions: There is no personal God; the will is not free; man is not immortal. And he furthermore asks us, with full and conscious advertence to that assent, simultaneously to believe that these same three statements are absolutely false. Our reason is no more capable of giving these two assents than, to borrow one of his own illustrations, two masses of wall which are falling in opposite directions can be held together by a postage stamp. If, however, Mr. Mallock, when declaring that the first three statements are established by science, does not mean to state that they are proved as quite

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absolutely certain truths, then his entire argument from beginning to end is a tissue of empty verbiage. If he is under the impression that he himself is performing the above impossible feat, it is but a sign (we are convinced that he really believes in the religious truths) that with all his insistence on Haeckelian monism, he does not really assent to its conclusions at all. And here it is not out of place to recall an observation of Cardinal Newman: "There are assents so feeble and superficial as to be little more than assertions. Many a disciple of a philosophical school, who talks fluently, does but assert when he seems to assent to the *dicta* of his master, little as he may be aware of it. Nor is he secured against self-deception by knowing the arguments on which these *dicta* rest, for he may learn the arguments by heart, as a careless school-boy gets up his Euclid." Some time ago we should have subscribed unhesitatingly to the remark of Mr. Mallock, that in all the annals of intellectual self-deception it would be hard to find anything to out-do or even to approach the fantastic absurdities of Mr. Herbert Spencer in search of a religion. Now, however, having carefully read *Religion as a Credible Doctrine*, we should hesitate before acknowledging Mr. Spencer's claims to this pre-eminence.

III.

Echoing Venerable Bede, and anticipating Mr. Herbert Spencer, St. Thomas says that there can be no teaching so false but that, here or there, it mingleth truth with error; nor is there any knowledge that is false in every part without any admixture of truth. Even Mr. Mallock's extraordinary doctrine, not to speak of the cognate though less extravagant aberrations of Hamilton and Mansel, is based on a distorted view of a truth. In several passages he states correctly the fact which, through his own woeful misapprehension and misinterpretation, lures him into regions of paradox and absurdity. He strikes the centre fair when he says that "the human intellect is an organ of capacities so limited that it is constitutionally unable to grasp life or existence in its totality, or even any of the individual facts of which life and existence are composed." It is quite true that "ideas and conceptions, which within the magic circle (of intelligible knowledge) cohere together like the strands of a twisted rope, begin, as soon as the borders of the circle are passed,

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to unravel themselves and stretch away towards the opposite sides of infinity." And "the totality of things in general, and of each thing in particular, is a tree of such enormous growth that our arms are too short to clasp it and, instead of meeting round it, extend themselves in opposite directions." This inability of our reason to adequately, that is comprehensively to understand anything in the universe is witnessed to by every school of philosophy. And because of this inability, if we pursue our concepts, tenets, and beliefs far enough, we arrive in a region of obscurity and mystery—not a region of contradiction; for the perception of a contradiction demands a clear, comprehensive grasp of the antagonistic terms. A process of reasoning upon two valid notions, or two well established truths, very often carries us intellectually out of our depth. Why this is so has been very concisely explained in *The Grammar of Assent*: "Our notion of a thing may be only partially faithful to the original; it may be in excess of the thing, or it may represent it incompletely, and, in consequence, it may serve for it, it may stand for it, only to a certain point, in certain cases, but no further. After that point is reached, the notion and the thing part company; and then the notion, if still used as a representative of the thing, will work out conclusions, not inconsistent with itself, but with the thing to which it no longer corresponds." Our notion of motion may be taken as a typical example. The most accomplished physicist and every sane metaphysician will admit that of the real nature of force and motion we know next to nothing at all; that is to say, our concept of motion is but a feeble effort to grasp a reality immeasurably too large for our comprehension. And just because of this disparity the notion has, from the days of the Greek sophists to the days of Mr. Spencer, served to supply us with metaphysical paradoxes proving that movement cannot take place, and that time does not exist. From the limited nature of our faculties, obscurities, difficulties and perplexities everywhere beset us in our attempts to state the real in the formulæ of abstract logic. The disparity which exists between thought and things of the finite universe is but a suggestion of the immensely greater measure in which our concepts of the Infinite, of God and his attributes, and all the incomprehensible realities involved in his relation to his creatures, fall short of their object. No wonder that, when we subject them to logical analysis, "after proceeding in our inves-

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tigations a certain way, suddenly a blank or maze presents itself before the mental vision, as when the eye is confused as by the varying slides of a telescope." Hence Cardinal Newman says: "When we try to reconcile in the moral world the fulness of mercy with exactitude in sanctity and justice, or to explain that the physical tokens of creative skill need not suggest any want of creative power, we feel that we are not masters of our subject."

It is, however, the crown of foolishness to conclude that because we cannot know everything about a thing we cannot know anything about it; or to let go our hold on a well-established truth because with our petty reason we are unable to plumb the ocean of Infinity. What the sane reason knows to be certain it continues to accept, whatever theoretical difficulties logic may raise around it. Even the most foolish of philosophers, however much he may appreciate the fable of Achilles and the tortoise, could not be cheated into thinking that the calendar or the railway guide is a farrago of nonsense treating about nothing. By the fundamental law of its nature, our mind knows that truth cannot contradict truth, and when seeming incompatibilities arise between two truths it ascribes the confusion to the limitations of its own powers; and continues to hold on to its certain knowledge, though the full reconciliation of that knowledge is hidden from its sight in the shadows which veil the mystery of existence.

IV.

If philosophers, apologists, theologians, speculators of every school and shade who willingly enough in theory admitted the inadequacy of our intellect comprehensively to grasp and completely understand the great realities with which they have dealt, had made this truth their practical guide, it is safe to say that an immense quantity of the learned volumes which burden the shelves of philosophical and theological libraries would never have seen the light. The Agnostic, for example, whose proudest boast is that he alone recognizes the finite nature of our intellect, no sooner enters into discussion with a theist than he insists, notwithstanding all the protests of his adversary, that the theist, if he speaks of God at all, must imply that his ideas fit their object with the accuracy of a mathematical definition. When the late John Fiske, summing up in

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a few words a piece of reasoning which, in one place and another, covers many thousands of pages, declares that the impossibility of reconciling Infinite Goodness and Infinite Power in God with the existence of evil puts theology in an inextrica ble dilemma, the speciousness of his argument depends on the assumption that our notions of these attributes must be taken to comprehensively and perfectly represent them. And on the same groundless postulate are based all agnostic attacks on theism.

Nor is it the anti-theist alone who has failed to keep before his eyes the acknowledged limitations of the human intellect. Many a theologian and apologist have fallen into the same fault; and their mistake has been all the more glaring because it is often truths of revelation that they have reasoned upon as if these could be exhaustively stated in a logical formula. They have handled dogmas and definitions of the church as if they had penetrated their innermost implications and explored their entire scope. They failed to remember that, in the words of Father Hogan, creeds, definitions of faith, and dogmatic declarations "in many cases are only an approximative expression of truths beyond the range of human intelligence; and even when the object is accessible, the expression may not be perfectly adapted to it, or be made to cover, by logical deduction, much more than was ever intended by its authors."* To make the matter worse, the reasoner has sometimes labelled his deduction *de fide* or *proxima fidei;* thus modestly calling on followers to supplement their act of faith in the infallibility of the church with another in the inerrancy of his ratiocinative powers. Another cognate form of misdirected zeal is that of the apologist who undertakes completely to clear up all the difficulties and obscurities that hang around various points of Catholic doctrine. Our opponents, seeing that the proffered explanation does not explain, are only the more confirmed in their disbelief. This inveterate ambition to state divine truths in a comprehensive rational synthesis has been the fruitful mother of such weary, never-ending controversies as have been waged over rival theories concerning God's foreknowledge, predestination, divine concurrence, efficacious grace, and free-will; and each side is as sure that its own view is correct, as the other side is that it leads to deadly error.

* *Clerical Studies*, edition 1898, p. 178.

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The church herself acts otherwise. The truth committed to her care she teaches as her Master taught, in terms to be understood even by the simplest. Her guardianship in the matter is "to preserve the exact ideas which that simple language conveyed to its first hearers, knowing well that these human ideas and thought-forms are indefinitely inadequate to the eternal realities which they shadow forth." "What does she care," continues Father Tyrrell, whose words have just been quoted, "about the metaphysics of transubstantiation except so far as metaphysicians have to be answered in their own language and on their own assumptions?"* The natural knowledge prevalent among men at any particular age she uses as the most suitable vehicle to convey her divine message. But she does not undertake a synthesis of these two elements, nor does she guarantee the deductions which private erudition may make from such a synthesis. If the advance of the human mind discredits the natural knowledge of a particular age she cares not, for it was never hers. She is as much at home in an age which believes in the heliocentric theory as she was in one which held to the Ptolemaic. Her theologians have employed the principles of Aristotelian philosophy and the axioms of Roman jurisprudence to interpret the mysteries of the Incarnation and the Redemption. She knows that she can teach that the Word was made flesh, and that by His stripes we all are healed, to the Oriental mind that knows nothing of Justinian, and thinks in forms that cannot be reduced to those of the peripatetic philosophy.

The present profound intellectual unrest in the Christian world relative to the results of modern criticism and science upon historic Christianity is not without effect upon many within the fold. Like Martha, some Catholics are troubled about many things, while there is but one thing necessary to our intellectual salvation. No facts established by the higher criticism or by science will ever be found to conflict with the teaching of the authoritative Guardian of doctrine. As in the past, some human opinions that in many minds have been inextricably mingled with Catholic doctrine may be consumed in the fierce heat of the crucible in which truth is now tried; but the pure gold of the church's teaching, when purified from this dross, will but shine with renewed splendor before the eyes of men.

* *Faith of the Millions*, First Series, p. 239.

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MAY CUSTOMS IN ITALY.

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

THE Italy of to-day and the Italy of yesterday are two very different countries. And yet, notwithstanding the twentieth century civilization and progress of modern Italy, with its electric trams, and its taxes, and its monster hotels, there lies deep down in the hearts of her people a vein of strong conservatism, a clinging to the traditions of a bygone day. A picturesque custom which existed in Rome some thirty years ago has now become only a memory of the past. This was the celebration of the "Fragolata," or Strawberry Feast, when men in gala costume walked in procession through the streets carrying on their heads enormous wooden platters heaped high with the glowing crimson fruit, and accompanied by girls in gaily tinted attire, who danced along beside them, beating tambourines and singing the praises of the strawberry. Having thus made a triumphal progress through the city, they passed singing out of the gates, and spent the remainder of the day in merrymaking on the Campagna. From time immemorial it has been considered unlucky to marry in May, but according to ancient traditions, it is undoubtedly a month in which to make love. The ancient idea was to marry in June, which was dedicated to Juno, the goddess of marriage, and to occupy one's self with the preliminary courtship in the "merry month of May," when Mother Earth breaks forth into blossom, leaf, and flower, and honors are paid to the "Bona Dea." A reminiscence of the festivals once held at this season is to be found in the "Infiorata," or Flower Festa, which is still celebrated in the quaint little town of Genzano, near the blue lake of Nemi. It takes place on the octave of the feast of Corpus Christi, and is said to receive its name from the custom of scattering flowers before the Blessed Sacrament; but it may be related to the ancient "Floralia," or "Ludi Floralis," which were long ago celebrated in honor of Flora from the 28th of April to the 2d of May. This picturesque "festa" has been graphically described

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by Story in his *Rôba di Roma:* "On this occasion the people are all dressed in their effective costumes, the girls in bodices and silken skirts with all their corals and jewels on, and the men with white stockings on their legs, their velvet jackets dropping over one shoulder, and flowers and rosettes in their conical hats. The town is then very gay, the bells clang, the incense streams from the censer in the church where the organ peals and Mass is said, and a brilliant procession marches over the strewn flower mosaic with music and crucifixes and church banners. Hundreds of strangers, too, are there, to look on; and on the Cæsarini Piazza and under the shadow of the long avenue of ilexes that lead to the tower are hundreds of handsome girls with their snowy 'toraglie' peaked on their heads. The rub and thrum of tambourines and the clicking of castanets are heard, too, as twilight comes on and the "Salterêllo" is danced by many a group. This is the national Roman dance, and is named from the little jumping step which characterizes it. Any number of couples dance it, though the dance is perfect with two. Some of the movements are very graceful and piquant, and particularly that where one of the dancers kneels and whirls her arms on high, clicking her castanets, while the other circles her round and round, striking his hands together and approaching nearer and nearer. Of course it is the old story of every national dance—love and repulse, love and repulse, until the maiden yields. As one couple, panting and rosy, retires, another fresh one takes its place, while the bystanders play on the accordion the whirling, circling, never-ending tune of the 'Tarantella.'

Among the mountains of Pistoia the inhabitants invariably celebrate the return of spring on the first of May. The festivities begin on the last evening in April, when a crowd of young men assemble together and form a procession through the towns and villages, singing and playing mandolins. Two or three carry a leaf-stripped tree, decorated with flowers and golden-hued lemons, which is called the "Maio," and others bring baskets filled with perfumed blossoms. As they march along they distribute these floral offerings to all the matrons and maids whom they encounter en route, and these in turn present them with eggs, small flasks of wine, and a sort of jumble cake cut in the shape of rings and adorned with red tassels. The "Maggi" which they sing so lustily on these

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occasions are as old as Italy herself and are very quaintly worded. This is a rough translation: †

"We come our salute to bring
To this brave house and good,
Whose honor unshaken has stood,
And therefore we come to sing.

"And first we salute the master,
And then his excellent wife,
We know he's in the Maremma:
God grant them a good long life."

Sometimes in the "Maggio" processions the "contadini," accompanied by oxen decorated with olive branches, bright ribbons, sheafs of grain and silver bells, made a tour of the fields singing and reciting verses by way of insuring good luck for the harvest. In other parts of Italy a band of women, headed by an elaborately dressed "contadina" called "Le Maggia," made a triumphal progress through the village, graciously accepting the gifts which were showered upon them. In the days that were, the rustic lovers of Italy used to rise before the dawn on the 1st of May and plant a branch of laburnum, or olive, or some flowering shrub before the door of the beloved object's house while they sang her "Maggi," by way of a matutinal serenade, if the expression is allowable. In the evening the girls and their attendant swains used to meet together in some grove and dance and sing. In many places bonfires blaze from the summits of hills or the crests of mountains, and in several Neapolitan towns the people build huge fires and dance wildly round the flames. Fire and noise are two most important adjuncts of festivity in the sunny South.

It was in May, also, that the artists' feast was once held in the groves of Egeria, one of the loveliest spots in the wide-spreading Campagna. It was originally instituted by German artists, and though all nationalities were permitted to take part in it, its special directors invariably belonged to the Fatherland. It was a motley scene. Every grotesque and ludicrous costume which the mind of man was capable of inventing was here represented, and after the wearers thereof had breakfasted

† *Rôba di Roma.*

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the procession was formed. The president and committee drove in a wooden cart adorned with strange devices, garlanded with bay, and drawn by huge white oxen decorated with flowers; while the rest followed on horses, donkeys, or on foot. Sometimes a mock heroic drama was performed, or a travesty of the taking of Troy, and the festivities were ultimately concluded by an *al fresco* banquet with enormous barrels of wine placed at intervals upon the grass. Other times, other manners. In the Rome of to-day there is very little merrymaking amongst its poverty-stricken and heavily-taxed population, and the 1st of May in the "Eternal City," as well as in Milan and Turin, is usually set aside as a day of "strike" and riots on the part of the Italian workmen.

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SAINT DENIS AND ITS ROYAL TOMBS.

BY MARY RICHARDS GRAY.

"It rose before me patiently remote
From the great tides of life it breasted once.
Hearing the noise of men as in a dream,
I stood before the triple western port
Where dedicated shapes of saints and kings,
Stern faces bleared with immemorial watch,
Looked down benignly grave."

IN the midst of the workaday world of St. Denis stands its old cathedral, the burial-place of the royalty of France. To us of the modern world it is a spot replete with memories of the past. It recalls the days when the church with its battlements and two tall towers, surrounded by its abbeys and chapels, dominated the great plain north of Paris beyond Montmartre, and was the Christian shrine towards which pilgrims wended their way along the cross-marked route taken by St. Denis on his miraculous journey. Then there came from the ends of the earth a motley crew—the prince with his courtly retinue, the beggar in rags, the knight on horseback, the shoeless palmer, the armed crusader, the wandering monk, the sick and the crippled, the afflicted and the gay, the high and low, in endless train, deeming that they "had seen naught of the civilized world if they had not seen the relics of St. Denis and gazed upon the treasure which the church contained." Now the great Benedictine Abbey and mortuary chapels are gone. Hemmed in by tall mercantile buildings is the old church, bereft of one of its towers; but it no longer signals from afar a welcome to the pilgrim. The stranger within the city must ask its location, and thread his way through a maze of dirt-begrimed streets or be rushed to its portals by tramcars; and while he gazes in awed silence upon the spot which holds the great of earth his reveries are disturbed by the hurly-burly and commotion of the busy manufacturing town.

We visited the old church late one summer afternoon. The exterior, despite the brilliancy of the light, was gloomy, and the low, ordinary buildings crowded about it detracted from its

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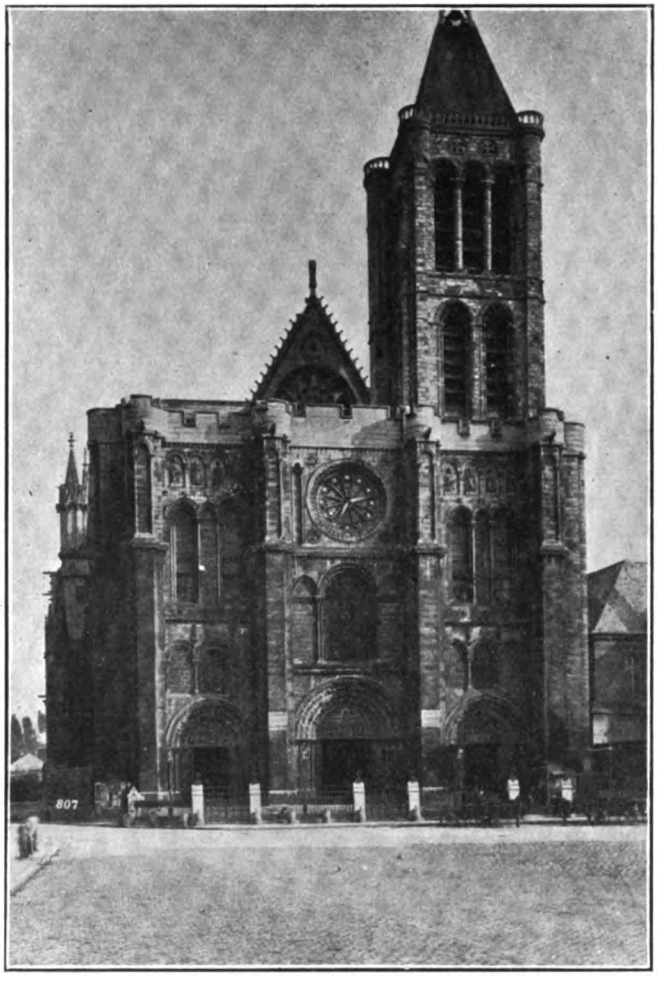

FRONT VIEW OF THE CHURCH OF ST. DENIS.

impressiveness. Architecturally it is interesting in that it is the best example in France of thirteenth-century pointed Gothic architecture. We gazed at the three massive doorways with their carved stories, at the rose-window converted into a clock, at the surmounting battlements telling of the days when it was necessary to defend sacred places with carnal weapons; then stumbled through the dark vestibule built by Abbé Suger into the church, where the lightness and brilliancy were in strange contrast to the gloom without. The arrangement is extremely simple: a long nave crossed by a single transept, with four stairways leading from this nave to a raised choir

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surrounded by radiating chapels. The central parts rise with a lofty clerestory supported by tall, graceful marble columns. In the aisles, in the transepts, and around the sides of the church are the memorials of the noble dead. Simple sarcophagi, carved mausoleums of priceless worth, sculptured urns tell us where to find their mortal remains, if there be any after the desecrations and vicissitudes which have befallen them. Bathed in the glowing tints cast upon it by the kaleidoscopic play of color through windows which symbolize, as it were, the walls of the heavenly city set with jasper and precious stones, the church did not seem a charnel-house. We quite agree with Michelet in saying: "This church is not a sad and pagan necropolis, but glorious and triumphant; brilliant with faith and hope; vast and without shade, like the soul of the saint who built it; light and airy as if not to weigh on the dead or hinder their spring upward to starry spheres."

Shuffling his slippered feet on the stone floor, and rattling his keys to emphasize his importance, came the old sacristan to greet us. In appearance he seemed almost of the dead over whom he kept watch. Wearily he dragged himself along, unlocking the chapels and droning out enough sing-song explanations to warrant his demanding a good-sized tip.

Of the curious old tombs the first to attract our attention was an enormous canopied structure at the right of the high altar, the tomb of King Dagobert, who died in 638 in the Abbey of St. Denis, and was buried in its church. For us the chief interest in this Gothic pile centres in the three alto-reliefs above the sarcophagus, which is guarded on the one side by a statue of his queen, Nanthilde, and on the other by one of his sons, Clovis II. The carvings represent a legend taken from "Gesta Dagoberti," which says that "when Dagobert was dying, St. Denis appeared to a holy hermit on the shore of Sicily, commanding him to rise instantly and pray for the soul of the departing king. The hermit obeyed; but scarcely had he done so when on the neighboring sea he beheld the king lying on the bottom of the boat, and being flogged by demons while he cried in his agony to his favorite saints, Denis, Maurice, and Martin. The three hearing his supplications appeared in the midst of a mighty tempest, snatched their servant from his oppressors and bore him on a sheet to celestial spheres, singing as they went the words of

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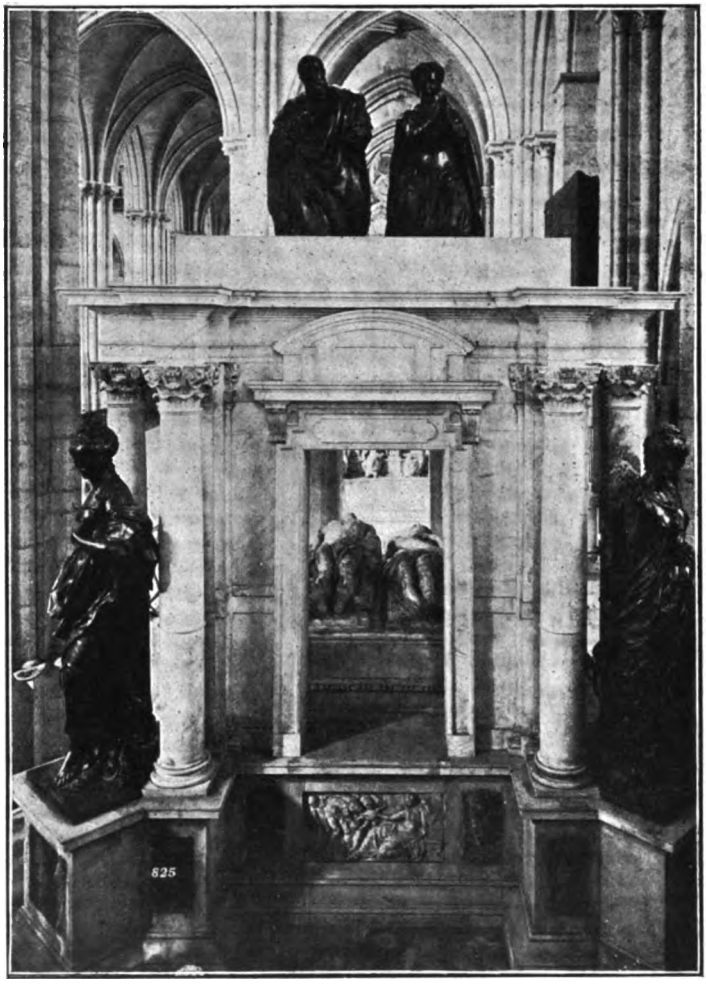

TOMB OF HENRY II. AND CATHERINE DE MÉDICI.

the 65th Psalm: 'Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest and causest to approach unto Thee, that he may dwell in Thy courts.'"

According to an old thirteenth century chronicler, Guillaume de Nangis, this monument was once richly colored; few traces of this color, however, may be seen on it to-day.

More curious and more ancient than this is the tomb of Frédégonde, the wife of Chilperic I., who passed into glory in the year 597 after having crowned her earthly accomplishments with the murder of the Bishop Pretextatus at the church altar. She had other worthy victims—a brother-in-law, a stepson, and

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a husband—but, as they did not seek the refuge of sanctuary, no particular importance attaches to their mysterious and untimely departure. This memorial is a mosaic of small pieces of different-colored marbles mingled with bits of copper, fashioned in the form of a woman's figure and placed in the floor. The hands and the feet are of the stone itself, their shape being outlined by a narrow band of mosaic work.

The three most beautiful and most elaborate mausoleums are those of Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany, Francis I. and Claude of France, Henry II. and Catherine de Médici, all enormous structures Renaissance in style, similar in design, and executed by the first French artists of their day. The idea in each is the same, the contrast of life and death. The tomb of Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany, an oblong block of marble supporting an edifice pierced by twelve arches, is really a small temple. On the top, removed from the grave at the base, clothed in robes of state, kneel the royal pair in prayer; while within they are represented again, lying upon their coffins, entirely nude, struggling with death. Arranged in the arches are the Apostles; at the corners sit four statues, Fortitude, Justice, Prudence, and Temperance, symbolical figures of the virtues which rulers should possess; on the pedestal are exquisite bas-reliefs of Louis' campaigns in Italy. "In this monument," says Lubke, "French sculpture attained its classical perfection."

Besides the tomb of Francis I. there is in the Chapel of St. Michel an urn containing his heart, which originally belonged to the Sisters of Val-de-Grâce. In accordance with the custom prevalent in an early day the bodies of sovereigns were divided into three parts—body, heart, and intestines—and interred in different places, so that as many shrines as possible might derive benefit from them. King Francis' heart was kept at Rambouillet until after the Revolution, when it was brought to St. Denis. Its receptacle, a white marble urn, exquisitely graceful in shape, suggests a classical model. The reliefs almost covering it represent Faith and the Church, the arts and the sciences. Around the base runs a frieze of cross-bones and skulls, a design dear to the mediæval mind.

Italian in style is the white marble tomb of Renée d'Orléans, the seven-year-old daughter of Francis II. The crowned effigy of the child holding a rosary rests upon a slab of black marble

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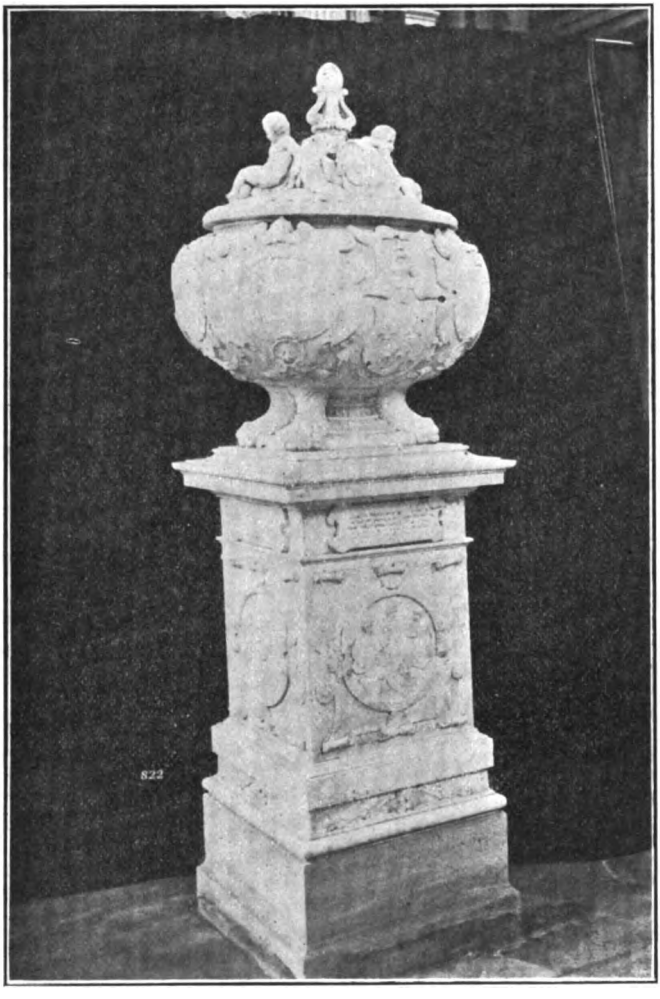

THE URN CONTAINING THE HEART OF FRANCIS I.

supported on a sarcophagus decorated with statuettes of virgin saints. Above and watching over the recumbent figure are the Madonna, Margaret, Catherine, Barbara, and Geneviève, the latter bearing a lighted taper which a devil tries to extinguish and an angel to keep lighted.

On the tomb of Isabelle d'Aragon, in white marble lettering inlaid in the black of the sarcophagus, is the most ancient of the rhythmical inscriptions:

"Dysabel lame ait paradys
Dom li cors gist sovz cest ymage

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Fame av roi philippe ia dis
Fill louis roi mort en cartage
Le jovr de sainte agnes seconde
Lan mil CC dis et soisente
A cusance fv morte av monde
Vie sanz fin dexli consente."

Besides royalty, one woman, a number of abbots, several councillors, and four warriors, Du Guesclin chief among them, were buried here. Only a small recumbent figure, worn and mutilated, recalls the fame of the beloved hero, the doughty knight who fought valiantly in the long wars with England.

Leaving the church we descended into the crypt. There in the walled-up chapel, Le Caveau de Turenne, are the remains of the bodies which were gathered up after the desecrations of the Revolution; in an inner room are a few unimportant tombs, and, in the chapels under the choir, statues of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, works of no artistic merit yet possessing a sentimental value.

At present there are in their restored form at St. Denis one hundred and sixty-seven tombs, many of which were brought from other churches after the Revolution, when Lenoir took in hand the matter of collecting and restoring them. Chronology begins with the statue of Clovis I. (481–511) and ends with a bust of Louis XVIII.

Returning to the church we sat down close to the tomb of Dagobert to muse, to picture to ourselves the old church in greater glory than that shed upon her by the rays of the declining sun, to live again the memorable scenes of French history which have taken place here. Of the many legends and stories which have grown up about the church and those connected with it, first in importance is that of the patron saint, Denis. Butler says he was a missionary, sent out from Rome, who was beheaded along with Rusticus, a priest, and Eleutherius, a deacon, in the reign of Maximian Herculeus. The bodies of the three martyrs were thrown into the Seine, but taken up by a Christian lady, named Catalla, and honorably buried near the place where they were beheaded. Over their graves the Christians built a chapel, which through the pious exhortations of Geneviève was replaced by a church. This church fell into decay, but in the seventh century Dagobert rebuilt it;

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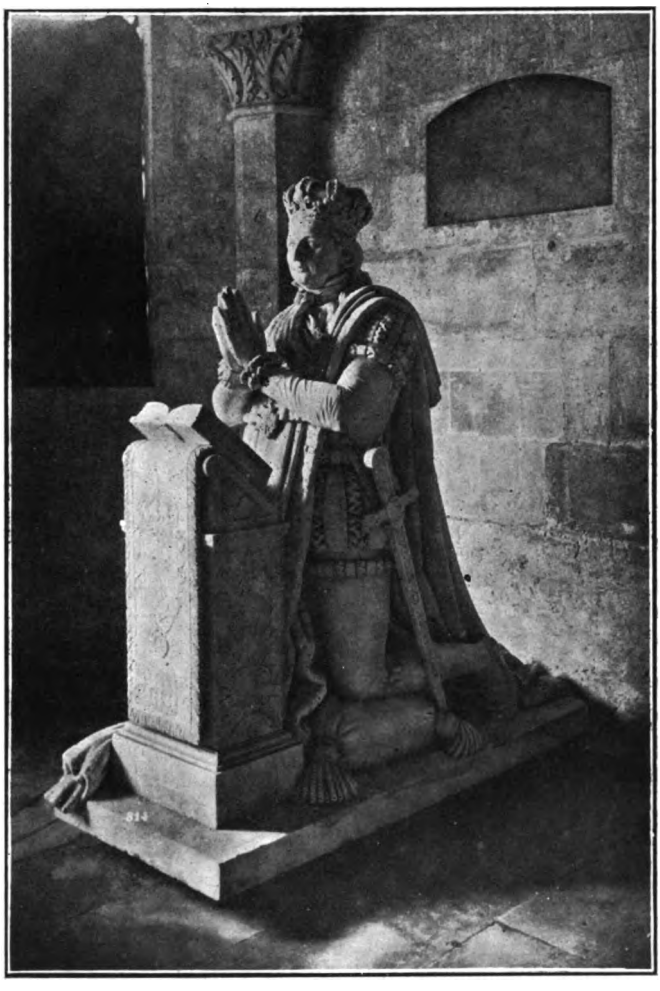

STATUE OF LOUIS XVI. IN THE CRYPT.

then, all through the Middle Ages it was restored and rebuilt by succeeding kings, and very recently by Viollet-le-Duc. About this story of the beheading of St. Denis grew the tale that a miracle occurred at that time. According to popular belief Denis, after having suffered martyrdom, picked up his dissevered head and walked with it to the place where he wished to be buried, the present site of the church. It is this story that we find represented so often in art. In the time of Dagobert came the wonderful dedication of St. Denis, witnessed only by a poor leper shut up in the church. At the dead of night he was startled to see before him in dazzling light the

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Saviour, His Apostles, a multitude of angels, and Sts. Denis, Rusticus, and Eleutherius. Our Lord, having sprinkled the church with holy water served him by the three saints, said to the leper:

"Go tell good King Dagobert what thou hast seen."

"But how can a poor leper penetrate the presence of the king?" he answered. The Saviour touched him with his finger and he was made clean, and did as he was bidden. The king, already impressed by the story, believed it, and devoted himself to the church, which he rebuilt; and the monastery in connection with it he endowed with such wealth that he was looked upon as its founder, the monks celebrating with great pomp and ceremony his festival each year on the 19th of January.

It was in 753 that Pope Stephen II. consecrated the high altar and made the abbot the primate of all the prelates of France, granting him the privilege of having six deacons vested in dalmatics. Later Charlemagne, because of the wonderful dedication of the church, made it the chief and mistress of all the churches of the kingdom. The magnificence and the splendor of its abbots was unsurpassed. An old epigram says:

"Au temps passé du siècle d'or
Crosse de bois, Evêque d'or,
Maintenant changent les lois
Crosse d'or, Evêque de bois."

Not all the abbots indulged in display; Abbé Suger was a notable exception. Against his will raised to a position of greatest power, he was at heart a simple monk, preferring a cell to the palace of the king. In remodelling St. Denis, as he was commanded to do, during the absence of King Louis on the second Crusade, his ideas were all for grandeur, but in building for himself naught was too lowly. He had a cell fifteen feet long and ten feet wide constructed in the very shadow of the great church, and in it he lived in accordance with strictest monastic rules. He had neither curtains nor tapestries; his bed was of straw. Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Cluny, who once visited the church, coming upon the cell exclaimed:

"Behold a man who condemns us all!"

The relics of St. Denis and the treasury, one of the richest of mediæval times, attracted pilgrims from all parts of the world. Some came from love and a sense of duty, some to be cured, and others from idle curiosity. Among the relics were

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THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. DENIS.—BY BONNAT.

the bones of the saint preserved in the chapel in the crypt, the famous head of silver gilt containing his skull, his mitre, his chalice, his rings, and his miraculous keys, "which they apply to the faces of those persons who have been so unfortunate as to be bitten by mad dogs, and who receive a certain immediate relief by only touching them."

The treasury contained the wonderful cup set with precious stones which once belonged to King Solomon, the nail of a griffin upon a silver gilt animal, a unicorn's horn six feet high sent by Aaron, King of Persia, to Charlemagne, the hunting horn of Roland, a rock crystal vase from the Temple, the lantern used at the betrayal of our Lord in the Garden and called "the lantern of Judas," Joan of Arc's sword, Charlemagne's chess-board and chess-men, his cross and sceptre, Louis IX.'s crown and ring, and Philip Augustus' jewels. Nearly all the

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early kings left their crowns to the treasury. These on festival days were suspended around the high altar, which was illuminated by sixty great candles. Persons of high and low degree vied with each other in lavishing gifts upon the church. Joubert explains this spell which she cast over men's minds when he says: "The pomps and magnificence with which the church is reproached are in truth the result and proof of her incomparable excellence. Whence came, let me ask, this power of hers and these excessive riches, except from the enchantment into which she threw all the world? Ravished with her beauty, millions of men from age to age kept loading her with gifts, bequests, and cessions. She had the talent of making herself loved and the talent of making men happy. It is that which wrought prodigies for her, it is thence she drew her power."

Few churches have seen more of earthly grandeur, pomp, changes, and desecration than St. Denis. Within its sacred precincts have been acted many of the most memorable scenes in French history. Here Stephen II. took refuge from the Lombards, and remained a whole year waiting for the French king to aid him in defeating his foes. Here Louis VI. solemnly adopted the oriflamme, the standard of St. Denis, as the banner of the kings of France. Here he suspended its scarlet folds, fastened to a gilded lance, above the high altar, whence it was never removed except when the king took the battle field in person—occasions attended by elaborate ceremonies. It was this banner which in some mysterious manner disappeared either at Agincourt or Rosbec. Here Abelard spent a year or more in retirement. Here the Maid of Orleans, her victories won, hung up her arms in 1429. Here in 1593 Henry IV. abjured his "accursed heresy." Here, during the Revolution, occurred scenes of awful desecration, for the Convention decreed that the Revolutionists should celebrate the first anniversary of the fall of the monarchy by demolishing tombs, their object being to destroy every vestige of royalty, to obtain the lead of the coffins for bullets, and to find perhaps buried treasures. One writer in describing what took place says:

"The people, in savage fury over its tombs, seemed to exhume its own history and cast it to the winds. The axe broke the iron gates given by Charlemagne to the basilica of St. Denis. Railings, roof-pieces, statues all crumbled into fragments

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TOMB OF RENÉE D'ORLÉANS.

beneath the hammer. Stones were torn up, tombs violated, coffins smashed in. A mocking curiosity examined under the bandages and shrouds the embalmed bodies, the consumed flesh, the calcined bones, the empty skulls of kings, queens, princes, ministers, or bishops, whose names had echoed through the past history of France. Pepin, the founder of the Carlovingian dynasty and the father of Charlemagne, was only a pinch of gray dust that the wind carried off. The mutilated heads of the Turennes, the Dugueselins, Louis XII., Francis I. rolled on the *parvis*. Every step was on piles of sceptres, crowns, pastoral

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staves, historic or religious attributes. An immense ditch, the sides of which were covered with quicklime to destroy the bodies, was dug in one of the outer cemeteries, called the Cemetery of the Valois, Perfumes were burned in the vaults to purify the air. After every blow of the axe, the shouts of the diggers were heard as they discovered the remains of a king, and played with his bones."

"Henry IV., skilfully embalmed by Italians, preserved his historic countenance. His chest, when exposed, still displayed the wounds by which his life had fled. His beard, scented and spread out in fan-shape, as in his pictures, evinced the care which this voluptuous king took about his appearance. His memory, dear to the people, protected him for a moment from profanation. The crowd defiled in silence for two days before this still popular corpse. Placed in the choir at the foot of the altar, he received in death the respectful homage of the mutilators of royalty. Javogues, a representative of the people, was indignant at such posthumous superstition. He endeavored to demonstrate in a few words to the people that this king, brave and amorous, had been the seducer rather than the saver of his people. 'He deceived,' said Javogues, 'God, his mistresses, and his people; let him not deceive posterity and your justice.' The corpse of Henry IV. was flung into the common grave.

"Louis XIV. was a black amorphous mass of spices. The man was lost after death in perfumes, as during life in pride.

"Louis XV. came last from the tomb. The infection of his reign seemed to rise from his sepulchre. A mass of powder had to be burned to dissipate the mephitic odor of the corpse of this prince, whose scandals had degraded royalty."

After the destruction of the tombs the church, first a market, became in turn a Temple of Reason, a depot of artillery, a theatre for acrobats, a flour warehouse, and a granary; the final act of desecration being accomplished by taking out the beautiful stained glass of the windows and converting the lead of the roof into bullets. For years it stood without a covering, although it was in 1795 made a parish church.

Fallen from its high estate, its treasures gone, restored and renewed in all its parts, St. Denis is still great in the memory of its past glories, of its past history, comprising a period of almost twelve centuries, of the royal dead who slumber within its walls.

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A ROUMANIAN HEROINE.

BY B. TEELING.

THE year 1848 was a memorable year for Europe. Murmurs of discontent, whispers of rebellion, tidings of petty revolutions here and there, filled men's thoughts; from Ireland's little band of patriots with their bright, youthful aspirations and poetic enthusiasms, to the unlettered peasant of obscure eastern provinces, who, fired by those sullen rumors of freedom's dawn which had filtered across his frontier, resolved to shake off the usurper's yoke and be free.

Some two years before that "new era in the history of the stretch of time," a quiet little drama was being played in preparation for its dawn. The "beautiful blue Danube" bears on its broad bosom many a boat-load of human joys and sorrows, as its crowded steamers pass up and down between the various Hungarian and Roumanian ports.

"Beautifully fitted up and kept with scrupulous care, they boast an admirable *cuisine*, and nothing can be more agreeable than a voyage up or down the river during the autumn months," writes a traveller, especially when the crowds of fashionable Moldo-Wallachians are returning home from their annual tour to Paris or the German baths. Enthusiastic globe-trotters declare the journey affords "the finest bit of river scenery in Europe," especially that in the vicinity of the world-renowned Iron Gates, where "the mountains rising high on each side of the Danube, the rushing torrent, roaring and seething and boiling as it dashes on, the countless shoals, eddies, and whirlpools, with the bit of bright blue sky overhead, spotted with fleecy clouds, all combine to offer materials for a picture which is one of the most striking in the world"; while here a solitary sentinel in Austrian uniform, there an oriental-looking Turkish fez, or a group of Wallachian peasants in rags and dirt, their long, unkempt locks surmounted by a Dacian cap, lend a touch of human interest to the landscape,

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which, however, becomes wilder and less cultivated as you approach the Roumanian capital.

On a calm summer's night, in the year before mentioned, one of the usual passenger steamers, with its gay crowd of homeward bound travellers, was moving slowly with the stream between those wild and picturesque shores towards their destination, the now Roumanian capital, then, after many vicissitudes, under the sway of Russia, while its people secretly yearned after national independence, or, at the worst, the Turkish rule.

Among the many lively and talkative groups which paced the deck, or leaned chatting over the bulwarks discussing the varying scenes of village, plain, or hill as they passed, two ladies sat apart, conversing but little, and evidently strangers to the rest. The younger of the two, a slight, dark-eyed girl of some sixteen summers, seemed keenly observant of their fellow-travellers, and remarked to her elderly chaperone that while most among the crowd seemed old acquaintances, one young man, who nevertheless exchanged an occasional greeting here and there, sat silent and apart, watching with sad and pensive eye the frolics of the coquettish Moldavian maidens and Wallachian youths.

Night came on; so warm and still a night that few if any thought of going below; and as the stars came out, and the full summer moon sailed into the dark sky, flooding all things with its silvery light, many were the exclamations at its beauty.

"Quelle belle lune!" murmured the elder lady to her companion.

"Oui," sighed the girl, "et pourtant, elle se lève sur bien des malheureux!"

She had not noticed, as she spoke, the dark figure at her side; but as it turned at her words she recognized the silent passenger of all that day. He turned too and looked at her, but said nothing; till, the next day, finding himself again near her, he took occasion, on rendering her a small service, to enter into conversation; and, a town being mentioned which the vessel was approaching, he asked whether that was her destination.

"No," replied she, "I am going to Bucharest."

"That is my native town," he smiled. "May I ask, have you any friends there?"

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"I am going to my brother, Mr. Effingham Grant, the English Consul."

"*Effingham Grant?* Why, he is my dearest friend!"

Mutual explanations followed, the young man claiming the privilege of helping and escorting his friend's sister for the rest of her journey, while she told him how, their parents being dead, she had been educated in France, and was now going to make her home with her elder brother.

After this the time passed all too swiftly, and when the dimly lighted and roughly paved streets of the Wallachian capital were reached after a two hours' journey from Guirgin, the Danubian port, little Marie Grant threw herself into her brother's arms and poured out the story of their travels.

"Rosetti? My friend, Count Rosetti? Why, yes, he is our great patriot-poet. Take care, Marie, that you do not lose your heart to him, for he has vowed never to marry!"

"Indeed, and why?"

"Because he feels so deeply the slavery of his downtrodden nation. Because he declares that his bride is his country and he will have no other love!"

Nothing could have been better calculated to touch the romantic side of a young girl's imaginative nature; and it need not be said that while Count Rosetti, half attracted by the girlish sympathy which responded so gracefully to his patriotic aspirations, and half absorbed in graver cares of political import, dreamed but of platonic friendship, Marie Grant, on her side, was quickly assimilating all the half-poetic, half-patriotic sentiments of his party, and identifying herself with them as far as she was able.

Over the opening volcano of impending revolution the light-hearted Roumanians danced and laughed and played to their hearts' content, and even the grave young count had to jest with the rest; and so one day, in the English consul's drawing-room, one of the beauties of their circle, a young girl staying with the Grants, caught up a roll of paper from a table and waved it above her head, with a laughing "What will you give me for this?"

"Nothing, for I will take it!" cried Rosetti, with a dextrous movement gaining possession of it and running out of the room, calling back adieus as he went.

The girl, half-frightened at what she had done, ran out and

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leaned over the balcony: "Monsieur Rosetti, take care! That paper does not belong to Mademoiselle Marie X—— (herself), but to Mademoiselle Marie Grant!"

He probably did not hear what she said, for, as she spoke, he looked laughingly upwards, stepped into a carriage at the door and drove off.

It is so old a story that, were these events not true in every particular, I might be accused of using a very stale device to bring about the dénouement of my story. The next morning a pale and troubled young man made his way to the residence of the English consul and asked for Marie Grant. She came, unsuspecting, at his request.

He told her what had occurred; told her that he had sat up all night reading—what he believed, at first, to be the journal of Marie X——, but found to be the heart's outpouring of another, whose every thought, every feeling, thrilled in response to his; told her of how he had resolved never to marry, for his country's sake; told how, even now, his movements were dictated by political necessities, his life and his possessions devoted to a well-nigh hopeless cause. And, after all that, reading what he had read, knowing now what he knew, he had come to ask—would she share them?

One wonders, somewhat, that Mr. Grant should have permitted his sister to unite her lot in life with one whose lines were cast in such troublous waters; but perhaps he was too much accustomed to the underlying murmurs of revolt and seething discontent around them to foresee the coming storm.

And the Grants' own family history was romantic enough. It seems that in a certain obscure little island, ruled by Norman laws but under British rule, and boasting the presence of an English governor and regiment, there was, somewhere about the beginning of the nineteenth century, a small toy shop in one of its narrow, ill-paved streets, kept by two maiden sisters, the Misses Le Lacheur. There was a younger sister, too, in the background, a pretty, dark eyed, dainty thing, of the tiny, vivacious type common to most of the true-bred islanders, who claimed descent from *fairy ancestry;* and little Marie was the darling of her old father's heart, and strictly forbidden, under any pretext, to enter the shop.

But one day, so strong is fate, she happened to look in for a moment, just as two young English officers from "the Fort"

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were standing there, on some quest of little moment; and the younger of the two men, as she left the shop again, turned to his companion, and said, half laughingly no doubt, "If ever I marry, that girl shall be my wife!"

"Nonsense, Grant!" replied the other, and hurried him out, thinking such a sentiment "almost beyond a joke."

But the next day young Grant returned alone, and boldly asked the prim shopwomen for a sight of their sister. They refused indignantly, saying that their father did not permit her to come into the shop; but while they were in the very act of protesting, the cool young Scotchman looked across the counter at the little curtained door leading into the back parlor which formed the communication between shop and dwelling house, and espied the girl herself, sitting idly over the fire. Without more ado he lifted the partition, went in, and began to talk to her, while she, nothing loath, responded shyly in her pretty, broken English—for the old Norman French was their native language, spoken in those days, by all classes, throughout the island—and somehow, in the end, father and sisters were not proof against the lovers' pleadings, and when that regiment left for another station young Grant and little Marie were husband and wife.

The little fifteen-year-old "French" wife went everywhere with the regiment, and they had a numerous family of children, two of whom, Effingham and Marie, we now find established at Bucharest, Marie married to Count Rosetti, and her brother, I fancy, wedded to some fair Roumanian, whence he sent his two little sons, "Effie" and "Edward," to the college of their grandmother's native land for education, later on, where the present writer knew them.

But long before this the terrible year 1848 had dawned, pregnant with armed forces and redolent of revolutions. Roumania, for centuries the battle-ground of contending forces —it had been six times occupied by Russian forces within less than a century (from 1768 to 1854), and six times reconquered by triumphant Turks—began to murmur a low, strong protest and claim to self-government; and the echoes of Parisian revolt came quickly to fan the flame.

The Roumanians have ever been keenly sympathetic with France; they are Latin and sister races, and as such radically antagonistic to Slav or Czech or Ottoman; and when French

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poets and politicians cried out freedom, their Roumanian kin responded with *Liberté et la terre*—the cry of Ireland too, the desire after peasant proprietorship common to all small countries. They believed themselves Romans, descendants of ancient heroes, persecuted, oppressed, tossed from Russia to Turkey, ground down by Greek hospodars, coveted by Austrian statesmen, yet rising hopefully and gaily, time after time, to look out for a brighter future.

They are a gay, light-hearted people, these Roumanians; very proud of the purity and antiquity of their race—for they claim to be direct descendants of the legionaries and other colonists who were transplanted into Dacia by Trajan after his conquest of that province, though, as a matter of fact, they and their language are hardly less composite than most other modern groups of the human family and tongues. They seem, amongst other peculiarities, to have preserved to a large extent the social divisions of semi-feudal times, the pure-blood Roumanian belonging almost exclusively to one of two classes, the noblemen or aristocrats (so-called boyards) and the peasants. The middle class or bourgoisie, to be met with in their towns, is composed of foreigners—French, Germans, and Jews, for the most part, with a sprinkling of Armenians and Greeks—who form the more business-like portion of the community, for though "once every nobleman was a hero, now high birth is synonymous with effeminacy, profligacy, and indolence." One of their number confessed to a French writer, M. Saint-Marc Girardin, that "our manners are a little the manners, or rather the vices, of all the peoples who have governed or protected us. We have borrowed from the Russians their libertinage, from the Greeks their lack of honesty, from the Phanariote princes their mixture of baseness and vanity, from the Turks their indolence and love of ease. The Poles have taught us divorce, and have given us that swarm of Jews of low origin which you see everywhere in our streets. Such are our morals!"

The Roumanian peasant, on the contrary, is the representative of the best type of manhood of his country, and recalls the sturdy Dacian of old, and all the glorious traditions of the past.

"The Roumanian peasantry is, like its so-called Italian forefathers, almost exclusively military and agricultural; for in the large towns—Bucharest, for example—the servants are usually

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either gypsies or Szeklers of Transylvania. The Roumanian peasant is generally a well-knit, hardy man, with long hair and drooping moustache, and an aquiline nose, which strongly reminds the stranger of certain statues of the best Roman type. He is good-tempered and witty, speaks his language with wonderful purity and correctness, and is perfectly satisfied so long as his oxen thrive and his favorite tobacco box can be replenished. The misery and wretchedness of the past, instead of brutalizing his character, have lent a softness, not unmixed with irony, to his glance. He is clever and intelligent, and the only hatred which he still nourishes is directed against the *Mouscal*, as he terms the Muscovite."

His dress is not the least interesting part of him, being, it is said, identical with that worn under Trajan's rule, and consists of a tunic or shirt of thick, coarse linen, worn *over* breeches of the same material, and confined by a broad leathern belt, into which are stuck his knife, pouch, and other articles. On his feet are shoes, or rather sandals, cut out of sheepskin and bound on the foot with strips of cloth. An embroidered waistcoat and a sheepskin coat are added in winter, which with the high, black woollen Dacian cap of antiquity, and large, well-greased snow-boots, complete his attire.

The Roumanian women are famed for their beauty, their sprightly wit and ready tongues, all of which make them charming companions. Their dark, speaking eyes, and wealth of raven hair, light but well-rounded figures and tiniest of hands and feet, would be envied by many a Parisian belle, and, like the Basque women, their graceful carriage and well-knit frames know no distinction of class; the lowliest peasant will carry her burden or basket upon her head to market, or in paniers resting in a wooden frame upon her shoulders, with the ease of perfect and untrammelled health, dressed in the still national costume of white chemisette embroidered in color, short skirts, and broad, colored girdle. Married women, as in other countries, cover their heads with white 'kerchiefs; unmarried girls go uncovered, with broad plaits of hair hanging down behind, interwoven, on festal occasions, with the coins which are to form their dowry—a quaint and somewhat barbaric custom. They pass the greater part of their time in spinning, and weave carpets and embroidered fabrics which are said to be unsurpassed elsewhere.

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Their language, a branch of the wide-spread Romance family, is, like the rest, founded upon the Latin of old Rome, intermingled with dialectic influences from their neighbors on either side, who have left traces of Greek, Turkish, French, and Slavonic derivations through the graceful and musical tongue in which the modern Roumanian converses; although, indeed, almost every educated man and woman can express himself with sufficient fluency in French, German, and even English, while the former language has now superseded, at court, the modern Greek which was, until lately, the language of the higher classes.

Such was, and still is, the perhaps uncultured but poetic and singularly interesting people whom Count Rosetti and his friends had vowed to serve and to set free. Among the little band of patriots who had dedicated their lives to this high purpose were such names as Héliade, a professor in the college at Bucharest, and an author and poet of no mean order. He wrote on patriotic and historic themes, and sang of the rivers and hills of his native country, and of its heroes of long ago, who from Trajan's time to the present had suffered and died for her. Another of his school was Cârlova, a young poet who died at twenty-two; and then Alexandresco, the Roumanian La Fontaine; Boliaco, whom we shall find presently a prisoner for the cause of liberty with their leader, and a singer, like him, of national ballads; Jean Bratiano, another of Rosetti's early companions, and the only name we find later among those holding office under the new stranger prince from Germany; and many others less known outside their own country.

While on the subject of names we may remark that while the *Golescos*, the *Bratianos*, the *Gradistianos*, the *Varescos*, and in fact all those terminating in *esco* or *ano*, are of pure Roumanian origin, some of the most prominent families in the principality owe their being to an alien source; as, for example, the house of Ghika comes from Albania, that of Ypsilanti from Trebizond, the Soutzos from Bulgaria, and the Rosettis from Genoa, while the Cantacuzenes are not Cantacuzenes at all, but Magoureanos; and the Mavrocordatos and Maurojenis came from Miconi, in the Archipelago.

But to return to the year 1848. Its dawning brought to the Roumanian peasants, and to their leaders, that supreme

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moment for which they had waited so long, in which they might give the signal for a general rising. The French Republic was proclaimed in February, 1848, and Neufchâtel, Bavaria, Vienna, Berlin, Venice, Tuscany, Rome itself, caught the infection of the prevailing spirit of revolt. Finally, on the 18th of June, Count Rosetti stood by his wife's bedside, watch in hand, waiting for the moment when he must leave her, in the pangs of a first labor, to uplift the standard of rebellion against Russian rule.

Surrounded by spies, they dared not utter the words which trembled on the lips of each, but at length the hour of peril was past, and "Thank God, now you can embrace it and go!" were the young mother's first words, as her husband stooped to bid farewell to her and to his first-born. Then, for the first time since their union, his alone was the path of action, as he went out to rouse the sleeping lion of a people that waited for freedom, and to summon his nation to take up arms, while to her remained the far more difficult task of silent suffering—the woman's part, everywhere; waiting, for the blow had not yet been struck, and she knew not who to trust. She dared not speak—dared not even be alone, or refuse the gossips' visits customary on such occasions, though she knew that curious, unfriendly eyes watched her every movement.

Then, on the twenty-third, the tumult began without. One of her well-meaning visitors murmured, "Rosetti should hide; he is in danger!" and presently a friend of his own, pale and trembling, came to the bedside, whispering "Rosetti is arrested!" But almost as he said it, the excited populace had surged round the prison doors, broken them open, and delivered their champions, forcing the Prince Hospodar, their hated governor, to abdicate. Rosetti helped him in his flight, nay, even procured a safe-conduct for his universally detested prime minister, whom the people, burning to avenge their wrongs, sought high and low in vain.

When they discovered his flight the streets rang with the cry, "Who saved him? Treason! Treason!" and Count Rosetti, coming out on a balcony, took up the words: "Who saved him? *It was I!*" There was a moment of silence, and then—a thunder of applause. The people recognized the generosity of their hero, and rent the air with their shouts as they pelted him with flowers.

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As he passed along the streets to his own house amid the plaudits of the crowd, one of the great ladies of the town handed him a wreath of red, white, and blue colors, the French colors, woven from the costly window-garden of her mansion; and he laid it upon his wife's bed as he entered the room where she lay trembling in tearful joy, whispering as he clasped her in his arms, "Thou hast deserved it too!"

For one brief hour they rejoice together, deeming the victory won, and while the people shouted and sang without, the proud young parents laid politics aside to caress their baby girl, and to call her "Libertade"—or Liberty.

But neither Russia nor Turkey would suffer so easy a victory to their rebellious vassals! Only, they dared not openly attack what was in very truth a nation under arms. The great mass of the peasant population, full of faith in their leaders and of hope for the future, had congregated together in their thousands upon the great plain beyond the city walls, to await the heaven-sent leader who was to bring them national freedom. The allies, scarcely prepared to quell armed resistance, betook themselves to diplomacy; and the leaders of the movement were prayed to hold conference with the Turkish generals—Russia silently, but not less surely, in the background—in the camp beyond. They went, Rosetti and the rest, and . . . found themselves prisoners! His wife, with other ladies of the town, was busy distributing food to the multitude of peasants who had left their homesteads at the appointed summons to—

> "Strike one blow for thee, dear land!
> To strike one blow for thee!"—

when, suddenly, word came that they were leaderless again; Rosetti and the rest were prisoners! In a short while all was confusion. The Turks rushed into the town and began to pillage, sack, and burn; and the unfortunate peasants, bewildered and leaderless, knew not which way to turn; while one gallant little body of men who essayed resistance—the city firemen—one hundred and fifty of them against twelve thousand Turks, were cut down to a man, fighting desperately to the last.

Madame Rosetti, meanwhile, received personal assurances from the Turkish officials that all would be well, and that "in three days the prisoners would be set free." When these three

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anxious days had passed another message came, to the effect that the following morning should see the prisoners with passports in their hands, conducted, under escort, to the Hungarian frontier. Long before midday next morning the impatient wife had left the city, and traversing the crowded plain, arrived at the point where the Turkish army lay encamped within their appointed limits. To her intense bewilderment the entire camp had vanished, and a solitary Turkish sentinel, pacing solemnly up and down before the scattered traces of a hasty departure, pointed silently and significantly with his bayonet towards the direction which they had taken, one exactly opposite to that mentioned for the release of the prisoners.

It was a simple but effectual ruse, played at the bidding of Russia, to conduct, as if by misapprehension, the unfortunate prisoners towards some fortress where they might be—*forgotten!*

Marie Rosetti, with her quick woman's intuition, understood it all. She went back to their empty home in the half-pillaged town, packed up whatever valuables were portable and could be conveyed to a place of safety, and then, taking her baby in her arms, without *impedimenta* other than a large cloak in which to wrap the child, she took one of the small open carriages of the country, and accompanied by one of the patriotic leaders who by some chance had escaped arrest, the elder of the brothers Bratiano, she set out to follow the prisoners.

It was towards the end of September; and the violent autumnal rains had already set in, flooding the long, low plain between Bucharest and the Danube. All night long they drove under the pitiless storm, its very violence serving as safeguard, for the route was deserted, and Bratiano himself left her soon, fearing lest his presence might endanger her safety.

As morning dawned they drew near a small Turkish village beside the river, and there, to her joy, lay a vessel of war, in which, as they soon learned by a casual inquiry, were the imprisoned Roumanian leaders. With the fearlessness of utter self-forgetfulness, she accosted a grave individual wearing a Turkish fez, who was pacing up and down on the river bank, and learned that he was no less a personage than the physician of the Turkish governor of a neighboring town. Telling her story, she begged him to intercede with her husband's jailers that, at least, she might share his captivity; but her

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petition, fortunately as it afterwards proved to be, was refused. Only the grim old Turks, more soft-hearted than they seemed, offered one compensating favor. She would be permitted to embark for a few moments upon the prison ship, and exchange a word with her husband, if she cared to venture into a small boat manned by seven Turkish soldiers, which just then lay off the shore. Hazardous in many respects as it seemed, the young wife never hesitated, but, with her babe upon her breast, she stepped on board and was rowed slowly across the blue water to the bare and crowded deck where the entrapped Roumanian patriots stood or sat, huddled together, without bedding, cloaks, or any change of garments, shivering in insufficient clothing, just as they had walked down from the town to parley with their treacherous foes.

They were the flower of Roumanian youth, and more—her poets, historians, politicians of the future. Balesco, Balintiniano, Jean Bratiano (whose name was united again later with the destinies of his countrymen), Boliac, Avistra, the brothers Golesco, Gradistiano, Jonesco, Ipatesco, Magoveno, Voinesco, Zane, and Blacesco the historian, whose promising career was prematurely cut short by disease, caused by the exposure and privations of this trying period.

Again their captors assured the prisoners that they were but "escorted" or "protected" as far as the Austrian frontier, where they would be set free; and now a curious and unexplained journey began, in which, the boat pulled slowly onward by men on shore, the ascent of the Danube, which might have been made in about thirty-six hours, occupied no less than three weeks, a purposeful delay, apparently intended to cover the time of diplomatic negotiations elsewhere.

Accompanied, at least for the first part of the journey, by a young Hungarian painter named Rosenthal, who was one in sympathy with themselves, and had placed his graceful brush at the service of Roumania and her liberty, Marie Rosetti followed, for the most part on foot, along the river banks the "prison ship," which held one dearer than life to her; ready, quick-brained, and watchful for a chance of rescue.

In the neighborhood of the famous Iron Gates the prisoners were set on shore, and confined for a time in a Turkish fortress—so old and disused a one, indeed, that, as she afterwards laughingly remarked, "I could almost have taken it myself!"

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And in fact she so persistently, so touchingly haunted its bare, half-ruined walls, that she was at length permitted to enter, and to spend some hours with the prisoners; and the phlegmatic old Turks, roused out of their ordinary apathy by the sight of so much courage and devotion, actually vied with one another in serving her, bringing food and milk, and rocking her babe to sleep in their arms, while its parents and their companions snatched a few precious moments together.

They were looking out hopefully for deliverance from France—the France of their dreams and of their desires, thrilling yet under the call to arms of the great "'48"; and with touching faith in her help, every blast of the rude September gales was listened to with beating hearts, which questioned whether it were not the sound of an army from France! But no help came; and a friendly jailer, whispering in Madame Rosetti's ear, let fall the fatal words "Bosnia—to-morrow!"

It meant, captivity and oblivion; the end of Turkey's hesitations, and the end of all hope. The Rosettis knew now that not only was escape their only chance, but a chance which must be swiftly snatched, and that failure once meant living death in a Bosnian prison. So they laid their plans. Not far from the Iron Gates lie the town and fortress of Orsova, an Austrian stronghold on Wallachian territory; and it was arranged that when the little cluster of boats which were now to be substituted for the Turkish vessel of war, approached that town, all, at a given signal, should leap simultaneously on shore, and appeal for protection to the Wallachian populace. But Madame Rosetti, who had arrived at Orsova before them, discovered almost at the last moment that the governor of that town was devoted to Russia, and far from supporting, would hand back any fugitives at once to Turkey; so, standing on the shore as the little fleet of boats came slowly past, she signed to the prisoners, who stood ready to leap on shore, and holding her babe high above her head, she cried out, "*Do not take her until I give her to you.*" They understood, and obeyed; and the little, sleeping "Liberté" had saved them from failure.

Those who made that weary journey never forgot the gracious, winning, courage-giving figure of the young wife and mother as she trod hour by hour and day by day the narrow, rugged pathway which bore them onward. Dressed in the picturesque garb of a Wallachian peasant, which she had donned

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for greater convenience and safety, she shed encouragement and almost happiness by her very presence, as, now holding up her child to meet its father's gaze, now throwing a handful of flowers across the narrow strip of water which separated the prisoners from shore, or calling words of encouragement to one and another, she lightened the long hours of that tedious journey.

No further plans could be formed, no suggestions made from one to the other; they could but watch and await one supreme chance more. And in the end it came; for, arriving at a Wallachian village where they were to halt for the midday meal, their faithful *avant courrier* had been able to gather that the peasant population was favorably inclined towards the travellers. So, when a peremptory message followed them from a Turkish fortress which they had passed *en route*, ordering instant return thither, the prisoners turned upon their escort and declared that they would not accompany them. The officer in command felt himself in somewhat of a dilemma, and, not caring to risk a conflict with the peasantry, returned alone to the fort for further orders. No sooner had he left than the prisoners set out walking quickly away from the village on the *other* side, towards Austria, and their perplexed escort, unable to control, followed them. Madame Rosetti, driving by their side, had provided herself with some flasks of wine, and plied the soldiers with drink at each halt, they meanwhile salving their Mohammedan consciences with the reflection that they were on the *Christian* side of the river! They arrived at the frontier town to find a gorgeous repast prepared for them, Madame Rosetti having preceded them for this purpose; more wine, coffee, liqueurs, pipes, were provided *ad libitum*, and by and by all were soundly sleeping, after somewhat naïvely charging their prisoners "not to go away without waking them"!

Their own awakening was rude; for when they next opened their eyes it was to find the mayor of the village, with some of its principal inhabitants, standing over them, brought by the indefatigable Madame Rosetti. "Where are your passports? Have you any? Then how dare you enter the dominion of H. I. M. the Emperor, *armed?*" The poor Turks were dumbfounded, and had to give up their arms and become prisoners in their turn; while the liberated Roumanians set off with all speed across the devastated country where Servia and Austria,

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Slavs and Hungarians, had been but recently engaged in the struggle for supremacy; by Vienna, and across Germany, to the beloved and long-hoped-for soil of fair France, there to await the dawning of a happier day.

It would be difficult, within the limits of so small a space as we can here command, to give even a slight idea of the progress of the Roumanian nation, from those dark days of 1848 to the present time. After the insurrection of which we have been writing, in which Moldavia joined, a kind of provisional government, called the *Lieutenance Princière*, was formed, composed of the chiefs of all the principal political parties; and this body remained in power until the following September only, when the combined efforts of Russia and Turkey restored the original state of things, and the Danubian principalities, as they were called, lost even the faint remnants of their former independence. After the Crimean War a French protectorate replaced the Russian one, and at length the growing desire for national unity led to the well-known episode of "Colonel Cousa's" election as sovereign, and his speedily forced abdication; after which the Roumanian statesmen proffered, by deputation, a formal request to Prince Charles of Hohenzollern to ascend the throne, with the concurrence of the other European sovereigns; and the *Reminiscences of the King of Roumania* have now told the world the story of the last thirty-five years.

We have all heard of his devoted and accomplished consort, "Carmen Silva," of her literary talent, and of their domestic bereavement; and though in the pages of King Carol's record the name of Rosetti scarcely appears, we know that he lived to witness and rejoice over his country's independence, his courageous little wife beside him, and their children round their knees, while not long since a scarcely noticed paragraph in some of the English papers told the world that "the death is announced of Count Rosetti, the Roumanian patriot. His death is regarded as a national loss."

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KLAUSEN AND SÄBEN.

KLAUSEN, A LITTLE TYROLEAN PARADISE.

BY CHARLOTTE H. COURSEN.

IN a defile, or *Klause*, of the Eisack River, Tyrol, about four miles south-west of the old bishops' town of Brixen, lies the tiny village of Klausen, about 1,695 feet above the sea-level. It is on the old Roman post-road, the Brenner, and is a station on the railway which follows the route indicated by this road.

The valley formed by the rushing green Alpine river, the Eisack, is one of the most beautiful in Tyrol, and here at Klausen the landscape in spring and summer is singularly mellow and restful. All around are wooded heights clothed with old castles and chapels, while in the low land picturesque farm-houses nestle among corn-fields, orchards, chestnut-trees, vineyards, and gardens.

The dominant feature in the scene is the Convent of Säben, which gloriously crowns a rugged height. The oldest towers reveal their Roman origin; above them the bright red roof cuts into the clear blue sky. When the Romans, under Drusus, conquered the Rhætians of the Eisack valley—the Isarci—they

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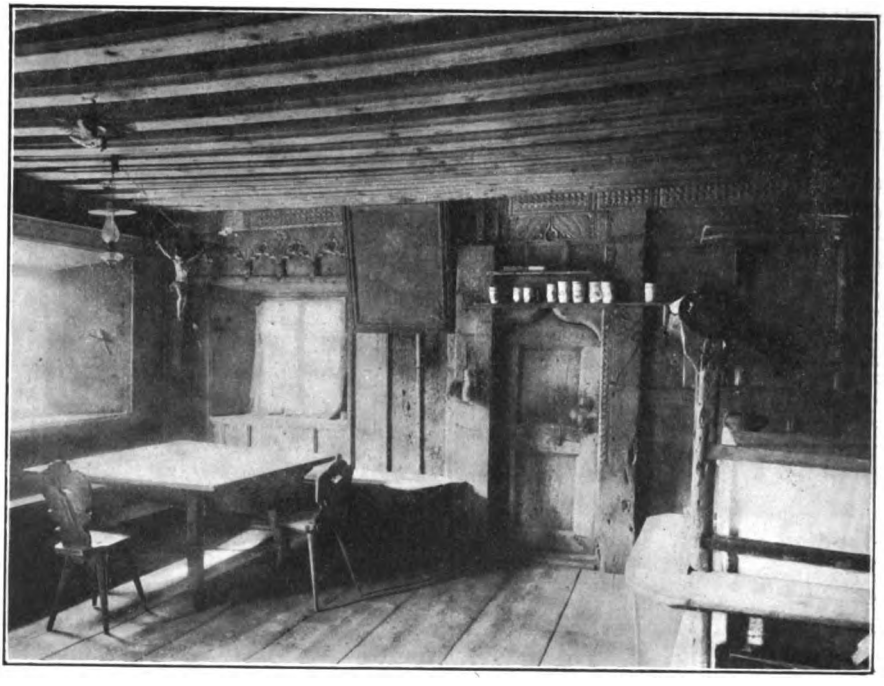
found, it is said, a Rhætian fort on this site. They erected here a fort of their own, which they called Sabiona, also a temple of Isis,* and they settled in the surrounding country. The people still preserve the Romanic type, which springs from a mixture of Latins with other races. Later, Säben became a bishopric, the earliest in Tyrol. In 992 this bishopric was removed to Brixen, where it attained much importance and temporal power.† After this Säben became the seat of a noble family to which belonged the Minnesinger Leuthold, who flourished in the fourteenth century. According to a charming legend, the spirit of Leuthold repeats at Säben his spring song



THE BRUGGER HOUSE.

every year. Emilie von Escherich‡ has elaborated this fancy in a poem which might be freely rendered as follows:

* Vincenz von Pallhausen, in his *Beschreibung der Römerstrasse von Verona nach Augsburg* mentions an image of Isis three feet high, now in the collection of antique sculpture at Munich. It is made of white marble like that found in the upper part of the Eisack valley. He thinks it very possible that this may be the image from Säben, and that it may have been sent to Munich as a gift from the Bishop of Brixen.

† See "The Ancient Tyrolean Bishopric, Brixen," in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, September, 1902.

‡ See *Das Eisackthal in Lied und Sage*, by Conrad Fischnaler.

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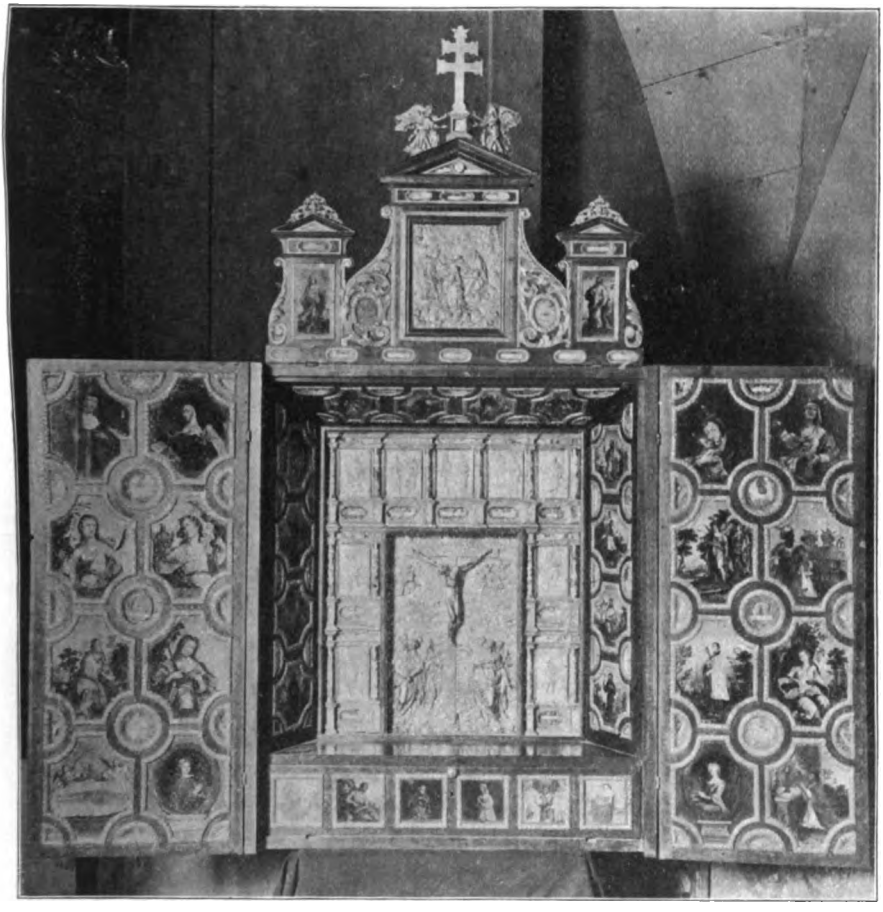

THE FIELD-ALTAR OF CHARLES II.

Herr Leuthold of Säben his spring song is singing
Far up on the hill-side, as low drops the sun;
He sings of the grass and the freshness of flowers,
And all the glad life that is newly begun.

He sings of the birds, and the birds come to listen;
They join to his harp notes their carollings gay;
All sing in the shimmering sunlight together,
And pour a sweet strain to the blossoming May.

He sings of the love of his heart and her beauty,
The troth that has held them, the love that abides;
The silver tones die in the glory of sunset
That pours on the mountains a golden bright tide.

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Then peace in the valley, and peace on the mountain,
And musical peace in the singer's brave breast;
The sounds haunt the heart with the echoes of dreamland,
And under the starlight they whisper of rest.

Herr Leuthold of Säben, how long has thy music
Sent down to the valley thy song of delight?
How many fair springtides, with melody flooded,
Have ended in beauty and sunk into night?

So long as we joy in this jubilant waking,
The warmth after winter, the growth after rain,
So long shall we call to thee, "Leuthold von Säben,
Come, sing us the song of the springtime again!"

It is a remarkable fact, and one that may well be attributed to some racial inheritance, that from this immediate neighborhood came three of the most famous German Minnesingers: Walther von der Vogelweide, Leuthold von Säben, and Oswald von Wolkenstein.*

The last change at Säben took place in 1685, when it became a convent for nuns of the Benedictine order.

The village of Klausen consists of one long, narrow street with a few side alleys. No one knows how old it is, but it is very ancient, and its history was doubtless connected from the start with that of Säben. The variously tinted houses are decorated on the outside with frescoes of the saints, and surrounded with a wealth of fruit trees and flowers. The town pump is presided over by a painted wooden figure of Florian, the saint who extinguishes fires. For a place of its size, Klausen shows a remarkable variety of old Rhæto-German architectural forms, and on this account it is a favorite haunt of artists and of architectural students. There are picturesque balconies, windows, courtyards, stairways, and Gothic doors. In some of the houses no two rooms are on the same level. The wood-carving in the Brugger House is of that ancient Tyrolean type which has been adopted in the new Tourist Bureau at Innsbrück. In the cemetery are quaint chapels adorned with objects carved by peasants.

* For Walther and Leuthold see Julius Wolff's *Tannhäuser*. For Oswald see *Fridel und Oswald*, by Herman Schmid.

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ARTICLES MADE OF CRYSTAL; LORETO TREASURE.

There are several interesting churches: that of the Apostles, that of St. Andrew, the round church of St. Stephen; but chief among them is that of the Capuchins, with its convent, founded in 1699 by Charles II. of Spain to please Gabriel Pontifeser, confessor of his queen, Anne Maria. The outside is simple and bare; within are paintings of the Spanish school which have been wrongly attributed to Murillo. The Loreto Chapel, behind the convent, was built on the site of the confessor's old home, and it is a storehouse of rare paintings and other treasures sent here by Queen Anne Maria when the French were about to enter Madrid in 1706, during the War of the Spanish Succession. Here are pictures by Leonardo da

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Vinci, Titian, Correggio, Rubens, a Madonna on glass by Carlo Dolce; and here are marvellous precious stones, church vessels in gold, silver, and crystal; a field altar by Benvenuto Cellini; vestments for the Mass of silk, lace, and gold embroidery. Tyrol possesses no other ecclesiastical treasure equal to this.

In the neighborhood of the convent is a house which Anne Maria had built for her own occupation. In the large, well-lighted rooms may still be seen the rich stucco work and the magnificent but faded tapestry of her day.

There are many inns, or "guest-houses," in Klausen, but the one that seems to epitomize, as it were, the social life of the place is the ancient *Gasthaus zum Lamm* (Lamb), kept by a deservedly popular host named Kantioler. The house has a plain gray façade. The windows have "bottle-glass" panes, and one of them is of the projecting type called *Erker*, so often seen in Tyrol. We enter and mount by a small stairway to the large upper room, once a council hall, but now known as the Walther Saal, and devoted to the memory of Walther von der Vogelweide. It is divided in the middle by an arch-way resting upon pillars. The walls are frescoed by modern artists in a charming impromptu and haphazard style. Most prominent is a life-sized picture of Walther. Under the arch-way a woman in Old-German costume welcomes the guests with a beaker of wine in her hand, while opposite to her a knight in armor seconds her hospitality. Here is the view of an ancient town, while everywhere are arabesques, lettered scrolls, and clambering vines. At the back of the room a large crucifix is fastened to the frescoed wall, and in front of this hangs a great antique candelabrum. From a corner close at hand a stairway leads to a little stone gallery by which one passes to the guest chambers, or else out to a garden which extends over the rocks at a level above the house—a garden of spicy trees, of roses, and mignonette. The Walther Saal is patronized by people of all nations, but to the Tyroleans and their German-speaking brethren it has a special significance. Sometimes from the grand piano in one of the corners floats the enticing music of a Strauss waltz, and Walther, looking down upon the dancers, seems to say: "Tyrolean comrades, still you love your dancing, singing, and flowers, as in 'Those happy days now lost in Time's great sea!'"

This room is a sacred haunt for authors, musicians, and

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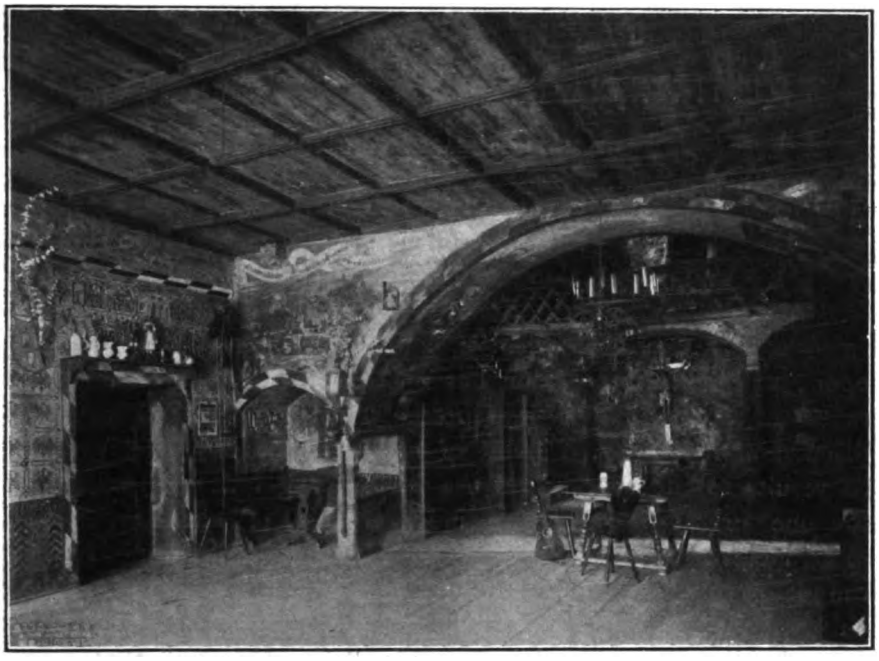

THE INN OF "THE LAMB."

artists, some of whom have studios at Klausen. Here the initiated knights of art and literature assemble at their Round Table, and the visitors' book will best show who they are and what they can do.

Like every other place, Klausen is best seen by the loiterers, and by those who are in touch with the spirit of the people. The neighborhood, with its superb outlooks, invites one to tarry. From Villanders one sees twenty castles and as many villages or more. From Cassian's Peak one has a view extending from the Ortler, on the Swiss, Italian, and Tyrolean frontiers, to the Gross Glockner, in Carinthia.

About six miles north-west of Latzfous ,the pilgrimage church of the Holy Cross rises from near the summit of the Alp Ritzlor, above the line of vegetation, and visible from all the surrounding country. What a sublime thought—of the Everlasting light thus lifted so far above the changes and chances of this earth, to beckon upward, as it seems, to "star-like mingle with the stars"!

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IS IT IGNORANCE OR BIGOTRY, OR BOTH?

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

THE last twenty-five years in America have marked a large advance in the enlightenment of the public mind along many lines of thought and understanding. Sources of information, at least in the preliminaries of knowledge, have been thrown open; and mistaken opinion has no longer the excuse of ignorance in the prejudice it represents. Many powerful causes, discussion, the Press, a habit of specializing study and giving its results to the world, and the humanizing influence which is the one bright spot in the modern idea of altruism, force toward clearness of vision and kindliness of judgment. If we cannot go to the length of thoughtless optimism in which some philanthropists involve all dogmas and beliefs, sacred or profane; holding, like the philosopher in "The Mikado," that

> "You are right, and I am right,
> And all is right as right can be"—

we are at least tending more in that direction than during the old epoch of fallacy and misconception. And although the higher grace of Christian love is often lacking in our methods of helpfulness, there has certainly come a wide understanding of the beauty of charity, and its personal application to the affairs of life.

In the face of this upward trend it becomes, therefore, all the more significant when one set of ethical questions, not difficult to explain or to answer, are still as little understood as ever. In many respects the Protestant point of view regarding the Catholic is as crassly wrong as in the days of Martin Luther. Research may have stripped historical actor and scene of errors in stage costuming and disfiguring properties; wider reading and better understanding removed misapprehension; yet too often the old shibboleths usurp the place of honest criticism, and the bias of censure holds its own. The protests and suspicions of darker ages, a hundred times proven false, defame the body of Christians at whom they were first levelled too

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frequently to be the result of chance or accident. It reminds one of the Jews of Jerusalem striving to retain their prestige by accusing the little group of believers.

At best, and with the kindest interpretation, this can only be the result of an indifference so culpable as to be vicious. How else could a minister of the Gospel, in good standing, dare express himself as did one in the City of Boston a few years since? I quote from the published report of a convention of Universalist clergymen, who at the time were debating the vexed problem of parochial and public schools. "The Catholic Church is sly," said a minister present. "Yes," said Dr.——, "as sly as the serpent and much more venomous. There are things going on in Boston to-day in that church which, if known by the public and understood, would make them horror-stricken. What is the meaning of cells under our own cathedral here in Boston? Not many of the Catholics themselves know." Which last statement had certainly its inadvertent modicum of truth

How, again, could it transpire that, without a guilty disregard for available sources of information, such an incident as the following should pass unchallenged in a gathering of respectable and important persons. A meeting had been called—again in Boston—for the purpose of providing means for the establishment of an American college in Madrid, devoted to the higher education of women. Now, higher education is an admirable object wherever it may be instituted; although one may well wonder why Americans should go so far afield to promote it while women among the poor whites of the Southern States are left in woeful and almost absolute ignorance, and while hundreds of cities in different portions of the Union are yet unprovided with the best methods in pedagogy. But this eccentricity may be condoned, if those who undertake the business of providing opportunity can prove themselves to be guided only by the desire to enfranchise their sisters anywhere from lower to loftier and broader realms of knowledge. Pure motives of helpfulness we have a right to demand, if there is to be any degree of honor or success. There must be no ulterior ends; there must be clean hands and unprejudiced judgment; there must be, above all, a sympathetic understanding of the conditions among which the work is to be carried on, and the natures upon which they are to experiment. When,

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then, one of the best known and most eloquent speakers gives the motive for this appeal and the basis upon which the proposed undertaking is to rest; it is worthy of notice. I quote again from the morning report of the proceedings: "We are going," said the reverend speaker, after many others had advanced their reasons for encouraging the undertaking,—"we are going to build this school, not because we believe a Spanish girl is any more ripe for education than any other girl, but because we want to erect a monument there which a hundred years hence shall be regarded as marking the exchange from a reign of the devil to the reign of Jesus Christ. Such a monument must be erected; and the place to erect it is not at Washington but in Madrid, the capital of the Spanish nation."

In the face of this amazing, and to most thoughtful minds monstrous statement, it is but natural to look at the nation and people so characterized, and to find what reason Spain and the Spaniards have given to deserve it. In regard to her intellectual and educational status, the answer to the question is not hard to find. A long list of authors, Spanish, German, French, and English, are ready to be consulted, and this article presents a very slight *résumé* of the result.

Without going back to the so-called "Dark Ages"—when strife and bloodshed hid more light than were usually supposed to exist in them—there are abundant evidences that Spain was in possession of her proportionate share of learning even before the thirteenth century. Moor and Christian, during the seven hundred years of the usurpation, conducted schools for technical as well as intellectual training; while song and story were a common inheritance from an early date. "The origin of Castilian poetry," says Bouterwek, "is lost in the obscurity of the middle ages." The poem of the Cid, the earliest authentic remnant of their troubadours, belongs somewhere in the later years of the twelfth century. Closely following or preceding it, in 1200, was the installation of the University of Salamanca, for centuries one of the most notable centres of advanced education in Europe. Its liberal advantages were shared by an immense body of students—at one time, according to authorities, numbering ten thousand. It contained twenty-eight colleges of greater or less degree, and drew its scholars and professors from centres of the highest culture and repute in the civilized world.

Fifty-three years later the advent of Alonso el Sabio marked

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a new impulse along many lines of learning. Himself a student and a dreamer, pathetically out of place in the troublous times which encompassed him, he gathered at his court not only poets and romancers, but historians, chroniclers, and astronomers. The renaissance of letters which was just beginning in Europe made itself felt beyond the Pyrenees. His father, St. Ferdinand, a brave and noble character, had succeeded in turning the attention of a few scholars toward the vulgar tongue of Spain as a vehicle of expression, for which Latin had been heretofore the sole medium. The son enlarged and inspired the work; beginning to do for his country what Dante Alighieri was to accomplish so grandly for Italy a little later. Sometimes as author, sometimes as collector, Alonso gathered in the Gallican dialect not only the strange mass of tradition and romance included in his Cantigas, and the legal codes of the Siete Partidas, but the commencement of an authorized record of Spanish history which lasted with but few interruptions up to modern times. He also caused a translation of the Bible to be prepared, in the common speech of the people, with an appended paraphrase of Scripture. By offers of substantial reward and honorable positions, he induced kindred spirits to surround him; and with their aid produced works which would have been considered important at any time, but which in that pale dawn of intellectual activity were marvellous. The fragments of law, which St. Ferdinand had attempted to transcribe for the practical guidance of affairs, he amplified into a code of which portions remain in use to-day. He left also the beginnings of astronomical calculations which made a basis for later research; and most of these were daring innovations because prepared in the vernacular. It was in this mood that Spain accepted the scholastic revival which was beginning to arouse Europe.

Although not much literary activity was recorded during the next two hundred years, Spain held its own among nations, with the possible exception of Italy. In 1346 the University of Valladolid, and in 1410 that of Valencia, were founded. The *Book of Sages*, with other books of love and of chivalry, appeared; and *Amadis de Gaul*, which is still a classic. Knights as well as monks did service in letters from time to time. But it was only with the advent of Queen Isabella the Catholic that the clouded heaven cleared, although there had begun to be signs of promise during the reign of her father, John II. of

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Castile. The school of Igüenza in 1471, and of Avila in 1482, both probably attest the interest in intellectual matters which his love of literary pursuits, and the influence of the brilliant men who made up his court, aroused in the kingdom.

As woman, even more than as queen, this wonderful Isabella was the strongest force for good that probably ever influenced the destinies of a nation. Her pure and simple life, her greatness of heart, her nobility of motive, her accuracy of judgment, and the unerring precision of her methods and plans, were heralds of sanity and advance for her people. There are few brighter pages in history than those that tell of her family life. Sitting among her ladies in the palace garden, superintending their studies and pastimes; reciting Latin with the pretty flock of royal children; offering little prizes for the best designs in tapestry, or a new stitch in embroidery; smiling, serene, joyous, in the midst of harassing disorders within, and warlike clamor without,—it is a picture of beauty even to the casual looker-on. It gives a vivid touch of reality to read that once it was her little daughter Catherine, afterwards that sad Queen Catherine of brutal Henry VIII., who received the reward for exquisite sewing.

"After the example of Charlemagne," says one historian, "the queen instituted a 'Schola Palatina'—that is, a school to accompany the court wherever it went." Little by little the young nobles, who before had only dreamed of prowess in war or the devices of chivalry, began to be drawn toward the delights of mental exercise; and at last, according to Erasmus, "no Spaniard was considered noble who showed an indifference to learning." Heffele, in his *Life of Cardinal Ximenes*, says: "Many belonging to the first houses of the Spanish nobility, once so haughty and proud, now made no hesitation in occupying chairs in the universities. Gutierre de Toledo, son of the Duke of Alva and cousin of the king, lectured in the University of Salamanca; as also did Don Pedro Fernandez de Velasco, son of the Count of Hara. Noble dames likewise vied with illustrious grandees for the prize of literary pre-eminence; while many of them even held chairs in the universities, and gave public lectures in eloquence and the classics.*

* Some of these names have been preserved. Among them are the Marchioness of Monteaguda, who was the queen's instructor in Latin; Doña Frañcisca de Lebrija, and Doña de Medano, who both held positions in universities as lecturers.

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With an enlightenment beyond that of her sex and times, Queen Isabella broke up the savage wildness of the interior of her kingdom by a vast system of highways, opening great avenues for freer intercourse through the country, and making quicker communication possible between distant posts. She patrolled these routes by an army of high-born volunteers, who enrolled themselves as special guardians of travel and traffic, assuring safe transit. Immediately the scourge of brigandage disappeared; and for the first time in the history of Spain travellers journeyed for pleasure and in safety. In an age which recognized the principle of protection to its highest power, province raising its barriers against province, and town against town, she enacted a law admitting printed books free of duty, and even defrayed the costs of transportation. By large bounties she induced foreign printers to take up their abode in her realm; and appointed a committee of supervision to guard against unworthy treatment of important subjects in the books issued. Civil advantages, and freedom from taxation, as well as substantial rewards in titles and moneys, were some of the inducements offered for superior excellence in workmanship; and the nation responded eagerly to her lead in accepting this new means of education. It became the fashion for the nobility and aristocracy to patronize the establishment of printing-presses, and even to defray the cost of producing certain editions at their own expense. The different institutions, under the guidance of the teaching orders, also set up publishing bureaus; and soon most of the great cities and larger towns of Spain were represented in the new movement. Before the year 1500, three hundred and sixty-seven books had been issued in the different provinces, many of them in repeated editions. A thousand high-priced copies of Lebrija's *Essays on Language and Criticism* were sold in the first year, and a second supply demanded. A full list of the titles which were printed at this time is given in some of the old Spanish records, with the division of the output among the different houses. As early as 1478 the Bible was published in the Valencian idiom; and the haste with which this event pressed on the heels of opportunity silences the old falsehood of keeping the Scriptures from the people. But the pre-eminent literary achievement of the age, and its lasting pride, was the production of the Polyglot Bible at Alcalá. To call together scholars of the required ability, and

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to hold them for fifteen years through times of such political unrest and confusion, was a phenomenal triumph even for the great man who accomplished it. The moulding of type alone in the Hebrew, Greek, and Chaldean characters was a work of infinite difficulty.

Another act of this wise sovereign should personally endear her to us, who boast of the wise and farseeing policy of our forefathers in the same direction. Harassed by unknown foes, and yet uncertain of what the future held for them, the early settlers of America laid aside a portion of their scant treasure for the establishment of better means of education. Isabella came to the throne during such a period of political unrest, and after a reign of such senseless extravagance on the part of her unworthy brother, Henry, that there was not even money for the most necessary expenses. Yet we find her making use of the first funds raised in the united kingdoms of Castile and Aragon for the promotion of a revival of learning. New schools were endowed, and old ones re established. In a very short period for such undertakings there were founded the institutions of Toledo, Seville, Ognati, Valencia, Santiago, and Avila. Some of these afterwards reached the dignity of universities. Compared with this heroic work for the advancement of her people, how poor are the two incidents with which her fame is almost wholly associated in the public mind! The patronage of Columbus and the Expulsion of the Moors were both in a measure accidental. Pledging of crown jewels was a not unusual means of raising funds for the promotion of enterprise in those days; and events had long been turning toward the final defeat and overthrow of the Saracenic rulers. But the wise and noble thought for education was pre-eminently her own; unaided by circumstances, and in the face of grievous difficulty.

It was in the year 1500 that the great Ximenes, a prime minister worthy the sovereign he served, began the project of founding the University of Alcalá, which merits a word by itself. Already, for two hundred years, a school had existed in Alcalá de Henares, a location justly celebrated for its healthful air and beautiful surroundings. On account of these advantages the cardinal chose it for the site of his new institution. The faculty consisted of thirty-three professors, with twelve priests, among whom the pastoral and administrative duties were divided.

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At the formal inauguration, in 1508, there were forty-two chairs, divided as follows: six of theology; four, medicine; six, canon law; one, anatomy; one, surgery; eight, philosophy; one, moral philosophy; one, mathematics; four, Latin and Greek; four, rhetoric; and six, grammar. Among the number of professors were many celebrated men, like Lebrija in philology, and the converted Jew, Paulo Coronel, in Hebrew. Connected with the houses were two in which poor scholars were taught, fed, and clothed free. Beside the head college of San Ildefonso were six or eight others, devoted more or less to specialties, with a building for students who fell ill during term, and numerous schools conducted by the teaching orders, so that their theological students might follow courses in the central university. With such advantages one is not surprised at Prescott's statement that 7,000 undergraduates went out from Alcalá to meet Francis I. on the occasion of his visit some twenty years after.

One drastic and salutary law, that might well find a place in the unwritten code regulating similar modern institutions, was inaugurated by the far-sighted cardinal for the benefit of his pet university. No professor, however capable or famous, could hold his chair longer than four years without passing an examination to show that his mind was alert, and that he was keeping pace with the requirements instead of falling into the dulness of routine. Attendance at lectures was also noted—not to determine the student's attainments, but those of the instructor. A man who could not make his subject sufficiently attractive to insure attention and respect was considered unworthy his position.

Alcalá flourished with varying fortunes into the nineteenth century, when a revocation of its charter for a time closed the doors of the school. But evidently a broader policy prevailed later, since the encyclopedias of 1876 record its amalgamation with the University of Madrid, and the removal to that city of its faculties and valuable library. In the glory of its renown, Isabella as well as Ximenes must share. It was to her enthusiasm and moral support that its inception and prosperity were largely owing.

Like a swift harvest of the seed planted by the great queen, there was given to the world within the next hundred years the splendid trilogy of Spanish Immortals—Cervantes,

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Lope de Vega, and Calderon, whose fame and work enrich the world. There were also a host of lesser writers and scholars who might have made more claim to attention if the political atmosphere of the times had been less murky, or the sovereigns under whom they lived less blind.* But the incubus of a long sequence of misgovernment, from the shallow magnificence of Charles I. to the final impotence of Charles II., crushed life and ambition in the unfortunate people they so grievously used. Still the monastic establishments sustained their brave struggle with evil conditions: each one the nucleus of a little circle of light and education, keeping alive traditions of past and hope of future glory. The University of Baëza was founded in 1548, and that of Osuna in 1548; the great school of Granada in 1531, and Oviedo in 1580. And it is impossible to read the older and more authentic annals of the Spanish and French chroniclers, without being struck by the numerous exceptions to what at first sight seems an unbroken sombreness of inaction and laxity.

The eighteenth century begins in much the same temper. With the reign of Charles III. came another period of at least intermittent progress in education. Among other measures for internal improvement he endowed new schools, and showed a real consideration for the culture of art and science. We read of one famous girl graduate, Doña Maria de Guzman y la Cerda, who at seventeen years of age came before the faculty of Alcalá and passed superbly the examinations in languages, arts, and philosophy. She received from the hands of the king her degrees as "Doctoress" in these branches, and in the Litteræ Humaniores, holding appointments in each in the university.† Moratin, one of the favorite Spanish dramatists, many of whose plays, like "El Si de las Miñas," yet hold their place on the stage, flourished toward the closing years of 1700; but in a general way the signs of intellectual activity are but as threads of pure gold and sterling silver in a woof of dull hues and sombre texture.

* It is interesting here to note that a new edition of *La Perfecta Casada*, from the pen of one of those almost forgotten authors, Fray Luis de Leon, who wrote about 1580, has just been reissued from the press of the University of Chicago. It consists of a series of essays on the duties of a married woman, with a clever and graphic description of manners and customs in Spain during the fourteenth century.

† An interesting article in *Littell's Living Age* for October, 1900, gives the main details of her life, with her early death at thirty-three.

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With the nineteenth century the prestige of Spain, so far as great names is concerned, is again brought before the world. Beginning with the so-called "School of Salamanca," which endeavored to prune the many extravagances of style and substance that a foolish admiration for the eccentricities of French writers had produced, in the two or three generations preceding, it developed a really admirable merit in the authors who came after. A score of important names in different branches of literature and study might be cited between 1815 and 1850, while the modern school of authors and students bristles with celebrities. In the prevalent craze of the world for French models, they have been unfairly discriminated against; but their power is fast forcing recognition. Cecilia Böhl de Faber, better known by her *nom de plume* of Fernan Caballero, has notably presented the claims of her people to the attention of critics in her admirable *Novelas de Costumbres.* Exquisite in power and finish, inspired by an ardent patriotism and sympathy, they unite the strength and pathos of George Sand to a high morality, and a fine realism that happily does not exclude virtue. Her private life was one of exquisite purity and usefulness. Other names well known and loved in their native land, though little recognized in ours, are the poets Gertrudis de Avellanda and Carolina Coronado. Better known and understood are Castelar, who as orator and writer has secured his place in history; Sagasta and Canovas in government; and the galaxy of essayists and romancers, Saavedra, Valera, Galdos, Alarçon, Pereda, the Jesuit Father Colomba, Valdès, and Echegaray, who make part of an endless list of striking versatility.

In the front rank with them,—indeed, in the front rank with the literary minds of the century,—is Emelia Pardo de Bazan. This very remarkable personality, whose novels show not only broad grasp of general principles, but fine analysis of subtle detail and psychical problems; who dares the vital questions of the day, as in her impassioned appeal for the abolition of Capital Punishment,* and who was the official representative of the press of Spain at the last Paris Exposition, is one of the most remarkable intellects in modern Europe. She has travelled extensively, and studied deeply; and she was the first of her sex ever chosen to address the Atenéo of Madrid—a

* *La Piedra Angular.*

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literary society which includes the first men of letters and science in the country. And she is still in the vigor of her fame.

With her might well be placed that other admirable and gracious figure, Queen Christina; who, although not native born, is Spanish to the core in soul and spirit. Her firm and judicious control of the *disjecta membra* of Spanish politics, her wise foresight and loving care for the interests of the young king, and her large-hearted love for the nation of her adoption have made her remarkable. In the pitiless glare of "the white light that beats upon a throne" she has disarmed prejudice by a rare tact, and won friends by an equally rare judgment.

It is of interest in this connection to note the name and standing of Spanish universities that were still open in 1876, with the date of foundation and the attendance of each. For convenience they are appended in tabular form:

Name.	*Foundation.*	*Attendance.*
Salamanca,	1200,	266.
Valladolid,	1346,	940.
Valencia,	1410,	942.
Zaragoza,	1474,	826.
Sevilla,	1502,	2,252.
Santiago,	1504,	649.
Oviedo,	1580,	163.
Granada,	1531,	706.
Madrid,*	1836.	5,475.
Barcelona,	1450,	2,440.

Nor is the Spain of to-day so fallen from its high estate as to be wholly without honor. Great prejudice, an apparently invincible ignorance, and a colossal hardihood have done their worst to place the lowest possible estimate on everything Spanish at home and abroad. Bishop Potter, after four days in the Philippines, dares to speak to an intelligent audience and give his misinterpretations of a troubled situation with the authority of dogma. Self-interest and lamentable ignorance have distorted motives and perverted facts until the truth is no longer recognizable. Yet within a few years, in the Castilian Club of Boston, a Protestant clergyman, who had made the subject his study, gave statistics to show that in the march of

* To this was added the University of Alcalá after its suppression.

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modern improvement among nations, within the previous fifty years Spain had been no laggard; but that in comparison with the earlier inertia from which she had broken, was honorably keeping pace with her sisters. A writer in the magazine *Education*, for October, 1900, states that "Schools afforded by the state since 1868 are free; and the sexes to some extent are coeducated." She goes on to say: "A law of 1887 provides an elementary school for girls in every village of 500 inhabitants or over; while the Association for the Education of Women, organized as long ago as 1870 by Don Fernando de Castro, rector of the University of Alcalá-Madrid, provides for higher advantages in the normal school, whose lectures are well attended." Between 1870 and 1880, she finds 117 names of women recorded as attending lectures at the different universities with the men, after having first passed the necessary examinations. Many, if not most of these, she supposes to have been graduated from the private schools, which are largely supported by voluntary contribution, and often under control of foreign societies.

A National Pedagogic Conference which was held in Madrid in 1882 under the patronage of Alfonso XII., and a second which took place in 1892, look very much as if Spain were well aroused to the exigencies of the present times. The London Annual Registers of the last ten or twelve years, although they do not devote as many paragraphs to Spain as there are chapters for the English-speaking countries, bear witness to many items of readjustment to the best modern conditions and a thoughtful vision for pitfalls in the way of progress. They show a land that in spite of fierce upheaval of traditions, and throes of civil and foreign wars, has evinced a remarkable alertness in the discussion of all matters pertaining to advance. The volume of 1901 records her as aroused anew to the importance of the educational question, and devoting time and means for its elucidation. As far back as 1890 they demonstrate public interest in the problems of labor and capital; and a continual discussion on the subject, which culminated later in the passage of laws. These were, first, the fixing of a working day of eight hours; second, the creation in every municipality of a commission for the protection of workingmen; third, provision for the free transport by rail from one city to another of those in search of employment; and fourth, the

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daily publication in *La Gaceta* of Madrid of the rates of wages in every province of Spain—presumably to insure an equality of compensation.

Indeed, since Gil de Zarate published his three large volumes on educational questions in Spain, in 1855, having been then for six years minister or director of public instruction, there has been no lack of interest or literature concerning the subject. Among others, a paper in the *Revista Europea* of August, 1879, by Alcánzara Garcia, gives an account of the introduction of the Froebel Kindergarten system into the Spanish schools; while another professor, writing a few years later, records that teaching by plays, games, and songs had been known and used in the primary departments some twenty years earlier. A brochure on *Higher Education in Spain*, in 1899, bristles with pertinent and progressive suggestions by a practical teacher who shows an intimate knowledge of modern requirements and the means of adopting them. A really admirable and important addition to study of the same subject is *La Ensañanza en el Siglo XX.*, published in 1900, by Señor Ricardo Becerro de Bengoa, member of the Academy and professor of the Atenéo of Madrid. The author gives an eminently fair and generous estimate of the progress made in other nations; but still has the hardihood to doubt that foreign methods, imported without adaptation, will ever supply Spanish needs. He shows that for thirty years past both the government and the teaching bodies "have made generous and persistent effort to study systems and desolve difficulties." "But it hurts us," he says, "to change our position; we still hold from our Arab blood the ruinous virtue of contentment; even when it means contentment with poverty, mediocrity, and inertia." In a review of German, English, American, and French universities, he makes careful comparison, and tempers praise with some extremely well-founded objections. He criticises particularly the pretensions of Prussia, which by constantly claiming precedence, has grown to be regarded as the most educated among the kingdoms; while yet the percentage of illiteracy is from twenty to thirty among its people and where the "narrow, rigid, and formal rules better fit the inmates of a barrack than the citizens of a great country." He finds the German teaching profession very poorly paid, and held in slight respect.

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This interesting volume contains a gratifying list of schools, academies, and colleges scattered all over Spain, that have shown themselves responsive to the best ideas of modern pedagogy. Special mention is made, among many others, of the seminary yet flourishing at Alcalá de Henares, on part of the site of the ancient university; the beautiful college of the Jesuit fathers at Chambertin de la Rosa; the model institution founded in Madrid in 1873 by the Association for the Education of Women;* and the Normal School of Teachers, also for women, in the same city.

At the close it pays a sympathetic tribute to the spirit and energy of the large body of teachers who are working so earnestly throughout the country for the improvement of education; and quotes in their regard the testimony of M. Maurice Faure, minister of public instruction in France, as to the position of instructors in his own land: "Never have our professors studied the subject of pedagogy more intimately; and never have they manifested in the service of the government such good will, such intelligence, and such devotion to the public good, as they do to-day."

And this is the country and the people to be delivered over "from the reign of the devil to the reign of Jesus Christ" by the medium of an American college for women in Madrid, in the beginning of the Twentieth Century! If the fool shall be answered according to his folly, there is little doubt of the reply of Spain.

* In 1900 the alumnæ of this school numbered already 7,000.

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MARY.

BY JAMES REEGAN.

WITHIN the Temple sacred to her race
Mary the sinless, childlike maiden knelt,
While Angels heard within that holy place
The perfect prayer sent forth by her to God:
"Take Thou my soul, my flesh, that they with Thee
May form a perfect trinity."

God heard the maiden's prayer, and took her hand
And led her to the highest heights of love—
Of sacrifice—for such is love's demand,
Where Mary's heart in death-like anguish prayed:
"Both heart and soul are Thine, e'en at this price
Take them, my Son, in perfect sacrifice."

After time's harsh delay, after earth's pain,
Christ led the mother to her glorious throne.
Hence springs from heavenly hosts the loud refrain,
The pæan of saints, creation's saving truth,
The Maker's and the creature's victory—
That both may dwell in perfect unity.

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ROMAN FOUNTAINS.

BY E. McAULIFFE.

WATER is the living joy of Rome.

"Men here in Rome have written their names in water, and it has kept them longer than bronze or marble; . . . the water that is everywhere in Rome, floating, falling, shining, splashing, with the clouds mirrored on its surface, and the swallows skimming its foam.

"I wonder to hear people say that Rome is sad with all that mirth and music of its water laughing through all its streets, till the steepest and stoniest ways are murmurous with it as any brook-fed forest depths. Here water is Protean, sovereign and slave, sorcerer and servant; slaking the mule's thirst, and shining in porphyry on the prince's terrace, filling the well in the cabbage garden, and leaping aloft against the Pope's palace; first called to fill the baths of the Agrippines and serve the Naumachia of Augustus, it bubbles from a griffin's jaws, or from a wolf's teeth, or any other of the thousand quaint things set in the masonry at the street corners, and washes the people's herbs and carrots, and is lapped by the tongues of dogs, and thrashed by the bare brown arms of washer-women. First brought from the hills to flood the green Numidian marble of the thermæ, and lave the limbs of the patricians between the cool mosaic walls of the tepidarium, it contentedly becomes a household thing, twinkling like a star at the bottom of deep old wells in dusky courts, its rest broken a dozen times a day by the clash of the chain on the copper pail; above it the carnations of the kitchen balcony and the caged blackbird of the cook.

"One grows to love the Roman fountains as sea-born men the sea. Go where you will there is the water; whether it foams by Trevi, where the green moss grows in it like ocean weed about the feet of the ocean god, or whether it rushes, reddened by the evening light, from the mouth of an old lion that once saw Cleopatra; whether it leaps high in air, trying

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to reach the gold cross on St. Peter's, or pours its triple cascade over the Pauline granite; whether it spouts out of a great barrel in a wall in old Trastevere, or throws up into the air a gossamer as fine as Arachne's web in a green garden-way

THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI.

where the lizards run, or in a crowded corner where the fruit-sellers sit against the wall,—in all its shapes one grows to love the water that fills Rome with an unchanging melody all through the year.

"And best of all I love my own torrent that tumbles out of the masonry here close to the bridge of Sixtus, and has its two streams crossing one another like sabres gleaming bright against the dark, damp, moss-covered stones. There are so many fountains in our Rome, glorious, beautiful, and springing to high heaven, that nobody notices this one much, as, coming down through the Via Giulia, the throngs hurry on over the bridge, few, I fear, praying for the soul of the man that built it, as the inscription asks of them to do, with a humility that is touching in a Pontiff!"

The writer of the above appreciated the beauty of the water

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of Rome, as Ruskin appreciated the beauty of the "stones of Venice." Where all is beauty, above, beneath, around, one knows not what is most fascinating; one's attention is enchained at every step. Let us take a nearer view of these fountains, entering Rome by the Porta del Popolo; the most beautiful square (Piazza) in Europe is before us. The obelisk in the centre has a fountain at its base; four lions, life-size, pour from their mouths copious streams of water which fall into an immense basin of granite. On either side of the piazza are smaller fountains surmounted by colossal groups in marble. The water in these latter flows in sparkling showers from a small basin into a larger one, and again into another still larger. The effect of these crystal fringes is charming.

We can here ascend the slopes of the Pincian hill, and passing through its leafy arcades, and by numerous fountains in great variety of design, reach the Via Sistina. We are soon at Piazza Barberini, and in front of the celebrated fountain of the Tritone, by Bernini. A group of dolphins support a large shell on which sits a triton, blowing through a smaller shell a jet of water to an immense height. Keeping straight on, we ascend the Quirinal hill through the Via Quattro Fontane (four fountains), passing by the Barberini palace and gardens, until we come to the Via Quirinale, which crosses it at right angles; at each of the four angles is a fountain; these are set against the walls of the corner buildings, and consist of classic figures in gray stone, pouring streams of water into as many basins.

From here it is only a short distance to the fountain of Trevi, the description of which I will quote from Hawthorne:

"The fountain of Trevi draws its precious water from a source far beyond the walls, whence it flows hitherward through old subterranean aqueducts, and sparkles forth as pure as the virgin who first led Agrippa to its well-springs by her father's door.

"In the design of the fountain some sculptor of Bernini's school has gone absolutely mad, in marble. It is a great palace front, with niches and many bas-reliefs, out of which looks Agrippa's legendary virgin, and several of the allegoric sisterhood; while at the base appears Neptune with his floundering steeds, and tritons blowing their horns about him, and twenty other artificial fantasies, which the calm moonlight soothes into better taste than is native to them.

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"And after all it is as magnificent a piece of work as ever human skill contrived.

"At the foot of the palatial façade is strewn, with careful wit and ordered regularity, a broad and broken heap of massive rock, looking as if it may have lain there since the deluge. Over a central precipice falls the water, in a semicircular cascade; and from a hundred crevices, on all sides, snowy jets gush up,

ROMAN URCHINS.

and streams spout out of the mouths and nostrils of stone monsters, and fall in glistening drops; while other rivulets that have run wild, come leaping from one rude step to another, over stones that are mossy, shining, and green with sedge, because, in a century of their wild play, nature has adopted the fountain of Trevi, with all its elaborate devices, for her own. Finally the water, tumbling, sparkling, and dashing, with joyous haste under never-ceasing murmur, pours itself into a great marble basin and reservoir, and fills it with a quivering tide;

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THE AQUA PAOLO,—ONE OF THE GRANDEST FOUNTAINS OF ROME.

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on which is seen, continually, a snowy semicircle of momentary foam from the principal cascade, as well as a multitude of snow points from smaller jets.

"The basin occupies the whole width of the piazza, whence flights of steps descend to its border. A boat might float, and make mimic voyages on this artificial lake.

"In the daytime there is hardly a livelier scene in Rome than the neighborhood of the fountain of Trevi; for the piazza is then filled with stalls of vegetable and fruit dealers, chestnut roasters, cigar venders, etc. It is likewise thronged with idlers, lounging over the iron railing, and with *forestieri* who come here to see the famous fountain. Here also are men with buckets, urchins with cans, and maidens (a sight as old as the patriarchal times) bearing their pitchers upon their heads. For the water of Trevi is in request, far and wide, as the most refreshing draught for feverish lips, the pleasantest to mingle with the wine, and the wholesomest to drink, in its native purity, that can anywhere be found. But at midnight the piazza is a solitude; and it is a delight to behold this untamable water, sporting by itself in the moonshine, and compelling all the elaborate trivialities of art to assume a natural aspect, in accordance with its own powerful simplicity. Tradition goes, that a parting draught at the fountain of Trevi insures a traveller's return to Rome, whatever obstacles and improbabilities may seem to beset him."

In the piazza of St. Peter's are two magnificent fountains whose beauty depends not on artistic ornaments, but on the grand mass of water rising to the height of sixty-four feet and falling into immense basins. These fountains are always in motion, sending up their cool spray and catching the sun's rays until they form brilliant rainbows.

The Aqua Paolo, on the Janiculum, close by the Franciscan church of San Pietro in Montorio, is one of the most splendid fountains. It has a grand façade, resembling that of a church, with Ionic columns of red granite; between the columns are niches, five in number, from which the water rushes in great masses into an immense basin beneath.

The Aqua Felice, near the baths of Diocletian, is also in the design of a façade; with three arched niches, containing colossal statues of Moses, Aaron, and Gedeon. The central figure is a copy of Michael Angelo's Moses in St. Pietro in

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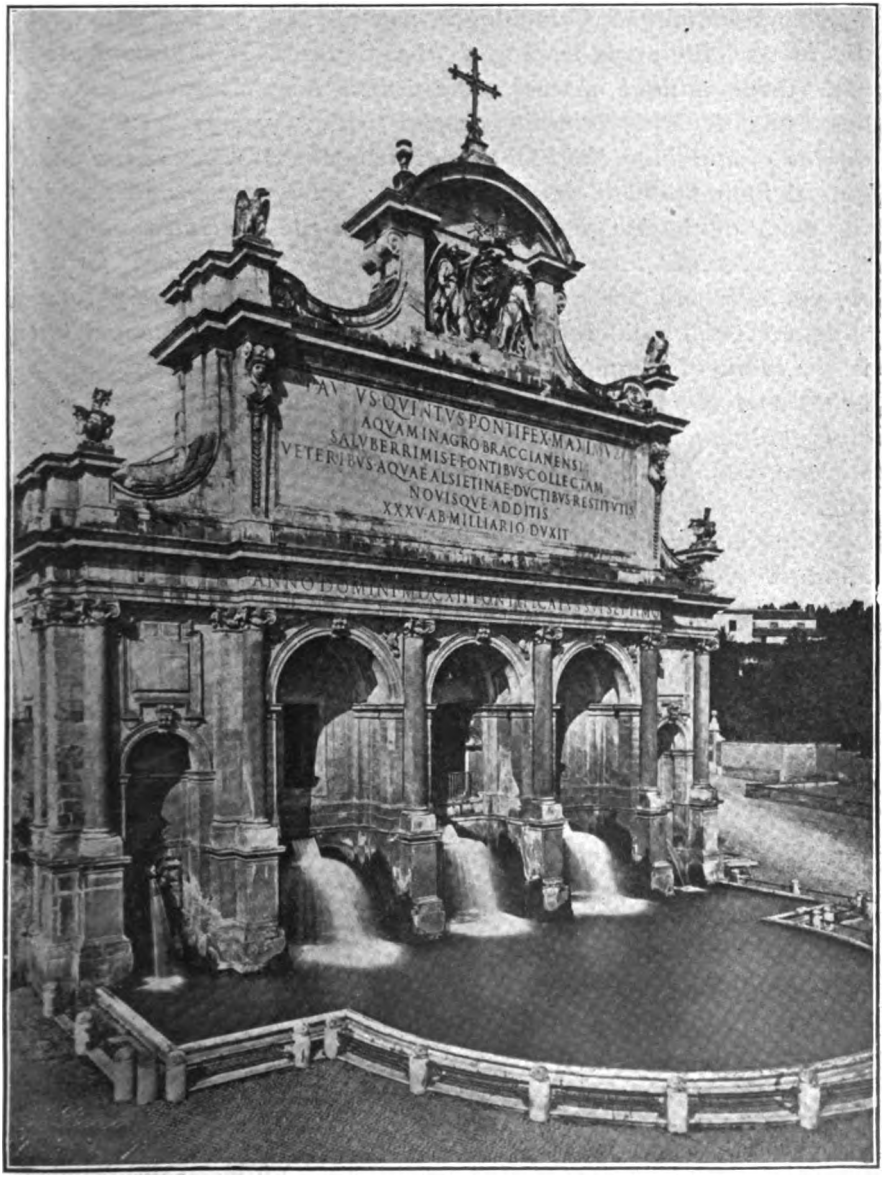

THE FOUNTAIN OF MOSES.

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Vincoli. The artist, Prospero der Brescia, was so dissatisfied with his own work, on comparing it with the original, that he died of grief.

The Fountain of Campidoglio was erected by Sixtus V., at the foot of the steps leading to the Capitol. It is ornamented with three antique statues; the central one, Minerva, is very beautiful; it is of marble draped with porphyry. Colossal figures of the Nile and Tiber decorate the sides. These allegorical figures are of great antiquity; they were found among the ruins of the baths of Constantine on the Quirinal.

The Piazza Navona, on the site of the ancient Circus Agonalis, where the gladiators fought, has three lovely fountains, erected by different popes. The central and principal one is the work of Bernini. The design is a circular basin with a huge mass of rock in the centre; chained to the rock are four river gods, and there are grottoes piercing the sides in which we see, in one a lion and in the other a sea-monster. An obelisk on the summit of the rock completes the grand effect.

The smaller fountains, at each end of the piazza, are also adorned with marble groups representing nereids, tritons, sea-horses, and various monsters.

These are only a few of the principal fountains, as the subject in detail would fill a volume. Their number is incalculable; they are everywhere, not only in streets and squares, but in the courts of palaces and private houses. You hear the murmur of falling water while walking along a sunny street, and, following the sound, look into the open doorway of a palace; far back your eye rests on spreading palms and golden-fruited orange-trees, making a delicious shade, while from a niche in a moss-covered wall the sparkling water flows into a receptacle beneath. Many of these fountains are adorned with fine groups in marble.

I will conclude with the Tre Fontane. For this pilgrimage we had to wait for a day of special weather, when the sharpness of the March wind was softened by the sun, which in turn was tempered by light clouds, making it possible to travel in an open carriage without being uncomfortably warm. And what a drive it was!—past the Forum of Trajan, past the Colosseum, under the Arch of Constantine, and through that exquisite region with Monte Cœlio on our left, with the beautiful churches of St.

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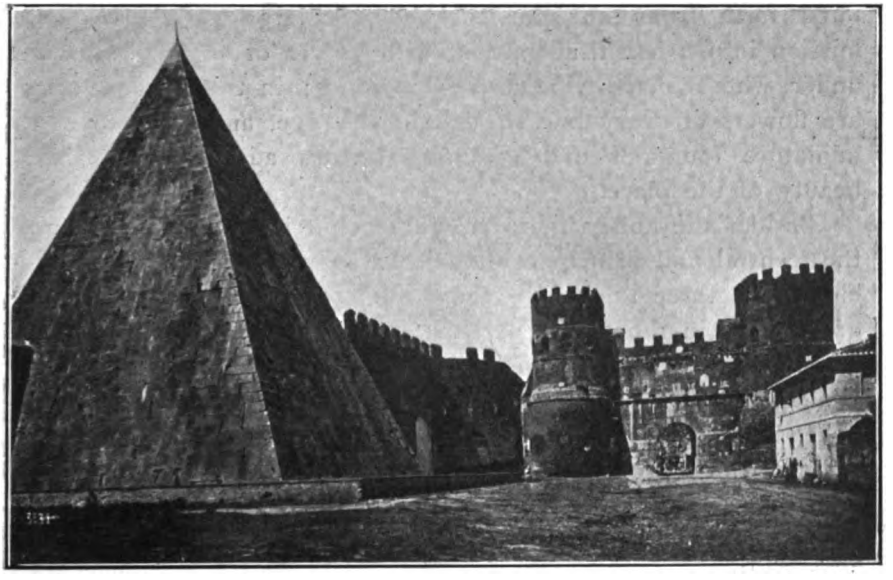
Gregorio Magnus, and SS. John and Paul (Passionist); on our right, Monte Aventino.

We left Rome by the Porta S. Paolo (St. Paul's Gate), passing by the Pyramid of Cestius outside; a little further on a small chapel marks the place where St. Peter and St. Paul took



ST. PAUL'S GATE AND THE PYRAMID OF CAIO CESTIO.

their last farewell of each other. A bas-relief over the central door commemorates the incident.

"When Sts. Peter and Paul were taken from the prison to be led to martyrdom, they were brought out of the city by the Ostian gate, now called the gate of St. Paul, and there took leave of each other. The spot is marked by the following inscription: '*In questa luogo San Pietro e San Paolo si separarano andando al martyrio.*' Having tenderly embraced and congratulated each other, St. Paul said: 'Peace be with you, Head of the Church, Shepherd of all the lambs of Christ.' And Peter replied: 'Go in peace, Preacher of Heavenly doctrine, guide of the just in the way of salvation.'

"These were the last words that the princes of the Apostles spoke together on earth."

A little further and we pass the splendid church of St. Paul outside the walls (Fuori le Muri), founded A. D. 388 by

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Theodosius and Valentinian II. Continuing along the Via Laurentina, through the Campagna, our horizon bounded on the left by the Sabine Mountains, we soon reach the *Abbadia*, which stands close to the spot on which St. Paul was beheaded. Tradition tells that when the head fell under the axe it rebounded twice, and each time it touched the ground a fountain burst forth from the spot touched. A large gate gives admission into a beautiful garden, with groves of eucalyptus-trees, under whose shade violets are blooming; in the garden plats are flowers of every hue to delight the eye, and a number of miniature fountains and gleaming statues add to the artistic beauty of the place.

Besides the abbey there are three churches in the enclosure, the central and principal one, S. Paolo alle Tre Fontane, encloses the three fountains; these are covered over with marble arches, and in the centre of each, lying on the white or variegated marble, is an exquisitely sculptured head of the saint in Gialla Antica. The block of white marble on which he was beheaded is to be seen close by, encircled by a richly gilt iron railing, which protects it from the evident devotion of pilgrims, who otherwise would have long since carried it away piecemeal!

In the vestibule of the church is a mural bas-relief in marble representing the scene of the martyrdom.

The second church, Santa Maria Scala Cœli, is so named to commemorate a vision with which St. Bernard was favored when he was head of the abbey, of a ladder reaching to heaven, and numerous souls ascending thereon, conducted by angels, who told him they were all souls freed from Purgatory through his prayers.

The third, SS. Vincenzo ed Anastatio, is the largest of the churches. The abbey and fountains are now under the charge of French Trappists, who have made great improvements, and planted the eucalyptus extensively in the grounds as a corrective of the malarial influence of the place. The frate are very courteous to pilgrims and visitors, and give them small vials filled with the precious water to take away with them; and well content with our treasure, we left this holiest of Roman fountains!

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LATER WORDS FROM FRANCE.

BY W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

FEW Catholics who think and read but turn their eyes often towards France, and wonder, and hope, and fear.

"If you would consider the true cause . . .
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state; . . .
—for warnings and portents
And evils imminent."

Is it possible that some men are going to try once more to force us to be without religion? Whatever be the meaning of the acts of the new Jacobins, it is plain what those mean, to the madness of the people. "What is the use of taking such a lot of trouble to prove to us that it is not dark at midday," is the cry of one fanatic supporter of the Combes ministry. "We understand that you want to destroy religion; it seems clear as the sun that that is your meaning, and therefore we are with you."*

Is it not clear? Here a Frenchman in Alsace goes to a Mass served devoutly by two Uhlans in regimentals. Back to his inn, he reads General André's circular, to soldiers over the border, telling them that the duty of the good fighter is to get rid of the religious idea—the War Minister wanting to make it sure that there be few die well that die in battle. With the true tone of the Jacobin, they will sacrifice all, for their

* "The Combes and Waldeck Rousseau ministries told us, or we thought they meant, that in inviting us to the fight against the religious orders they were inviting us to a fight against clericalism, by which we mean the same thing as religion. And when we followed these ministers, I assert that we took their action to be only a first step, and understood that the republic once rid of the orders, would rid itself then of the secular clergy also."—*M. Sembat, session of January 27, 1903.*

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dream of tyrannous uniformity. The French superior of an Alsatian convent is asked: "Would you now go back under France?" It is hard to speak against that land so agonizingly loved. But if they were to go back, the children would be torn from the nuns' care; the holy ideal of the religious life would be disallowed; the charity of the church would be detested of the secularizing state. "No,"—and a Frenchwoman has to say it,—"I will remain German." That it should come to this! So the Germans are undertaking in the East the protection of German Catholic missionaries; and the monopoly of influence is no longer with France. Even the government has to check some fanatics—for the present—who would cut off all supplies to the French religious schools, by which France herself in the East is aided in holding her own. Yet now, even as a hundred years ago, the dog of revolution hungers and snaps all the more; for all your checks, for all your sops.

The brutality in the populace understands. When some sisters are on their exile journey, they are met by a ministerial decree that no reduction of railway fare can now be allowed them. On the same day, January 7, is written the letter (meeting them on arrival in England), that for their convenience the express would make a special stop at their way-side station, and that the sisters would find a special carriage reserved for their use in the train. The Jacobin shames his own France before the world; as the *Univers* bitterly noted.

Two young *badauds*, *gredins*, at Victoria station, not long since, saw a French priest's luggage awaiting registration. They mislaid it. But a London "Bobby" spied them; and he threatened to take the law on them: "I'd like you to know that you're in a country where priests are respected." Never again, said another French priest, will I cross the Atlantic by a French line; as he recounted the *misères* or the *grossièretés* to which some cads or blackguards had subjected him. Still, that priests are generally insulted by even children of state schools in France is not, I think, true. An Irish priest's word to that effect, some months ago, was not sustained. But, the shrinking the French priest has too often—whence does it arise? There is only one answer. How any man can be so blind as not to see in the present persecution an anti-religious movement as such, is what daily astonishes us, and gives cause for words again and again that may point the true moral of what is

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passing; where some * see only a republican government's protest against royalist ecclesiastics. There are the same deceptions, the same blandishments when necessary, the old pitting of secular clergy against religious, the old "reforming"; above all, the Cæsarism, the world, and its notions of Anglicanism, Gallicanism, worship of Être Suprême, or of Reason, or of Emperor, as the case may be. The aim is to allow nothing but *our* religion, *our* national church, *our* will of the sovereign people. Republics are and have been full as capable of tyranny as the most absolute of monarchies.

It is, as I say, astonishing that an intelligent Frenchman and Catholic of a seemingly dilettante sort, correspondent of the London *Pilot*, could be so deluded. He confesses that he believed in Waldeck Rousseau's moderation; believed that this scheme of his was really to free men from monastic interference; to control irresponsible bodies; to foster true patriotism; to strengthen religion, shall we say? Yet he had read 1789–1801; doubtless, he had. And learnt nothing. He confesses, further, that now he sees and knows that it is tyranny, and that M. Combes means war on religion. You *can't* prove to some people that it is not dark at midday. Let them turn again to Taine. They will read themselves in the disillusioned: "Oh, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name." Let them read the beautiful pious plans of a Luther, a Cranmer, nay, of a Henry the Eighth. Why don't well-disposed persons read history to their profit; to the safety of their necks? What destroyers ever preached destruction? They were all reformers, all preachers against tyranny; while their language is, out of their own mouths, the pretended justification of tyranny's language at all times: "Your liberty is incompatible with my personal safety."

And as one writes from France these days: "the whole nation seems reduced to spies and slaves." That is just what this cursed system produces; as in the worst informer days denounced by Burke.

What are the sources of weakness? There are two great quarrels or dull misunderstandings among French Catholics. One is the question of dynasty; of republic versus monarchy or empire. Look at the scorn of the *Autorité* for the *Univers*, which latter has "rallied" to the republic, according to the

* *E. g.*, Montreal *Gazette's* leading article, April 15, 1903.

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direction of the Pope. It is hard to put up with *la gueuse*, the others say. But, if the Pope can. There is the proper answer.

The other quarrel is over liberal and conservative education, the training of the clergy in universities or in seminaries, the critical study of the Holy Scriptures, the attitude towards scientific discovery; the whole question of liberty and order. We saw the wildness of one side, in the attacks on the American Church. There is sometimes, on the liberal side, an unseemly tone of scoffing. What will you do at all, in these learned days? Sure, my child, we'll trust to the grace of God, is an answer in *Luke Delmege*. But, as is mostly the way, there is much to be said on both sides. M. Loisy has now been summoned to Rome. May he be, not Lamennais, but Lacordaire, but Didon! May he have the grace of Fénelon!

Are there any signs of things better? Well, we know, or we ought to know, those *Lettres d'un curé de campagne*, *Lettres d'un curé de canton*. Go to the people, is their note.

And here is a story. A French Canadian bishop goes into a French town; and from the convent where he puts up, he goes to visit M. le Curé. Very civilly he was received; and to show further respect, the priest would accompany the bishops—I believe there were two—on their return. "But not by that street, monseigneur." "Why?" "That is the chief street of the town; you would be insulted; I never walk there." "But I have just walked down it; and no word said, but of respect." The French curé, with his fear of the *régime* and all its ways, took the "British" bishop down the side alleys, and landed him safe from the priest's own parishioners. Oh, the pity of it!

The same bishop declared that he knew of a Canadian priest who went to stay with a French brother. "Are you having May devotions?" "Not at all; no one would go." "Will you let me have them?" "Certainly, if you can get a congregation." So the Canadian went from house to house, and gathered crowds, who came, and were preached to, and came again And yet, I need hardly say, that in most places in France an ordinary traveller finds that a goodly number do find their way, between five o'clock and noon, to one of the many Masses. But I heard another priest of this continent, and he Irish by descent, tell of a place in the south of France. In an *usine* he spoke to the girls there working; and they claimed a medal or so that he had. Then, up came some grimy big men, and wanted

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more of the same. So the conversation began: "Do you go to Mass?" "No, monsieur l'abbé; but we're Catholics." "You're no Catholics; you're no Frenchmen." "Oh, yes, we are, monsieur l'abbé; but, do you see, the priests here don't come and talk to us this way." At last a great Vulcan put his arms round the stranger priest, and burst out: "*Ah, monsieur l'abbé, si nous avions des curés comme vous, nous irions à confesse.*"

My people have not understood. And doubtless, as the French priest quoted below writes concerning these habits: "one country is not like another." Nevertheless, it had to be written:

> "Alas! they had been friends in youth:
> But whispering tongues can poison truth.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Each spake words of high disdain."

To quote on seems too hard. It is not true; it cannot be true. Yet, these things remain for our warning:

> "They parted ne'er to meet again!
> But never either found another
> To free the hollow heart from paining;
> They stood aloof—the scars remaining,
> Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
> A dreary sea now flows between;
> But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
> Shall wholly do away, I ween,
> The marks of that which once hath been."

England, and France, and the Church; let us think and read, meditate well, and learn. Let not division come between our souls, let it not; between us, priests and laymen. Live in two different worlds of education; and the mischief will be done.

Do not forget Catholic England. Things have been, that may be again.

One of the recent *Notes and Queries* from London—February 7—had words concerning an old English monastery, one of those shrines to call the English back to their church; one of the "marks." He writes of their destruction, in "a moral

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and religious earthquake of gigantic proportions, and one that shook the whole of English country life to its foundations." How short a convulsion. What results! The writer continues: "When M. Sabatier was in England this last time, he was describing the ascent of a mountain which he had recently made. In mentioning the mist that enveloped himself and the guide, and completely blotted out the view at the summit, he added that the guide turned to him and said: 'Monsieur, if you lay your ear to the ground, you will hear the tears of the whole world falling'! Perhaps for some of us, if we too laid our ear to the past—even though it be a past of four centuries and a half ago—we should hear some faint echoes of the heartbreaks that shivered through that seven years'* upheaval of old traditions, of old associations, of the old—once so familiar—monasterial life, from country folk, from dependents, from artificers in rare handicrafts, and from the homeless, exiled monks, whose compulsory exodus turned them adrift on the world. History repeats itself, and so the fate of the Benedictines and other orders in 1536 pursues to-day the Carthusian monks and many other religious orders in France. The government having refused to authorize more than five of all the orders that have been for so many years 'sons of the soil' in France, they are to be exiled, and the place where they worked so untiringly for the poor, and offered hospitality so ungrudgingly, is to know them no more."

And now whither are we tending? Will France stop this time?

"I do not believe that most, not to say nearly all Frenchmen will be satisfied with simple moral notions taught as they are superficially in our schools. There must be a doctrine, something practical; that is a need for men facing the trials of life." And so went on—M. Combes. He looked to reason governing and guiding future men. But Christian traditions are still, he said, too strong in France. And a stroke of the pen does not destroy a people's religious ideas.

"Why, now you talk sense, absolute sense."

Not for M. Buisson; for he protested,—in the session of January 27,—he who maintains that the secularized school gives higher moral instruction than does any religion, by its modest and simple morality.

*1529-1536.

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I give my own experience in Paris schools. But read also the confessions from their inspectors, that the least satisfactory part of the course was this "civic and moral instruction," replacing the old religious teaching. However, I said, would they kindly give some of this new instruction. Certainly. And it began: "When are you a Frenchman?" "What is the first duty of a Frenchman?" "To kill his enemies," came as answer expected. I have never forgotten that catechism lesson, on the first duty of man. But even a speech of a M. Combes may now be taken as a sign that this will never do. It is not your foolish fancies or mine that can alter the eternal condition of things.

Here, as the very last word, is an extract from one of the patient religious of France, written this last month for our edification; for our instruction too, on the state of affairs; and for our warning, lest we form too hasty judgments:

"Oui, vous savez aussi bien que moi ce qui se passe. Hélas! nous nous attendons, nous aussi, à partir. Nos étudiants sont déjà [en Angleterre]: ils y sont tranquilles et font leurs études théologiques paisiblement.

"Vous me dites, monsieur, touchant les rapports du clergé avec les fidèles, des choses où il y a du vrai; néanmoins il faut accorder que le prêtre généralement parlant, s'occupe bien de ceux qui lui sont soumis"—I had said frankly what is often said among French Canadian clergy and others, concerning the gap or severance that there seems to be between priests and people in France—"fonde et soutient beaucoup de bonnes œuvres. Le prêtre français a ce caractère, qui ne l'abandonne jamais, d'être zélé"—and America has the best reasons for knowing the truth of that. "Peut-être entreprend-il trop à la fois, et veut-il trop diriger seul. . . . Quant au genre familier qui devrait régner entre le clergé et les fidèles, c'est affaire de pays: ce qui peut être bon ici peut ne l'être pas ailleurs. S.S. Léon XIII. a tracé sur ce point des règles bien sages. . . .

"Les ligues de tout genre qui surgissent ici et là sont excellentes. Une foule d'œuvres reviennent aux laïques"—they are then but following the recent intentions of the Apostleship of Prayer—"et ils font bien de les entreprendre. Les hommes simplement honnêtes s'unissent à la fin pour défendre tous les droits menacés. Je dirais volontiers que jusqu'ici, les laïques surtout se sont trop désintéressés du salut de leurs frères. On

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a fait de l'art, de la littérature, tout ce que l'on veut: on n'a pas assez visé à l'âme.

"Mais pour le faire pour les autres, il faut le faire d'abord pour soi. Bien des catholiques ne sont pas catholiques *complets.*"

I could add from a parish priest—perhaps too much a pessimist—his hopeless words concerning a laity ready still to give money to support religion, but not willing themselves to practise it. Or the Bishop of Nice's Lenten Pastoral, on the zealous remnant among the laity; all that can be found.

But let us close here with the hope of a fourth ecclesiastic, even for that other laity of the government—who (as he notes, indeed) "now will have ecclesiastics serve two years in the army instead of one year," and "whose employees must send their children to non-religious schools"—"Espérons que ça finira." *Spes contra spem.*

PARADOXES.

BY GEORGE H. TURNER.

THE saddest tears that are ever shed
Are the tears that no one sees,
The unsung songs are the sweetest ones
In the world of harmonies!

The longing hope of a silent heart
Is the hope that is not expressed,
The tenderest clasp the hand might give
Is the clasp of a hand at rest.

Our daily life may bring to the feast
The friends that we daily meet,
But the absent guest is the only one
The heart is longing to greet!

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JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART III.

AT THE TURN OF MATURITY.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXIT IMOGEN.

MAM'SELLE, caught napping, had been but mildly surprised when aroused by Imogen from her fireside dreams, to congratulate Joyce the affianced. By compensative law, the simple and innocent nature makes up in intuition what it lacks in suspicion; and since the young widow's return to the West, Mam'selle had recognized between Imogen and Joyce the pulsations of emotional possibilities. But though her surprise was not great, as much cannot be said of her pain. She

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life. On the journey to the West Joyce has a long talk with Raymond, in which the latter gives his views on various matters, and states the terms on which he engages Joyce. Arrived in San Francisco, Joyce sends an exuberant telegram to his mother. Joyce enters social life and takes part in a ball at the Golden Gate Ranch. Mina and Joyce are drawn unto each other, while Raymond's wife talks of divorce. Mina and Raymond, landing at Island Rock, are both drowned. Joyce endeavors to save them, and narrowly escapes with his own life. After Raymond's death Mrs. Raymond removes to San Francisco, pending the settlement of her husband's estate. Pearson, having assumed control of the *Pioneer*, has a stormy interview with Joyce. Mrs. Raymond suddenly decides to sail for Europe; Joyce, failing to agree to her plans, decides to remain with the *Pioneer*. Stephen proposes to Gladys. Joyce meets with the great temptation. Pearl Ripley, a Comedy Girl, enters into his life. Womanhood has lost something of its spiritual beauty as the result. Later on he is lured into a scheme of stock gambling. Stephen engages in social work, and tastes some of the higher things of life. He meets Gladys after the promised year's delay; while Mrs. Raymond, a restless woman of the world, comes into Joyce's life again. Joyce is about to declare his love for Gladys when the news comes of a mine swindle. Joyce saves Hans from despair, but comes again under the sway of Mrs. Raymond's power. Joyce and Imogen are married. On returning from their honeymoon Imogen dies very suddenly. Her death is the cause of Joyce's spiritual regeneration.

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doubted if Imogen were the right woman for Joyce, she doubted if Joyce were the right man for Imogen; while, above all, she feared that in the loneliness following her surrender of Stephen, Gladys' heart had rebounded towards Joyce. Therefore it was with a prayer on her lips that, in the "wee sma' hour" pressing closely upon the midnight betrothal, she had stolen to the door connecting her room with Gladys', and knocking softly, ventured to open it. She did not choose that the girl's sensitive and expressive face should be subjected to daylight and her triumphant rival's pitiless eyes, when the announcement of Joyce's engagement first reached her.

"Not asleep?" Mam'selle exclaimed, as Gladys bade her enter. "That is ill, petite,—ill, and yet well for my gossip! I have the secret to whisper, confided to you and me only. Our dear Imogen will marry again. But to-night, she is affianced! You will guess to whom? But yes! I am sure that it is not the great surprise, my Gladys! Like me, you, too, have seen —have expected—"

But Mam'selle was mistaken. Gladys' expectations and foresight had been far from the truth now forced upon her. Significantly conscious of Joyce's entrance and exit,—wondering as to Imogen's designs, doubting her own duty towards him in his difficulties,—perhaps, more than all, simply thinking of him in a girl's dreamful way, her wakeful eyes had gazed into a darkness purpled by the sweet vision of her violets,—haunted by Joyce's soft petition, "May I wear your colors, Miss Broderick?" Why had he desired them, displayed them, trifled with her, mocked her, on the verge of engagement to Imogen?

She raised herself, leaning her weight on her elbow. Against her cheek her hand pressed her silver rosary. Once, twice, her lips parted, yet no sound issued from them. Then the shame of her silence smote her.

"Mrs. Raymond is engaged to Mr. Josselyn, of course," she stammered in an unfamiliar voice of discordant sharpness. Then she made a piteous effort to speak naturally, indifferently. "They—will make—a very handsome couple!"

Then she tossed impatiently, wearily. Why did Mam'selle not go? Her great news was told. Now for merciful solitude! Until she was alone, she could not understand or believe that Imogen and Joyce were engaged, were to be married!

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Her tense arm, with a sudden tremor, relaxed. Framed in its loosened fair hair, her head sank back listlessly against its pillow. Her upturned face, like a young star, was pallid in the darkness. As she spoke, her hand clasped her white throat.

"Dear Mam'selle," she murmured, "I thank you so much for your confidence. But it is late, so late,—and I am—tired. To-morrow, we shall discuss the great news. To-morrow—"

"Ah, petite!" Mam'selle was on her knees by the bed, a sob breaking her voice,—mother-pain in her heart. "Youth is the golden age, yes: for it has always—to-morrow! Yesterday, to-day, what do they matter, since still there is—to-morrow? The future—the beautiful future—"

"Yes,—my life is before me. Of course, of course! And since Mina has gone,—and Mrs. Raymond is to be married,—you must share it, dear Mam'selle,—you must help me to live it! You and I, just we two, you and I"—

She turned her face to the pillow. Her tears were flowing. Mam'selle and she? Yes, such seemed her future, serene, devout, dutiful, yet to her youth and girlhood, her tender heart, how monotonous, how colorless, how depleted of life,—what a vista of desolation!

She left her bed, and after an aimless turn about the room, took from the table the little red book that had been her father's message to her from the grave that had no victory over his immortal soul, his deathless love,—and turning its leaves to and fro unseeingly, showered it with tender kisses. Then, by her bedside, she fell on her knees, burying her face in the soft down-coverlet. To her rosary was attached an exquisite crucifix. Her lips bruised themselves against it.

"Dear Lord," she sobbed, "dear Christ! What is it? Why am I hurt? What is he to me, save a prodigal soul I was striving to save for Thee? But thy grace can follow him! Thou—and he—do not need me! And I can pray for him, I can always pray for him."

This, her prayer of lip, was sincere in as far as it went! But that it stopped short of truth deep and soulful, Gladys was agonizingly aware. What, then, did her heart-ache, her secret tears mean? Even alone in the dark, she blushed hotly.

Was it possible, she asked herself, that she, Gladys Broderick, was of the coarse and vulgar sort of girl to fancy herself in love with any man intimately associated with her, to give

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her love unsolicited and undesired, without woman-pride or maidenly delicacy? But no; the memory of rejected suitors promptly absolved her. Then a worse fear tortured her. Was she convicted of light love, of fickleness, of unfaith to Stephen, since his choice of the better part had cost her tears recently, —even though tears less bitter than she was shedding now? But love is its own touchstone, and between affection and affinity Gladys' heart distinguished at last. Yet though vindicated, she was unconsoled, her renunciation of Stephen seeming to emphasize and intensify the defection of Joyce! Was the coincidence of loss predictive of her vocation, her destiny? From isolation of life, loveless liberty of life, her tender and dependent nature shrank anticipatively.

"Is it always to be some obstacle, some impediment, some priority, dear Christ?" she sobbed. "Am I to fulfil my mission of wealth unaided? Lord, the Maries of the world still have need of their Josephs! Yet not my will,—Thy Will be done!"

Her tears shone like gems on the silver crucifix. The dawn stole through the window, and found her still on her knees. So she fell asleep, wearied with watching and weeping. It was Gladys' first vigil of love.

Few things in a cruel and pathos-full world are more cruel, more pathetic, than the heart-ache of the woman who has loved and lost in whatever degree, contrasted with the virtual insensibility of the man concerned. Far more strongly, though less finely, than Gladys had been attracted to Joyce during their recent intimacy, had Joyce, in spite of vacillations towards Imogen, been attracted to Gladys; yet with his brilliant marriage and tour abroad in prospect, his embryo emotion effaced itself in effect. For the time, Gladys was as if she had never been. Yet it is only the passions of earth that know death eternal. The spiritual impress resurrects itself,—is immortal!

In truth, Joyce was scarcely quite sane or responsible during the bewildering weeks intervening between his engagement and wedding. Aside from Imogen's claims, which were constant and confusing, his tangled personal affairs demanded his closest attention. The Pioneer Mine matter was so cleverly manipulated, that before its failure involved him legally, it was established as the liability of the veteran miner and multi-millionaire, Richard Dawson; and all investors being fully in-

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demnified, while the absconding Bull and Price went their evil way in peace, the scandal sown by the *Scout* was nipped in the bud, greatly to the confusion of the *Pioneer's* worsted rival.

Considering this happy consummation, the Colonel relented, and revoked his edict of banishment from the *Pioneer*, little suspecting the cause of Joyce's failure to profit by it, though later, to quote his own disgusted acknowledgment verbatim, he "kicked himself for a blanked old fool!"

As his wedding day approached, Joyce, in honor and gratitude, took Dick's father into the secret, and was rewarded by the return of his Shasta bonds, which he had signed over on the day following the *Scout's* exposure.

"They 're from Dick, not from me," the old man assured him, thus silencing his sincere protests. So lucky Joyce again fell on his feet. Moreover, despite his honorable struggles, Imogen settled a fortune upon him, being at once too wise to sacrifice her own independence, yet too proud not to wish the man she married to be financially her equal.

But even his sudden accession to fortune seemed less wonderful to Joyce than the fact of his engagement, when he had leisure to realize it. His breath quickened, his heart-beats were as irregularly nervous as a startled woman's, when his marriage with "Queen Imogen" forced itself upon his consciousness as a proximate reality, while still seeming to him, in sober sense, but as a fancy of spring-time madness, a mad imagining,—a dazzling, evasive delusion. Yet the sun of the day allotted rose and set in its time, and Imogen Raymond was Joyce Josselyn's wife!

It had been Imogen's whim that only Mam'selle and Gladys should be cognizant of her engagement, that the ceremony should be private, the flight abroad secret, the marriage and departure announced only when the deed was irrevocable, and she and Joyce no longer features of the passing show! Knowing her world, Imogen knew, too, that criticism and censure are accorded only the visible culprit, and that no nine-days' wonder pursues the absent, who are out of mind, being out of sight!

It was the dark side to Joyce's Overland trip in the ecstatic atmosphere of love and luxury, that his bride steadfastly refused any communication with his parents or Father Martin. Letters and cards, mailed as they sailed, must suffice, she insisted; and

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of course Joyce respected her wish. The sweet shyness, the proud modesty of it, though disappointing his impulse, yet satisfied his ideal. He did not realize that Imogen shrank only from Father Martin's disapproval of their marriage, which went without saying,—from the tribunal, once before faced and resentfully remembered,—of Mrs. Josselyn's woman-judgment, her wifely ideals, her maternal convictions! Imogen desired no principles, no duties, no sense of responsibility, to subdue the laughter of her bridal-days, and contest the soulless reign of selfish pleasure. She wished only Joyce in her transformed life,—Joyce with his vital youth, his fresh passion, his riotous spirits, his magnetic exultation in life, in love, in all the good things that these had dealt him,—Joyce with all that Raymond had been too mature, too earnest, too restrained to hold her, with all that her own earliest youth, her world-warped nature, her first loveless marriage, had missed!

"Our honeymoon, Joyce," she vaunted, smiling skyward one cold but glorious night, as the ocean-liner cut through the illumined waters, with gallantly sustained speed. They were the last on deck nightly, for Imogen liked late hours, and upon Joyce was the spell of the wonderful ocean. Stinging cold, beating winds, frozen spray underfoot, the lurch of the rail towards death-deeps, had no warning for him. The infinite sea with its restless rhythm, its sky and its space, its majestic loneliness, thrilled his soul even as love was thrilling Imogen's human heart. Yet, as was inevitable under the circumstances, his finest susceptibilities were blunted by such enervating indulgence of the mortal side as paralyzes the aspiring spirit. Imogen's love, his new riches, went to his head like wine. His transition dazed and surprised him.

"Our honeymoon, still, Joyce," she repeated later, with happy assurance, leaning upon his arm as he gazed spell-bound on the golden Roman Campagna. Up and down the coast and across-country they had wandered desultorily, tempted from Turin and Nice by the music of Milan, retracing their way back to Monaco and its reckless excitement, following the Apennines down towards the art-shrines of Florence the beautiful; speeding from Naples to Sicily, from Vesuvius to the picturesque, desolated, tragical land of the Vendetta, then up by the marvellous blue waters of the Mediterranean and Adri-

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atic, to the bridal-city with its doves and gondolas,—leaving Rome as the best, for the final goal! The close of Lent in the city of Peter impressed Joyce deeply; but Imogen's thoughts had begun to turn Pariswards!

"But there is only one Rome," protested Joyce, loath to depart from the supernal city.

Elsewhere, he had experienced the startling unfamiliarity, the bewildering novelty which repels even as it attracts, until its alien charm is assimilated; but in the city of Peter he had not felt a stranger, but the restful sense of one who sights home.

The soul, the heart, the intellect of Rome the eternal, of the Old World, of all the great past, were concentrated and pulsing vitally in the Roman Church, which was his own by maternal inheritance, by baptism, and by more recent and intimate forces. In St. Peter's, the Maintown rectory and Father Martin's precepts seemed affiliated memories. Stephen's convictions, even Gladys' gospels of life and wealth, challenged him newly, in the atmosphere of the Vicar of Christ, with which his spirit strained to be in harmony. But of Italy, which cannot be dissevered from its Rome,—and what is Rome save the Church, the See?—Imogen had had a surfeit! She felt, too, that Joyce needed a Parisian antidote to the spiritual draught refining his taste as a realist. She preferred realism, within limits, to spiritual idealism. Rome awed her. Had she not seen its miracles worked on men of the world less impressionable than Joyce, and who had had more at stake? First, Martin; then, Dr. Castleton; most recently Stephen! What if Joyce should follow these?

"We have moped too long," she said as Joyce's eyes reluctantly looked their last on Rome in the distance. "Solitude *à deux*, too prolonged, has its morbid temptation! Social life will invigorate and brace you!"

"But I thought that Rome's functions were jolly—" began Joyce, who had been the pet of more than one palace, and therefore approved the society she ignored.

"Pooh!"—Imogen dismissed Rome with a gesture. "The atmosphere of a house divided is always provincial,—local! Between Quirinal and Vatican, Roman society has fallen. Political intrigue, ecclesiastical partisanship, disintegrate the social element. Moreover, *mon beau*, I am pining to exploit you. The Count de Castlevieux must see his '*beau garcon*' evolved,

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—Lord Buckingham shine in your reflected light, at his clubs! You must return to America with the Continental stamp, the mark of London, upon you! Any Seminarist may boast of 'Rome's credentials.'"

So Joyce had his hour of madness in Paris,—not the Paris of Notre Dame, of Montmartre, of the Madeleine, as would have been his inspiration while Rome's impressions were still fresh upon him, but the Paris of the bouvelards, the cafés, the theatres, the dance-gardens; then, as Imogen's wild mood was spent, the exclusive, the incomparable Paris of palais and château and noble maison, of ancient family, heritage, and tradition.

As was inevitable considering temperamental response to exterior conditions, Imogen's honeymoon waxed in Paris from crescent to flaming sphere. On the ocean, she had been youthfully exuberant and triumphant; throughout Italy, unconsciously yet irresistibly spiritualized and chastened from love's early fervor to riper tenderness; but Paris, the shrine of living saints, is likewise the maelstrom of human passion, and Imogen was caught by its tide. Her peace of heart became unrest,—her content, a vague desire. She was all wild moods, light whims, of coquettishly fickle fancies and chameleon personalities,—to-day a dancing Dryad in the secluded heart of the Bois, to-morrow the queen of the most conservative palais of patrician Paris. The Count de Castlevieux, still unsettled matrimonially, found the young American wife even more adorable than she had been as a widow, and established himself in her shadow. At first Joyce felt complimented by the cachet put on his own taste by the Count's admiration; but later, Imogen's coquetry, although innocent and uncompromising enough in itself, yet perplexed and distressed him. The possessive jealousy of young husbandhood began to assert itself; and his matrimonial ethics were not yet those of smart society, but of unfashionably simple and moral ancestry.

"Look here, Queenie," he protested, on their last night in Paris, "that French fellow can't dangle after you across the Channel, as he proposes. I want a chance to do the society-act with my wife, my own self! He 's been Count-ing himself in, long enough!"

Imogen's laugh trilled gaily. She was amused by Joyce's bourgeois ideals.

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"The poor Count!" she said. "You fail to appreciate the *faux pas* he has spared you. Identified with your wife, you would be the laughing stock of the world. In society, marriage is the most distant of all relations!"

"Then society's dead wrong, and you women ought to set it right. It's unnatural, its immoral, all this flirtation!"

"Joyce!"

"I mean what I say, Imogen, and I have thought before speaking. The only man who has a right to be identified socially with a wife, is her husband; and I am going to stand on my right, in future!"

Her light mood gave place to indignant anger.

"*You* presume to give me social lessons,—*you?*" she taunted.

"On the contrary, anti-social lessons are my better ambition. Womanliness, wifeliness, seem out of the social curriculum."

"Are you criticising *me?*" she demanded, with blazing eyes.

"I am protesting against the ways of the world that rules you. Marriage brings them home to the heart of a man, and he recognizes their folly and mistake."

"So!" she murmured, with satire. "And—previous to—marriage?"

"Before marriage—before love, he is apt, I suppose, to take the world as he finds it."

"How sincere of you to imply love and marriage to be synonymous!"

"What do you mean?" he demanded, as his face flushed guiltily.

She clasped her hands behind her elaborately coiffured and jewelled head, lounging back at ease as Joyce stood tensely before her.

"A rash question, *mon cher*," she evaded. "A wise man would not ask it."

"You cannot answer it. You know—nothing!" defied Joyce, losing his head.

She laughed softly, derisively.

"Nothing—and all," she said with a flashing glance of defiance. "That when we went abroad we left you a youth, and returned to find you a man, counts nothing, of course, in your

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masculine reckoning! As if years left a trace, lacking life and emotion! Every man is a boy, till he loves!"

"Imogen—"

"Pray preserve golden silence. I am not reproaching you. But you must not pose as a saint, nor accredit me with illusions such as a girl like Gladys, for instance, might cherish. I warned her at your tea that she idealized you, but she did not thank me. A girl fancies she cannot believe, and forgive!"

She rose, laughing still, and dragging off the long suede gloves covering her unsleeved arms to the shoulders, waved them before his face mischievously, teasingly. Standing thus, he in correct evening dress, she in trailing velvet,—for they had just returned from their farewell social function in Paris,—they were indeed, as Gladys had prophesied, a handsome couple. Yet to-night their beauty seemed antagonistic rather than complemental. Imogen resented Joyce's protest as a social reproof; and upon his side Joyce was stupefied by Imogen's daring disclosures. Justified by vaguest suspicion, she had warned Gladys of his moral stain! His face was stern with anger. He recalled the coldness and reserve with which Gladys had startled him upon the occasion of his tea, and understood now that the girl who was his guest, whose colors he had adopted, had been suffering the hurt of a profaned spirit. Ascribing his visible displeasure to tender sentiment rather than to spiritual chivalry, Imogen's face clouded, and her playfulness ceased. Thrusting him from her with disdainful finger-tips, she swept from the room in haughty silence. Thus a new phase, a lurid phase of her honeymoon was initiated, a fickle moon, veering from flame to eclipse. Her moods became as uncertain as the April weather, flashing from flippant frivolity to appalling passion, from laughter to tears, from fierce imperiousness to submission as appealing in its tender humility as a little child's. In the meantime her beauty glowed to its zenith, vivid with youth and vivaciousness, glorious with maturity's consummate touch. Yet Joyce was no longer dazzled by it. Her suspicion, her cynical assumption that his guilt was a matter of course, had struck a note of dissonance whose echoes haunted him, marring the harmony of married life. Blaming her not at all, once his first resentment was over, he blamed himself for the flaw in their married happiness. Under the broader spiritual instincts of

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Irish Catholic heritage, a single seed of the narrow, morbid, yet morally righteous New England conscience struggled. Imogen had resurrected the memory of his episode with Pearl Ripley, and memory brought remorse,—remorse a conviction of penalty. Love was failing him, because his soul bore the beast mark of moral unworthiness! At this crisis his heart turned to Ireland.

"Ireland?" exclaimed Imogen, when he proposed Dublin before they settled in London. "But no one goes to Ireland. We shall be taken for Cook's tourists. Of course, later, you might shoot in Scotland."

"I'd rather *be* shot in Ireland than face my mother if I returned without visiting the land of the Joyces! You are half Irish yourself, now, Mrs. Joyce Josselyn; so come home to the isle that's an honor to you!"

So Imogen, in quest of new sensations, did go to Ireland, which was a good thing for Joyce, as otherwise the London season, through which she propelled him triumphantly, might have tempted him to Anglo-Americanism. As a Morris, Imogen had been presented at Court, and her position in its circles was established. Lord Buckingham, at last engaged to an American heiress, no longer bore malice to Joyce for his matrimonial prize, and opened to him the swellest clubs. But the feasts that might have dazzled Joyce, now disclosed their haunting skeleton; and the charm of English society was not what it might have been to him, had not the grandeur, the beauty, the pathos of Ireland first made indelible impression on his heart! As the season waned, Wales and the Scottish moors were in prospect, when of a sudden Imogen cancelled their house-party engagements for no justified reason, and whimsically insisted upon immediate return to America. Again her heart troubled her with strange pain, sharp fluctuations. Marie suggested a crossing to Calais, en route for Paris and the specialist previously consulted. But no! Imogen knew his prescription,—"the life simple, the life reposeful!" She could not live it in Europe,—but at home—

Home! For the first time, the word had a significance for Imogen. From the restless-hearted, the hearthstone withholds its message, but once the heart is love-poised, whether in man or woman, it throbs in time and tune to the life-song, "Sweet Home." Carruthdale's once uncongenial peace and seclusion

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now seemed to her devoutly to be desired. Were she really on the verge of nervous prostration, as Marie believed, who so cognizant of her constitution and temperament,—who at once so conscientious as well as skilful,—as Carruthdale's Dr. Castleton? Even the strong, grave face, the resolute voice of her cousin Martin, previously dreaded and avoided, seemed to haunt her attractively. Strangest of all, she felt a yearning for Joyce's hitherto evaded mother. Her memory of the plain, worn face presented a womanly strength and repose that seemed suddenly her torturing need. Her haughty self-sufficiency had weakened to a girlish desire for dependence,—not upon love like Joyce's, of man for woman,—but deeper, higher, finer, of soul upon soul. The significance of the psychological change escaped her wholly. But its meaning was not to be long a mystery.

During the calm and balmy return-voyage, a revelation to Joyce after the cold and storms of his midwinter initiation, he thought long and deeply of both past and future, in a mood at once humble and hopeful. In resurrecting his remorse for the episode of Pearl Ripley, Imogen had builded better than she knew; for the change of heart passive in him was spurred to activity, and though with a man's healthful optimism he looked forward rather than back, yet it was on the stepping-stone of his dead self that he was inspired to rise to higher things. His tide of fortune was proving eventually to have ennobled rather than spoiled him, the spiritual atmosphere of his travel in Catholic countries having made their indelible mark on his soul. The harmonious contrast, the complemental opposites, of Rome's ecclesiastical pomp and the simple faith of sacerdotal Ireland, had inspired him to a religious awakening more vivid and practical than heretofore: yet it was in the human rather than in the spiritual sense, that he realized regeneration. The enervation of long idleness and excessive personal luxury, had been but transient; and facing readjustment to active American life, he thrilled with eager desire to assume the more generous responsibilities, the broader duties of life, as he had conceived them just as his engagement unexpectedly obstructed his new and noble outlook. Selfishly indulgent and absorbed in mere pleasure as he had been, Joyce had not forgotten Hans and his class, or his conviction that he was his brother's keeper; but had temporized with his ideals, in con-

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cession to circumstances which at the time seemed legitimately his sweet masters. But now, with heaven's illimitable star-space uplifting his eyes, and the surge of the infinite sea beneath him, the claim of the *ego* vanished like spray before his vision of life's vaster grandeur.

"Imogen, Imogen," he confided in a moment of fervor,—"it has all been so glorious, so brilliant, so wonderful! But now, on the home-stretch, my holiday is behind me. I must fall into line with men of action, of affairs—"

Under the overlapping rugs he pressed her hand closely; craving for his best instincts the tender inspiration of her womanly support.

"Dear," he said, "it will be a fresh start, and you are the one to speed me on it. It takes a woman to keep a man up!"

"For to-day and to-morrow, perhaps," she jested; "but what woman can boast staying-power?"

"A wife can," he answered, with new conviction, new reverence.

And before that answer, Imogen's mocking eyes fell.

Into the maze of her heart, struggling through its own phase of momentous transition, Joyce caught glimpses and gleams during that homeward voyage. She was not the same Imogen who had sailed as a bride. Loving as well as beloved, wifehood had matured her to womanliness. Nothing surprised Joyce so redemptively as the discovery that her cynicism was but lip-deep, and that her heart, in truth, shrined the simple ideals obtaining with humbler women. Now, all too late, he saw that the two standards of morals accepted by the world were fatal to married happiness; that the truer the love in either sex, the less liberal its ethics in the sense of license: that the past of his youth made or marred a man's future, the slow grinding of the fine wheels of God!

Before marriage to Joyce, Imogen had not been hurt consciously by the ways of men of worldly habits of life. Not only had Raymond been a man of uncompromising moral integrity, so that no shadow of evil laxity ever had touched her, but her own spiritualized moral sense had awaited love's quickening; and in the spirit of jesting tolerance of youth's wild-oats, she had believed sincerely, in marrying Joyce, that she expected nothing, and therefore could not be disappointed! But in the hour of wife-love she recognized her cynical sophistry to be a vain pretence, a proud falsehood, a delusion of inexperience.

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Her fastidiousness, heretofore of the flesh, now struck to the spirit. The callous social veneer of generations was pierced to the quick by Love's specific touch of nature. As the wife who loved, Imogen the mondaine, the gentlewoman, was simply a human woman. Her demands, which upon Raymond had been but of class, upon Joyce, by love's grace, were of sex!

The irreverence, the profanation, of moral lapse past or present, in either husband or wife, was suddenly her conviction. Words dropped lightly yet significantly, did not scruple to reproach Joyce,—repulsing his chastened aspirations, questioning their sincerity, deriding their fulfilment. Disappointed and irritated at the result of his appeal to her, he paced the deck, when she had left him, in a ferment of feeling. Impotent to efface, helpless now to retrieve it, yet he resented passionately his past culpability. "In God's name," he soliloquized, "why did youth stumble? Why must the innocent suffer for the guilty? Why should even the sinner be dogged for ever by the memories of sin outlived and resultless?"

"Resultless?" Ah, self-deceived Joyce! When was ill ever barren of avenging fruition? Of all inevitabilities of life, by the Divine Law of Justice the most inevitable and relentless is, that the wind sows the whirlwind! Resultless,—youth's light reverence for love and womanhood? The first dignity, the main responsibility of human life is, that its least thought or deed is never resultless,—never one, be it good or evil!

But Imogen's vapors vanished when she found herself at Carruthdale. It proved all, even more, than her memory had painted it. For the whim of her fancy for it, any more than for the hundred other whims swaying her, she did not feign to account, though she indulged it exultantly. To Joyce, she became again the gay, glowing, superficial Imogen of their golden honeymoon: and as gay superficiality is more pleasing to the masculine nature than feminine depth that sits in judgment, he rejoiced at the change, and when authorized by Imogen not only to break the ice of their marriage to Father Martin, but also to bring his mother back to Carruthdale for a lengthy visit, his cup of happiness again seemed full.

But the excitement of return to Carruthdale under new conditions soon died its natural death; and even as Joyce departed for Maintown, all Imogen's depression of mood, her familiar distress of heart, returned in increased measure. She

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strove vainly to vent her nervous restlessness in divers ways; then summoned Marie to drive with her to Dr. Castleton's at the close of his afternoon office-hour. Her victoria before the Castleton house would suggest to local gossips only a social call on the family of Centreville's ex-president; while the doctor's professional gig waiting before Carruthdale might start such a rumor of illness as was repugnant to Imogen. Her resentment of any suggestion of physical disability was morbid. To her supersensitive pride, the intimate subject was indelicate, distasteful. She counterfeited vigor and vitality on the rare occasions when their natural glow escaped her. Only Marie knew that Nature sometimes failed!

Dr. Castleton's modest office, the extension of an equally modest house situated on a middle-class level quite disassociated from the Hill of Centreville's fashionable quarter, was in striking contrast to the stately residence of the College president; yet the doctor's handsome face indicated glad content, nor were signs of increasing prosperity lacking. Conscientious conviction and its courage are respected even by antagonists; and sooner or later their laurels arrive.

"Why Mrs. Ray—Josselyn!" he exclaimed, confused for the moment by the surprise of her entrance, "we were planning to storm Carruthdale only this evening with our belated felicitations. I trust that you anticipate us for no professional reason? You are looking remarkably well!"

Imogen swept to her chair with her most brilliant manner in evidence. Yet under her flippancy,—what?

"A woman's looks chronically belie her feelings, doctor," she fenced, lightly. "Translate them, like dreams, by their opposites!"

"It is a professional consultation, then?" The doctor's face was now earnest, his ringing tones lowered. "Then Ruth and afternoon-tea must be postponed. The same old heart-trouble, Mrs. Josselyn?"

"The same old heart-trouble, aggravated by phenomena I appeal to your science to explain."

"For instance?"

Light cynicism, the touch-and-go of social habitude, were in the superficial tone, the gay persiflage of her rejoinder.

"I, the unemotional, am developing emotions, doctor; moral nerves, spiritual sensitiveness, even to the degree of second-sight, in so much as I find myself haunted by a prophetic

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dread of some mysterious, yet inevitable and imminent calamity. You fail to recognize the description? What wonder? Then conceive of my own bewilderment, even less able to recognize mine own familiar self! I am bored by old loves, and absurdly tempted to love just the persons and things intolerably boring me of old! For example, from my carpet-knights, my heart strains irrationally towards my brusque cousin Martin; from myself, my ideals veer towards the mother of Joyce!"

The doctor's eyes, fixed upon her, brightened intelligently.

"You might bring me worse news, Mrs. Josselyn," he assured her. "Psychologically, your symptoms seem supremely favorable! But just in compliment to that troublesome heart, though you have satisfied my faith in its normal condition, Marie will prepare you for the stethoscope. By the way, though, how about my last prescription,—*versus* stimulants, narcotics, and the social life of the gentlewoman, you remember, the nerve-rest of reversion to natural conditions, the real life of the unevolved woman? Have you followed or disregarded it? Hum! A little of both, I fancy! Marie, what night-potion has been in recent favor?"

"Ah, Monsieur! But Madame will demand the chloral,—"

"Understand my plain English," he responded with sternness. "In future, you disregard my interdict at the risk of your mistress' life!"

"*Voilà*, Madame,—" began Marie, with an appealing gesture.

"Then my heart *is* involved?" interrupted Imogen, paling.

"Our lives inevitably involve our hearts, for good or ill." The doctor refolded his stethoscope thoughtfully. "Your system of life has been one of extremes, with no medium between stimulation and depression. The chloral-habit, as I warned you, is a criminal risk,—doubly so, under present conditions." He had turned aside to his table, while Marie attended her; but now, dismissing the girl to the adjoining waiting-room, he caught Imogen's suddenly nervously-clenched hands between his palms.

"I congratulate you, Mrs. Josselyn," he said, in a reverent voice. "It is my happiness to announce to you tidings of joy. You are to be that woman 'blessed among women'—a mother."

Her lack of response did not strike him as strange. He spoke on, to cover her natural emotion.

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"I congratulate you *from my soul!*" he repeated, emphatically. "The young mother of the leisure-class stands forth an eloquent protest against any damnable custom that would wreck mankind, soul and body. The social belle, the selfish beauty, the heartless genius, what are these to the man's heart, to his soul? Man strains to the future, which he attains only in his sons! Cheated of vital hope, he despairs; lacking incentive, he degenerates. If woman but knew man,—knew her place and power! The ideal, the inspiration of men, good and evil, is the pure young wife-mother's Prototype,—the Madonna,—the Virgin-Mother!"

Outside, the birds carolled among the trees, and a branch of wind-blown foliage rustled against the pane; but within the little office, as the doctor ceased speaking, only silence, appalled silence reigned. She a mother! Imogen's mind groped wildly, blindly, towards realization resistless, yet defied.

She went white to the lips, and her eyelids fluttered; but the physician stood calmly, with his shining eyes on her. If she swooned, no material restorative could remedy the spiritual defection. Knowing her nature, her temperament, her flippant youth, her selfish womanhood, the doctor knew, too, that Imogen's weakness was not of body.

"You are awed," he suggested, hoping against hope that her silence was holy. "The annunciation brings with it the vision of the greater mystery, the incarnation of an immortal soul. We men cannot share it, but we revere and serve it. That shall be my sacred part towards you!"

Silence still, with a difference:—gasping, struggling silence, painfully straining for protesting speech.

The doctor's glad face darkened to sternness, even to spiritual sadness. That a wife should rebel against her immortal mission, seemed to him the sin crying for vengeance.

He left her side, and seating himself by the window, watched the birds as they flew towards their hidden nests. Their little throats swelled with their vesper-songs. It was sunset. God's good day was over.

Imogen forced herself to her feet, one hand clutching her throat, one groping for the support of the leather chair-back. Her lips were regaining a hint of color, but in her eyes was a shrinking fear of her destiny.

"A mother?" she gasped. Of all his words, only these

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two had impressed her, signified to her, remained with her. They were shrieking in her ears, written in fire before her sight, rending her terrified heart with menace. "A mother?—I could not! O doctor, I could not! Not I! Not *I!* No, no, no!"

As she cowered in shuddering helplessness, it seemed to her that his stern words crashed like bolts of thunder.

"*You* cannot be a mother, *you*," he reproached her. "You with youth, you with health, you, immune by your wealth from the strain and stress of the battle for bread, complicating the maternal mission for other wives and mothers? Think of your sisters the toilers, up from dawn until midnight, laboring strenuously, ceaselessly, poorly housed, sparsely fed, yet who are the nation's makers,—its heroic mothers! Mrs. Josselyn, when these and you meet face to face at the judgment, what extenuating circumstance can your childlessness plead?"

She was aroused at last. Her conviction was ineradicable. She was the last of generations of "only children," the blighted aftermath of an extinct line.

"Your profession confuses the woman with the gentlewoman," she resented, haughtily. "The higher type has evolved from the physical phase to the intellectual, the social—"

"My God!" The doctor's irresistible adjuration interrupted her. "Feminine science and logic assert, then, that evolution serves extinction? Why, Mrs. Josselyn, it is upon motherhood under conditions like yours,—upon the propagation of the finer species apace of the ruder, that the progress, the survival, the salvation of humanity depends! Shall realism be perpetuated, and idealism have no transmitters? Are the beauty and harmony of the æsthetic life, with its music, its color, its symmetry, its intellectual dignity and spiritual aspiration, all to serve only your puny individual existence, to die with you, for no divine or human end? What is the justification of your existence as an untoiling human lily arrayed in glory, if it has no immortal issue? Shirk maternity, you who are wives, and you profane even your own pride and purity! What save the spirit of motherhood justifies your marriage, your second marriage? Mrs. Josselyn, think, think, think!"

"Let me go," she said, rising. She was in anger, in despair.

But his imperative gesture detained her. There were words still to speak.

"Let me remind you," he said, more gently, "that already

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you have realized the miracles of good and nobility that are worked in the mother-soul! But the maternal influence upon the unborn, is still a subtler miracle; and I warn you that you are exerting it, now. Will you add the beauty of goodness, or the ugliness of evil to this poor earth of ours? Will you mother a saint, a hero, a genius, a glorious man or woman who will better the world on the way to heaven, or a life warped and malformed, soul and heart, mind and body, to blight itself and others, to all eternity? It is now that you must make your immortal choice, and for God's love, and man's, make it womanfully! Prove your worthiness of your state in life, by its maternal consecration! Fix every glance, every thought, every dream, every desire, to the divine phases of life, to the good, the grand, the beautiful, suffering nothing beneath the highest to profane the peace and purity of the angel whose wings are shadowing you! God spare you the remorse of unworthy motherhood! Of all the tragedies of life none is so sad, so terrible, in its immortal penalty. But it steals upon no woman unawares! Choice of the pure and perfect maternal spirit is the birthright of Mary's daughters. Choose it, Mrs. Josselyn, and make the world, unto all generations, your debtor!"

She departed abruptly, staggering blindly towards the carriage. The doctor followed with Marie, giving low-voiced directions. "I shall send my wife to you," were his parting words to Imogen. But if she heard, she did not heed him. "Home," she said to the footman; then leaned silently back, with closed eyes.

"A tea-gown,—and then leave me," she gasped to Marie, upon reaching Carruthdale. Then, with feverish impatience, she tore off hat and coat, gloves and shoes, skirt and bodice. "O Madame!" vainly protested Marie, as the costly toilette was flung aside in reckless disorder. "Let me bring but a cup of tea—"

"No, no tea! No dinner! At home to no one," she negatived, incoherently: then flung herself full-length upon her couch.

Thoughts new, vital, conflicting, were whirling, seething within her brain, her soul. So it was the sanctity of motherhood that had inspired her revolt from the suspicion, the conviction that Joyce had sinned in the past; her response to such high precepts as Martin preached and practised; her at-

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traction towards the godly soul, the woman-heart of Joyce's simple and humble mother! A faint conception, a dim realization of the beauty, the exaltation, the immortal dignity of woman-life in its fulness, flashed upon her;—of the spirituality of human maternity, since it had touched even her callous soul, her untender heart, to bitter-sweet divine unrest!

But the merciful apocalypse was a grace resisted. Her life's ruling passion of selfishness reasserted itself, and the glimmer of soul-light wherein lay redemption was deliberately extinguished. With renewed and intensified impiety and bitterness, she rebelled against the ordeal before her. Her fastidious distaste for the realities of human life in the physical order, her vanity, which had made an idol of her own health and beauty, her morbid shrinking from the least hint of personal pain or suffering, her dread, the inevitable dread of the worldling, of death, all impelled her to resent the peril of maternity, to despair in the face of life's most beautiful hope! She crouched shuddering, realizing her own impotence to evade the fiat of life that had been breathed forth by the Omnipotent Creator! Tremors of helpless terror thrilled her from head to foot! She struck her temples with her clenched hands, and sobbed tearlessly, wildly. For the first time, Imogen faced real life.

"*Mrs. Josselyn! Oh, my dear girl Imogen!*"

Sunset had faded to dark, darkness to night, when the soft utterance of her name broke upon her reverie. Rising hastily, she turned on the lights with impatient hand, and stood frowning, with no word of welcome. But Mrs. Castleton,—the doctor's Ruth—was not dismayed by lack of greeting. She was a woman,—a mother. She knew!

"Blame me alone for my intrusion," she begged, as Imogen glanced angrily past her. "Marie did her utmost to prevent my entrance; but I took the liberty of a friend, of a woman. Ah, we women! What anguish, what joy comes in turn to us all! And our hearts could spare neither one!"

"Not spare anguish? *I?*"

"Neither you nor another! The life ignorant of pain is incomplete and unperfected. You would choose life's full measure, were the choice your privilege. The key to all hearts is in it, and the soul's own vitality. My experience has its message for you—"

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"What message can help me in this terrible hour?" Imogen flung herself down again, in passionate abandon. "Life and love as they were, contented, fulfilled me! For the first time I had 'found myself,' I was happy."

"With a happiness that but presaged this greater glory. You poor child, you have never lived, never loved, as life and love will be revealed to you. Why, Imogen, motherhood thrills and throbs with the pulse of the universe. Your heart will span all earth, all heaven!"

"Oh, your husband has rhapsodized—"

"My husband's words were a man's words, and could not reach you. Does *he* know the sacred communion, soul to soul, of mother and child? Can he feel the love born of anguish forgotten, and peril survived? Are the baby-lips pressed on his heart, for their life-draught? Are the little hands, the little form, day and night on his breast? No man on earth can talk woman's heart-lore,—baby-talk! It is the tenderness, the appeal of it, that must touch you, reconcile you."

Over Imogen's bowed head and huddled form her caressing hands wandered.

"Egoism against motherhood?" she smiled. "Why, Imogen, regarded even in the selfish sense, in maternity is the triumph of womanhood, its supremacy! God, man, the world, the nation, our generation, all have vital *need* of us,—of us, most of all, of the higher talents. They are ours in trust, to make the world a House Beautiful. Shall you not do your little part?"

"*I* care nothing for the world!"

"But you care for yourself! You care for thrones and their power, for the conquest of new kingdoms; and they are yours by grace only of the little hands in the cradle! You care for the beauty of youth,—there is immortality in motherhood! You care for love,—only the mother-life retains it vitally and invincibly! You care for honor,—all men wait with their filial homage! You care for life; the barren life is the butterfly of a single summer,—the maternal life, the phœnix that knows no death!"

Turning back for one wistful glance at Imogen's recumbent figure, Ruth Castleton, as she closed the door, thought her passivity not a hopeless sign. Passion had spent itself. Futile resistance was over. Resignation would come in due time.

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And she was right, for the hour. Her woman-words had not been fruitless; yet Imogen's battle began again, as self renewed its familiar plea. In frenzied dread of her wearying mental conflict, she rang sharply for Marie.

"Brush my hair,—prepare me for bed,—anything,—" she said, taking her seat before her dressing-room mirror, in desperate desire of distraction.

"But Madame will permit me to bring her some dinner?"

Her petulant answer was to loosen her wealth of hair. As it rippled about her in glossy waves, she gazed at her fair reflection with intense eyes. The sight of her beauty aroused the worst in her. To risk it, to mar or seclude it even transitorily, once more seemed a tragic injustice, an impossibility. To serve her own youth, her own health, her own personal comfort and worldly experience,—was not this her first right, her chief privilege, despite the sentiment and cant of conventional moralists? Her self-love cried out against the sacrifice demanded of her, as an immolation of beauty, a profanation of temperament, a gross and intolerable torture levied upon physical sensitiveness and delicacy; a degradation of the rare to the plane of the commonplace, an unjustified holocaust of the fine human exception upon the stone of the natural rule.

Even as she was resenting her position most bitterly and evilly, wheels whirled up the road, and the main door opened and shut. In another moment, with a resounding knock, the door of her room was flung open, and Joyce made his jubilant entry. On the threshold of the dressing-room, he stopped short to bow roguishly to the eyes meeting his in the mirror.

"Dressing for dinner? That's all right," he rejoiced, in his happy ignorance. "I'm as hungry as a hunter, and half hoped you'd hang on for me! 'Sweet Home,' when it is Carruthdale with Queen Imogen in it, beats even my native Maintown all to pieces! Well, I saw Father Martin, saw mother, saw the dear old man, but the first train back to you was n't any too quick for me! Mother's coming next week, and Father Martin's all right. Now, have n't you—something—for a fellow?"

"Leave me," she panted.

"O pshaw!" he persisted. "Marie does n't count. It's a holy example for her to see married lovers!" He stepped forward, playfully clasping his hands on her shoulders. Then

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the white face reflected, its rigid lips, its burning eyes, at last attracted his astounded attention.

"I say, what's the matter?" he exclaimed in dismay.

"Leave me!"

From the moment her eyes had fallen upon his exultant face, his joyous smile, the cruelty latent in Imogen had quickened to life. Bitterly, pitilessly, she felt that she hated him. He could go his man's way, vigorous, handsome, irresponsible: while she—oh, the maddening difference!

She had not turned her face, but its flashing anger, her tense posture, were mirrored vividly. Surprised and appalled, he drew back in uncertainty. To remain against her will, seemed a brutal selfishness; yet to leave her, his wife, like this,—

"*Mais* Madame is not well," explained Marie, pitifully. "If Monsieur will but see Dr. Castleton—"

"Dr. Castleton? Then the doctor has been called in, in my absence? Why, Imogen, I never knew you to be ill before! What is it, you poor little woman?"

"Leave me!"

"But—"

"If Monsieur would but permit Madame to become composed," entreated Marie.

He yielded perforce, perplexed, hurt, vaguely anxious; yet in resentful temper determining to postpone his call upon Dr. Castleton until he had dined. He had returned to Imogen with such hot-hearted eagerness; and her reception was certainly a repelling welcome! He doubted the seriousness of illness that was capable of tantrums. Like a sulky boy, he sat pouting and proudly stubborn, deliberately lingering over his nuts and wine.

Imogen, in the meantime, had dismissed Joyce from her thoughts, consumed only by the feverishly fierce desire to find oblivion in sleep.

"My chloral," she demanded, as the last touch to her dainty night-toilette was given.

"Ah, but Madame, it is impossible! Monsieur le' docteur has said—"

"My chloral, I say, Marie. One dose, more or less, cannot matter."

"Pardon, Madame, but I cannot!"

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"You presume to oppose me, to disobey me? Stand aside! I can serve myself."

The little medicine-cabinet was all too convenient, the vial containing her dream-draught all too familiar to her. In an instant she had turned out the liquid with angrily reckless hand, draining the glass even as Marie reached for it.

"But Madame has trebled her dose," the girl cried, wringing her hands. "And the doctor said it would risk Madame's life."

"The doctor is an old fogy! What ill has my night-draught ever done me? Now you may go, and say to Mr. Josselyn that on no account am I to be disturbed again to-night!"

"Ah, Madame! But I have the anxiety! May I not stay—"

"No, I wish perfect solitude. Turn off the lights, and screen my eyes from the flicker of the lamp. Give me darkness and sleep, sleep—"

Her white eyelids fluttered, their long lashes falling like curled fringe, as she spoke. Her cheek nestled against the pillow like a tired child's. Something in the relaxed pose, the wearied expression, the young, dainty yet subtly blighted beauty of the proud, passionate, newly pathetic face, touched Marie strangely. Her tears gathered and fell as she gazed upon it.

"The good God bless poor Madame!" she murmured, in the tongue sweetly lending itself to gentle devotion.

"Poor?" Beautiful, beloved, fortune-favored Imogen "poor"? The maid did not know why she pitied her mistress. Yet the yearning of a mother for a suffering child, of a spiritual father for a prodigal soul, the prayer of the devout for the imperilled sinner, was the inspiration of her Catholic heart.

The soft jar of the door as Marie reluctantly went out recalled Imogen from the lotos-land towards which she was drifting. As her head tossed on its pillow, her eyes flashed open, recognizing every feature of the familiar room; and the day's dread revelation, for one instant forgotten, recurred vividly in all its agony. She sat up nervously, staring about her with hopeless eyes. Conviction of the inevitability of her fate, the awful loneliness of it, was upon her. Trembling and crouching, she hid her face like a frightened child. Responsibility was so new to her, so appalling, so terrible.

Yet an influx of gentler thoughts calmed her piteous fear.

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God's grace, struggling within her, made human memories its instruments. Dr. Castleton, good and strong man; Ruth, brave and sweet woman; what had they said to her? Suppose they were right, and she in the wrong? Why not take their words on trust, such words as alone could give her strength and comfort? After all, maternity was natural; and only the artificial stands in fear of Nature. But back of Nature,—what? Unconsciously, Imogen groped for the Eternal Cause, the divine behind the human, the Omnific behind universal creation. Towards the spiritual, and therefore conscientious associations of her life, she strained as instinctively as a startled bird seeks a place of safety. Raymond! what had it been in him, inspiring moral integrity, unworldly, unselfish, reproachless worth? Martin,—consistent, courageous cousin Martin, what was his stronghold, his bulwark? Then the memory of Joyce's mother, in her crude, simple womanliness, her wifely fidelity, her maternal passion, challenged her. With a new, sweet content, she leaned upon the knowledge that Joyce's mother was coming to her—Joyce's mother, who was now her own mother! Here was a refuge, a tower of strength, even possibly a source of revelation for her weaker, more worldly and selfish soul. What ideal, what inspiration was common to all these? *God!* What was their standard of life? The gospels of *Christianity*, selfless, abnegative, charitable, penitential, adoring the Creator, serving His creatures! Her fugitive thoughts flashed to Stephen, to Mam'selle, to Gladys! The same answer, one and the same! The coincidence impressed her. Had she missed life's great secret? Was love leading her to it? Could it be that reconciliation to self-sacrifice, even its recompense, its sweet happiness, was hidden somewhere, for her, even her, still to find?

But a languor was dulling her new-born soul-thoughts, a stupor confusing her grasp of her problems. This physical numbness, this sense of powerlessness, of passivity, a sense acute even to pain, what was it?—stealing over her stilly, deeply, as a submerging wave. She was drifting away from all thought, all consciousness; she was sinking down, down into silence, darkness. Her heart-beats, her breath, were quivering, lagging. Oh, the painless agony, the undefined dread, the inactive resistance! The weight of the world was crushing her, benumbing her, pressing her down—down—down—

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Over her torpor swept a sudden chill, a heart-chill of despairing because impotent terror. In slips and snatches of rational thought, she remembered her dream-draught, and realized that its effects in excess were upon her. Not akin to the sweet peace and restful oblivion, the soft rocking to slumber which had been its result on other nights, was to-night's numb distress, still unrest, pulseless heart-quake! Terrible as the holy mystery of maternity had seemed to her, here was an unholy mystery far more terrible still!

She struggled to rise, but fell back limply. No longer would her body, her beautiful, pampered body, obey her. The hour of its triumph, or was it of its defeat,—had arrived! In protest, her eyes quivered open momentarily. "*Raymond!*" she moaned. Not to Joyce, young and weak, albeit to him she had given her earth-love,—but to the stronger, purer, more selfless yet unloved lover, in this soul-hour, her vague thought turned. But even as the vision of Raymond consoled her, her blurred eyes lost it. Light slowly left them. Their lids drooped heavily. She could not lift them. Yet the sight of soul remained.

Past Raymond, it strained to her cousin Martin, the consecrated, the anointed Martin, the living priest. The soul in agony, the bed of death—unto these was his ministry. She, the girl who had loved him, now in womanhood needed him. Her parched lips stirred faintly—"*Martin! Martin!*"

Joyce opened the door, and entered noiselessly. He would not arouse her from sleep, but oh, he must see her! The reverence, the tenderness, the exultation of the prophecy of fatherhood were on his young face. The soul-words of the doctor had inspired, exalted him. He would make himself worthy of this fair woman's love, of her sacrifice, of her sweet penalty, as his wife.

His wife! Never before had Joyce realized fully the sacred wifehood of Imogen. Heretofore she had been to him but his royally gracious coquette, his wilful beauty and belle, his despotic liege-lady of April moods, appealing to his flattered vanity and romantic passion, rather than to his human heart. But now, as the wife of his love, she was transfigured from mere woman to angel incarnate. How had he dared to love her lightly, to serve her heedlessly, to play the master with her, he, now on his knees before the beautiful miracle of her

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womanhood? Manhood, the true manhood of morals and mind, was born within Joyce in that moment of reverence. His tears fell on her hand as he kissed its white beauty, such tears as are the hyssop of men's hearts.

As she stirred, the dim lamp-light made her face palely lustrous. Joyce felt that he looked on the wife-soul, the spirit. "Imogen!" he called. "Imogen!" But Marie stole in to silence him. He submitted. Was not Marie a woman?

But his tears, his voice, had reached Imogen, far away as she had drifted. The last thought of her consciousness was taken up at its stopping-place.

"Martin!" she murmured. And again, more clearly, "Martin!"

Then she sank back into silent sleep.

"It is the dreamful sleep of the chloral, Monsieur," explained Marie. "It would not be well, not well at all, to waken her!"

So Joyce resigned Imogen to her dream of Father Martin, the drugged dream, too deep not to exhaust her heart, the restless heart, the passionate heart, always at extremes, spurred to the artificial pace that may be subdued abnormally, but which defies the rebound to nature's rhythmical measure; the heart tired even in its youth, and weak from stress not of vital action, but of the fevered discontent of the inaction of life, unreal, unearnest,—this poor heart throbbed more slowly, more softly.

"Martin!" she faltered, as the death-angel neared her.

It was Imogen's piteous plea for her soul.

"*Martin! Martin!*"

Did the death-cry penetrate even to the Maintown rectory, to the sensitive spirit of Father Martin, that he was at Carruthdale next morning, even by Joyce's side, as in his first shock he gazed stonily at the beautiful dead, over whom Marie was weeping and praying passionately?

Upon an impulse of inspiration as he left Dr. Castleton, Joyce had telegraphed to Father Martin that Imogen needed him; and some mysterious power had coerced the priest to obey the message within the hour, though every argument of personal expedience was in favor of delaying until morning.

"*Martin, Martin!*"

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It was Imogen's soul-cry to Christ, through His Alter Christus. In the last hour of her blinded, mistaken, wasted life, she had strained towards the divine in so far as she knew It. The man of God is the human mile-stone on the road to heaven; and if the mortal Imogen fell by the wall even as she reached him, who shall say that her immortal soul pressed not on?

Was the cry still audible in the death-room, that Father Martin, rigid in principle, stern in conviction, high and uncompromising of spiritual ideal though he was, could not mourn for Imogen's sudden and apparently unprovided death, as one who had no hope?

"But it is not only one death," raved Joyce. "The two deaths are my judgment. It is a case of the innocent suffering for the guilty!—I was not worthy to have a son!"

Father Martin looked at the son of his heart, and understood; and never again were his brave eyes unsaddened. Not the dead, but the living, was his priestly soul's burden, living youth, living manhood, that do evil so lightly, so heedlessly, not foreseeing the heart's penalty, the soul's doom.

"Come with me, Joyce," he said. But his voice broke as he said it. Ah! if he had but kept Joyce with him—never let him go! The fallen angel still is Lucifer, but his light has lost beauty. Father Martin, still loving, with as great a love as man hath, Joyce the man who had sinned,—no less mourned his white-souled boy of the rectory.

So Imogen's death proved the life-seed of Joyce's spiritual regeneration; for confession shrives the past, and chastens the future,—sacramental confession, and the Christ-Cup that follows it! These were what Imogen's death meant for Joyce.

And for Imogen, what? Who can know, yet who can doubt? When was Christ aught but pitiful, forgiving, indulgent of woman? From Mary, even to Magdalen; from Elizabeth in her age to the woman taken in sin; from Veronica, whose tender service was rewarded by the abiding Vision, to the women whose tears of sympathy were bidden "Weep not for Me,"—no woman, saint or sinner, but has found Christ her Saviour!

Shall Imogen not find mercy with Him?

END OF PART III.

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Views and Reviews.

1—At the time of Mr. Myers' death, in January, 1901, most of the matter contained in these two bulky volumes* was either in print or ready for print. The object of the work is to apply the method of modern science to the problem of the destiny of the human soul. This problem he says is the most important that can be considered by any man, and still no one has attempted to apply to it the method of the natural sciences. With this in view Mr. Myers attempted to institute an "inquiry resting primarily, as all scientific inquiries in the stricter sense now must rest, upon objective facts actually observable, upon experiments which we can repeat to-day, and which we may hope to carry further to-morrow. It must be an inquiry based, to use an old term, on the uniformitarian hypothesis; on the presumption, that is to say, that *if a spiritual world exists, and if that world has at any epoch been manifest, or even discoverable, then it ought to be manifest or discoverable now*" (vol i. p. 7).

Before outlining the steps of this inquiry it will be well to call attention to a distinction which must be clearly understood if any intelligent view of Mr. Myers' work is to be obtained. This is the distinction between the *subliminal* and *supraliminal* consciousness. By the supraliminal consciousness he means that stream of conscious processes which is continually flowing through the mind. By the subliminal consciousness he understands all those processes which lie below the threshold of perception. The term, as applied to sensations too feeble to be recognized, is a familiar one in psychology, but the subliminal consciousness of Mr. Myers is much more extensive. He would relegate to the subliminal consciousness, or subliminal self, "sensations, thoughts, emotions which may be strong, definite, and independent, but which by the original constitution of our being seldom emerge into that *supraliminal* current of consciousness which we habitually identify with *ourselves*" (vol. i. p. 14). Our present consciousness is but one manifestation of our personality. Beneath the present threshold of our conscious life there is another complex personality which may manifest itself

* *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death.* Frederic W. H. Myers. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. Two vols.

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under various conditions as a veritable demon, a genius, or a saint.

The order of procedure is from facts generally admitted to be natural to those held as supernormal. The inquiry commences with a chapter on *Disintegrations of Personality*, which treats of cases of hysteria, secondary personality, demon possession, etc. In hysterics we have examples of the disappearance of faculties in the subliminal consciousness which should be subject to voluntary control. Hysterics stand in relation to ordinary men as the latter do to possible future men in whom powers now existing in the ordinary subliminal self will be normally above the threshold of consciousness. Passing on from the consideration of abnormally defective men, the author takes up the study of genius. An inspiration of genius is looked upon as a *subliminal-uprush*. A man of genius is one in whom the connections between his supraliminal consciousness and his subliminal better self are easily made. In the next chapter Mr. Myers deals with "the alternating phase through which man's personality is constructed habitually to pass," viz., sleep. Not only is it a state in which the bodily organism finds rest, but it is also a stage of "wider potentiality," where faculties which form man's link with the spiritual world make their rudimentary appearance. The next chapter is on hypnotism. After tracing out the connection of this with the previous chapter a brief but incomplete account of the history of hypnotism is given, and many examples of cures being effected by hypnotic suggestion are recorded. The last chapter of the first volume is on Sensory Automatism. Hallucinations, telepathy, apparitions of the living are studied in the hope of throwing some light on man's subliminal powers.

While the first volume deals with the actions and perceptions of spirits still in the flesh, the second considers for the most part the relations which may exist between the living and the dead. Many cases are brought forward of supposed apparitions of the dead in chapter seven, on Phantasms of the Dead. Having reached this stage of the argument, Mr. Myers casts a backward glance upon his work, and considers that in the first volume he proved the existence of a subliminal self, nobler and more perfect than the conscious self: that telepathic messages could be sent from mind to mind of living persons; and that death did not put a stop to the despatch of such messages;

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and therefore human persons do survive bodily death. The two following chapters, on Motor Automatism, and on Trance, Possession, and Ecstasy, were no doubt intended to confirm the argument just outlined, by showing how a disembodied spirit can have control over an organism inhabited by a living spirit.

When we survey the task of Mr. Myers as a completed whole and ask, has he fulfilled the end with which he started out? has he applied the method of modern science to the problem of immortality? we must confess that Newton would scarcely recognize in the present work the method which he used in his *Principia*. To argue from facts is not all that is necessary in the method of natural science. Our elaboration of the data afforded by facts may be metaphysical or experimental, and Mr. Myers has been more prone to make use of the former. Those who can in general agree with his interpretation of the facts will be obliged to admit the conclusion that the human soul is immortal. But the interpretation he has given is not beyond all question. Perhaps the time will come when the phantasms of the dead will be subjected to the test of experiment. But until then the problem of immortality is likely to remain in the domain of metaphysics rather than be transferred to natural science.

2.—The latest study in the religion of the Semitic peoples* comes to us recommended no less by the timeliness and lasting importance of the subject itself than by the reputation of its distinguished author, Père Lagrange, the director of the school of St. Stephen at Jerusalem, and editor of the *Revue Biblique*, who is a scholar of the highest critical attainments. His is one of the names that have brought lustre to Catholic science in these latter times, and proved that the ancient church still has sons who wear well the mantle of her *magistri et doctores* of times long gone by. As to the subject treated of in this masterly volume, its importance can hardly be too forcibly stated. The recent discoveries in Babylonia, Phœnicia, Persia, and Egypt have laid before us whole treasuries of information as to the religious and social life of peoples either kindred or contiguous to Israel. Better than ever before we know the environment of the chosen people. We can tell the influences surrounding the inspired writers, the ideas prevalent in Babylonia

* *Études sur les Religions Sémitiques.* Par le P. Lagrange, des Frères Prêcheurs. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre.

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when the Beni-Israel moved past the Assyrian cities toward the promised land, the religion and the politics current in Egypt when the Hebrew strangers sweated in their slavery, the change that had occurred when once again the sons of Jehovah were dragged as exiles back to the cradle of their race—and out of all this information we have reconstructed many of our notions respecting ancient Jewish history. And what is still more wonderful, it is coming to be recognized now that not only can we not understand the Old Testament without a thorough grasp on Semitic history, and especially Semitic religious history, but even certain aspects of the New Testament will be hidden from us if we are ignorant of how Nineveh, Harran, Ur, and Babylon wrote and thought and worshipped. In one word Père Lagrange's volume is indispensable to any one who wants to have any modern and scientific knowledge of Scripture. He has an exhaustive chapter on the origin of the Semites, and another on the nature of religion and mythology. Then follow studies in Babylonian and Phœnician myths, the Semitic ideas of gods and goddesses, of lustration and consecration, of divination, sacrifice, and eschatology. We should remark in conclusion that this volume is exclusively a scientific exposition of fact. It has no apologetic preoccupation whatever.

3.—We have taken occasion in previous issues of this magazine to bespeak a welcome among our student-readers for the philosophical series now appearing from the house of Alcon under the editorship of the Abbé Piat. The volume* under review calls for a new commendation of this series. It is a study, at once historical and philosophical, of the Arabic philosopher and mystic Gazali, who has exercised so profound an influence on the intellectual development of Islam. The work complements the volume on Avicenna, written by the same celebrated Arabic scholar, the Baron Carra de Vaux. Few studies in the history of philosophy are more important and full of interest than that which discloses to us how the thought and speculation of Greece penetrated the Mohammedan mind, received there a hundred modifications, and issued, as a new school of philosophy, in the productions of independent thinkers like Avicenna and Gazali. Gazali was a moral, even a mystical philosopher, *par excellence*. The ideal of moral beauty was the

* *Gazali.* Par le Baron Carra de Vaux. Paris: Félix Alcon. 1902.

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end toward which he built up his entire structure of speculation —God as the destiny of the soul, conformity to God's will as the nobility of the soul, God mystically speaking to, acting upon, and abiding in the soul as humanity's highest earthly possibility and privilege—these are the basic ideas of this pure and profound scholar of Islam. What influence he wielded during his life and still exercises even to-day, this volume tells us in many an attractive page. The author is to be felicitated on his noble study.

4.—Père Paulot's volume * is worthy of its great theme. It is a vivid, a sympathetic, and a fairly thorough history of the immortal Pontiff who proclaimed the first Crusade. Urban is a noble figure as he stands before the Council of Clermont, and speaks the word which is to fling the chivalry of Europe against the hosts of Mohammed in the East. Never before in history, probably, was one man's power so signally displayed. For it must be remembered, the head of the Holy Roman Empire was then in arms against the Pope, was supporting an antipope, was excommunicated and his kingdom was under interdict. The King of France was also an excommunicate; and in England Anselm of Canterbury was in conflict with William Rufus. Surely the powers of this world were never more directly opposed to the Papacy than then. Yet amid such conditions, the successor of St. Peter spoke for the honor of the Holy Sepulchre, and multitudes without number asked his blessing as they took the cross. Père Paulot does justice to the historic scene at Clermont. It is the part of his volume where he best displays his gift of picturesque expression, and exhibits his warmest admiration for his countryman, Pope Urban.

Urban's contest with the Emperor Henry, his exiles and his wanderings, and his conscientious efforts to eradicate simony and to promote purity of clerical living, are described at length from authentic and honest sources. At the end of the volume, however, Père Paulot puts an appendix regarding Urban's celebrated letter to Geoffrey of Lucques on the treatment of those who kill excommunicates, because "*zelo Catholicæ matris ardentes*," in which appendix our author gives one explanation which is just, and another which is not borne out by history. He is right in saying that the whole context of the passage,

* *Urbain II.* Par Lucian Paulot. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre.

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as well as the historical *cadre* into which it fits, forbid us to interpret Urban's words as a condonation of homicide. But his parallel drawn from Pius VII.'s bull against Napoleon will not hold. His position is that some powers exercised by the popes in mediæval times do not inhere in the Papal office, but grew out of a politico-ecclesiastical system which has passed away. So have thought, and do think, a good many Catholics. But this is a position evidently condemned by the popes themselves. Witness Gregory XVI.'s condemnation of the Belgian constitution, and his bull against the Poles in their struggle against Russia; and witness the positions affirmed so often in the reign of Pius IX., and summarized into the Syllabus.

5.—In a brochure* of less than fifty pages M. Bouvier undertakes a refutation of M. Loisy's latest celebrated book, *L'Évangile et l'Église*. Naturally so summary a treatment of the work of a great scholar, perhaps the greatest now living among Scripture students, is very unsatisfactory. M. Loisy's position can be understood only after wide reading and patient reflection, and can be refuted only by an extent of erudition and a keenness of criticism which M. Bouvier conspicuously does not possess. Indeed, he makes no pretence of possessing them.

6.—Father Fischer's work† will bring delight to every scholar that reads it. Everything about the book suggests the trained investigator, the scientific student. The learned notes, the erudite appendices, and the invaluable bibliography disclose a rare power indeed in the pen that traced these pages. The volume comprises a two-fold history, that of the Norse voyagers who sailed the seas about Greenland and Labrador in the late tenth and early eleventh century, and that of the Christian settlements in Greenland down to their practical disappearance towards the beginning of the sixteenth century. Lief, the son of Eric, is Father Fischer's conclusion, landed on the shores of our present Nova Scotia about the year 999. But he went no further south, nor did any of his Norse countrymen, so that the "Norse tower at Newport," the "Norse

* *L'Exégèse de M. Loisy*. Par P. Bouvier. Paris: Victor Retaux.

† *The Discoveries of the Norsemen in America*. By Joseph Fischer, S.J. Translated from the German by Basil H. Soulsby. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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colony at Norumbega," and Mr. Horsford's strenuous efforts to prove a Norse entry into the territory that became New England, all tumble headlong out of authentic history. The history of the church in Greenland is very pathetic. There was a bishop at Gardar who ruled from four to ten thousand diocesans, but the settlements were pitiably poor and constantly in conflict with privation. Their food was fish and milk; they had no coinage, and paid their tithes and Peter's pence in sealskins and whalebone. Finally almost all the people perished or sought a less terrible habitation, priests departed, and the faith died. But it died only after many a glorious testimony to its former vitality. For a hundred years after the last Mass had been said, the faithful were accustomed once a year to gather at a shrine where a linen corporal had been preserved, and there to keep alive their faith and to augment their sorrow by gazing upon this holy relic of the Presence that had gone from them. Here we must wish that Mr. Soulsby had been a little more careful in his translation. His words are: "Once a year the corporal was exhibited for adoration."

It is a proof of the destitution of that distant corner of the church's vineyard, that when Alexander VI. appointed Mathias, a Benedictine missionary hero, bishop of Gardar in 1492, he forbade the officials of the Curia, under pain of excommunication, to exact from the new prelate any tax for expediting the bulls of his appointment.

7.—In two small volumes* recently issued under the editorship of M. Léon Mention we have a priceless collection of historical source-documents. The first volume contains the *Declaratio Cleri Gallicani* of 1682, with the royal decrees and papal bulls evoked by that celebrated charter. Next come the original letters and edicts that grew out of Bossuet's denunciation and Innocent XII.'s condemnation of Fénelon's *Maximes des Saints*. And finally we have here the earlier documents of the Jansenist controversy. Volume the second gives us Clement XI.'s "*Unigenitus*"; the royal pronouncements on the Jansenists; the clergy's remonstrances of 1750; and the reports, petitions, and briefs which led up to and effected the

* *Documents Relatifs aux Rapports du Clergé avec la Royauté.* Publiés par Léon Mention. Vol. i., de 1682-1705; vol. ii., de 1705-1789. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils.

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suppression of the Jesuits. Every student of history will be glad to have sources so important ready at hand in this cheap and highly serviceable form.

8.—From a learned Anglican we have a new volume* on the Creeds, which contains an historical and dogmatic exposition of the symbols of the Apostles', of Nicæa, and of St. Athanasius. In the historical portion Mr. Mortimer shows himself in thorough possession of the modern erudition that centres about these three great creeds, and gives us consequently an extremely valuable essay on them. In presenting the theological content of these ancient professions of faith, the author is remarkably Catholic. Save for some deficiencies in his idea of the church, a few obscurities with regard to one or two of the sacraments, and a very small number of phrases that are *male sonantes* to strict orthodoxy, we have here a summary of Christian dogma which might have come from one of the Catholic theologians whom Mr. Mortimer reverently and frequently quotes. Would that all his fellow-Anglicans were as Catholic as he! Would that the great basic beliefs of revelation were as clearly proclaimed by the prelates of his church! Would that all souls who have come so near to the *Catholica veritas* would take the one further step which would bring them into communion with the Mother of saints!

9.—The story that Lazarus and his two sisters, Mary and Martha, were put to sea in an open boat by the persecuting Jews, that they were miraculously guided to the coast of France, that they preached Christianity among the Gauls, and that Lazarus died bishop of Marseilles, brings a smile to the face of any one who has ever heard of historical criticism. If the legend is told by way of pious entertainment, well and good. But if it is seriously put before us as an authentic chapter in human events, we prefer historical veracity to edifying myth. Yet, marvellous to relate, the last seventy years of the nineteenth century were filled with acrimonious contentions against the scholars who disputed the Frankish apostolate of Lazarus

* *The Creeds.* An Historical and Doctrinal Exposition of the Apostles', Nicene, and Athanasian Creeds. By the Rev. Alfred G. Mortimer, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1902.

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and Mary Magdalen. These scholars were suspected of temerity, of pride, and of heresy; and Louis Duchesne, the greatest living Catholic historian, became—oh! the shame of it—a martyr in this inexplicable persecution. Listen to what a good abbé speaks out of an indignant soul against the critical iconoclasts: "In order to undermine devotion to St. Magdalen, the devil employs this inflated and temerarious pseudo-science which can end only in the denial of all revealed religion." How the fierce warfare was waged between historians and a well-meaning but disastrous zeal for old traditions, our readers must discover from the fascinating pages of M. Houtin.* This little work has now appeared in a third edition, and we rejoice at its success. It is of a class of writings that makes for sound scholarship and enlightened faith. Keen in appreciating a situation, incisive and brilliant in style, moderate and scholarly in temper, M. Houtin makes an ideal historian of a controversy. His *Question Biblique*, as well as the present volume, proves this. We heartily recommend the *Controverse*.

10.—Father Bachofen's work† on the canonical aspects of religious communities is simple in style, extensive in matter, and fills a real need in theological literature. Only thirty pages are given to congregations of simple vows, while three hundred and sixty are devoted to orders in the strict sense of the word. This, we think, is a disproportionate arrangement, but the author has done his best to live up to the promise made in his preface, that he would try hard to include everything of importance to the congregations in the small space assigned them. A valuable appendix contains a few Papal rescripts of great importance for the present treatise. Among them we are glad to see Leo XIII.'s celebrated *Quemadmodum* forbidding "manifestations of conscience" outside the Sacrament of Penance. In our opinion a sentence like the following ought to be explained a little. At first sight it gives one a start: "*Tenentur religiosi utriusque sexus obedire Summo Pontifice, tanquam supremo Prælato, si præcipiat ea quæ regulæ conformia sunt.*" And can Georgetown possibly be Latinized into "*ad Georgetornensem*"?

* *La Controverse de l'Apostolicité des Églises de France au XIXe Siècle.* Par Albert Houtin. Troisième Édition. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils.

† *Compendium Juris Regularium.* Edidit P. Augustinus Bachofen, S.T.D. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

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11.—Père Hamon in his brochure* on Alcohol has brought together an interesting assortment of information upon the physical and moral evils of strong drink, and has added thereto many a wise and zealous exhortation. Total abstinence, he says, is a measure of heroic virtue which it is useless to preach in Germany, France, Italy, and Spain. More's the pity. But the next best thing is partial abstinence, and this the good father's volume will do much to promote.

12.—Books from the pen of a priest on the regulation and sanctification of the Christian home are sure to contain invaluable lessons and wise cautions. P. Hamon's book† has its share of this merit, and deserves to be read. Some will probably disagree with a few of his counsels, others will be displeased with a certain almost theatrical manner in presenting his views, but at least all directors of souls will be stimulated to vigorous thought by this volume, and will be helped to realize the necessity of frequent and sane instruction on the duties of parents, and the spiritual government of a Catholic household. The work gains nothing in dignity from an acrimonious imaginary colloquy with the deaconesses who are trying to make Protestants of the Catholics of Canada.

13.—Every one is anxious for a thorough and honest explanation of the lamentable condition of Catholic France. There is among intelligent people a wide-spread impression that merely to express the whole blame in the over-driven phrase "Freemasonry," is shallow and insufficient. It stands to reason that back of the present feebleness and inanity of French Catholicity there must lie deep historic causes. What we are looking for is some French Catholic intelligent enough to know what these causes are, and brave enough to give them uncompromising utterance. Precisely of this calibre is the Abbé Charles Denis, editor of the *Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne.* His brochure‡ on the present crisis among his countrymen is a noble piece of candid and progressive composition. Fearlessly

* *Le Roi du Jour, l'Alcool.* Par E. Hamon, S.J. Paris: Ancienne Maison Charles Douniol.

† *Misères Humaines.* Causeries Familières sur quelques Défauts et Vices des Familles. Paris: Ancienne Maison Charles Douniol.

‡ *La Situation Politique Sociale et Intellectuelle du Clergé Français.* Par M. l'Abbé Ch. Denis. Paris: Roger-Chernoviz.

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he lays bare the momentous weakness to which internal discords and blundering leadership have reduced the glorious old Church of France. Fearlessly he condemns the mistakes of a century, by whomsoever committed. And like a Baptist he gives voice to piercing warnings lest his co-religionists should still be contending over past prejudices, when the last hour of possible salvation shall strike. Everything from this intrepid pen is worthy to be read; but none of his previous works has so moved and stimulated us as this.

14.—Mr. Andrews text-book* of botany is intended to meet the needs of schools where an expensive laboratory equipment is out of the question. It abounds in practical questions, and will be found of good service in country schools where the needs of farm-life should be paramount to questions of theoretical importance. It is well printed and replete with illustrations. But it cannot be said to possess any decided advantage over text-books already in the field.

15.—Monsignor Ward has adopted a novel plan in this life† of St. Edmund of Canterbury. He has collected and arranged in chronological order the facts of the saint's life as recorded by old English writers. Each selection is translated into modern English, retaining, however, the original wording, and is marked with a reference to the manuscript from which it was taken. Of course, some legend is bound up with actual history, but we have, at any rate, a picture of the saint as he appeared to the original chroniclers. Monsignor Ward's experiment seems to be a very successful one.

The volume contains many excellent illustrations of such relics of St. Edmund's life and times as survive the ravages of over six centuries. The publisher is to be congratulated on this very attractive volume.

16.—Mother Mary Xavier Warde is another valiant Irishwoman to whom Americans owe a debt of gratitude, for to her persevering labors are due the foundation and prosperous

* *Botany all the Year Round.* By E. F. Andrews. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Co.

† *St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury.* His Life as told by old English Writers. Arranged by Bernard Ward. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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existence of the Sisters of Mercy in our country. In the first years of their foundation the Sisters numbered seven; at the time of Mother Warde's Golden Jubilee they numbered thousands and were established in fifty-eight dioceses of the United States. The hardships and rebuffs this noble achievement implied are recorded in the tribute of the Sisters of Mercy, Manchester, to their revered mother.* It is a well written and well constructed biography; a worthy memorial of a noble woman.

17.—There can be no doubt that the Rosary holds a most prominent place among Catholic devotions, and consequently anything that will keep it from becoming, what those unacquainted with its spirit say it is, mere lip-worship, is most sincerely to be welcomed. There are few writers as capable as Mother Loyola to add to the already great number of books on the Rosary a really helpful work, and this she has given us in *Hail! Full of Grace.*† In this volume she provides us with simple thoughts on the fifteen decades, besides an introduction on the spirit and method of the Rosary. Father Thurston's preface is, as usual, well worth reading. His conviction, expressed in it, that "it would be difficult to find more helpful thoughts, or more vivid pictures, than Mother Loyola has here provided to aid us in the meditation of the drama of man's Redemption," is sufficient guarantee of the worth of this latest of Mother Loyola's writings.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce that they will hereafter be the authorized publishers of Mr. Charles Stuart Street's books on *Whist* and *Bridge*. They will issue shortly: 1. An entirely new edition of *Bridge Up-To-Date*, with revisions and corrections. 2. A new edition of *Whist Up-To-Date*.

They also have in preparation, by the same author, *Sixty Bridge Hands*, involving every problem of the game.

* *Reverend Mother Mary Xavier Warde.* The Story of her Life, with brief sketches of her foundations. By the Sisters of Mercy, Mt. St. Mary's, Manchester. Preface by the Right Rev. Denis M. Bradley, D.D. Boston: Marlier & Co,

† *Hail! Full of Grace.* Simple Thoughts on the Rosary. By Mother Mary Loyola. Edited by Father Thurston, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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TRAVELLING BY MEANS OF THE STEREOSCOPE.*

There are various ways of taking a trip abroad. Of course nothing can equal the actual experiences of a voyage across the seas, the wandering among a people speaking a strange language and following unusual customs, gazing with open eyes at the historic monuments of bygone ages. So much does travelling abroad give new zest to life, that it becomes the anticipation of any one who has wealth and leisure. In the judgment of many, one's life is not rounded out unless one has spent some time in travelling, and has done the cities of Continental Europe. But withal much travelling is a luxury to be enjoyed by the few. The many must content themselves to stay at home, and but read of the sights and scenes that delight the eye of the "globe trotter," or use the Stereoscope.

It is pleasing to note that an enterprising firm has undertaken to revive the stereoscope, and by means of it to present the scenes that interest travellers in such wise that we may enjoy them without leaving the family sitting-room.

Not the least part of the wonders of modern science is the invention of the telephone, which practically annihilates distance and brings to one's ear the voice of a friend, its *timbre* and its accents, though he be hundreds of miles away. What the telephone does for the ear, the stereoscope does for the eye. It brings to our vision actual scenes. They stand out in all their reality. The perspective is so preserved that the relative distances of objects is correctly gauged. In short, the real objects are so vividly presented to us that the only thing that seems to be lacking are the babel of voices of the market places, or the rattle of the wagons over the paving stones, or the busy hum of city life. It probably would be more correct rather to mark the analogy between the stereoscope and the phonograph than between the stereoscope and the telephone. While the phonograph has embalmed the living voice and produces it at will, so the stereoscope has embalmed the living scene and presents it on call. Both together will give the veracious reproduction of any event or place.

* *Travelling in the Holy Land through the Stereoscope.* A Tour personally conducted by Jesse Lyman Hurlburt, D.D. New York, London, Ottawa, Kan., Toronto, Can.: Underwood & Underwood.

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Messrs. Underwood and Underwood have arranged to take us through Palestine and through Rome with a stereoscope, and they have in preparation a trip through Ireland and other countries. These publications are unique: first in starting with the stereoscopic photograph; and second, in the patent map system, said to be the most important step ever made to assist one in locating himself in relation to objects about. Even if one intends to travel, there is no better way of familiarizing one's self with places to be visited than by the previous use of the stereoscope and its map system. It is an unrivalled guide.

The scenes of Palestine are particularly interesting. The customs of the people are so unchanging there that their present-day vesture and habits bring one back to the days of Christ. A *Life of Christ* read to the accompaniment of the stereoscopic pictures presents a far more vivid picture of the scenes of long ago, and intensifies the reality of the words and events that make the life of the Saviour one of interest to all men.

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Library Table.

The Month (March): Continues the publication of Cardinal Newman's letters to Father Coleridge. Of special interest is one among them in which Newman said: "As to my Anglican Orders, I cannot *conceive* that they are valid; but I could not *swear* that they are not. I should be most uncommonly surprised if they were. It would require the Pope *ex cathedrâ* to convince me." *The Month* recalls the excitement and controversy provoked by the appearance of *The Grammar of Assent*, and the painful and serious trouble caused by the surreptitious publication of a letter of Newman's to Dr. Ullathorne containing the well-known phrase "an insolent, aggressive faction," which he but partially adopted and which was (and frequently still is) invested with a signification which he himself promptly repudiated—as if his denunciations were specially levelled at the Society of Jesus as a body.

Henry C. Day in an article *On the Modern Problem of Charity* states the practical problem thus: "How can and ought the poor, who are always and actually with us, to be materially assisted so that their permanent condition may be bettered?" Father Gerard writes on Cardinal Vaughan's Lenten pastoral on the imminent peril hanging over children lest they grow up without instruction in the truths of their faith and without training in its spirit.

The Tablet (7 March): Publishes extracts from a report of Mrs. V. M. Crawford, after a visit to Canada as a member of a deputation of seven from the Marylebone Board of Guardians to investigate and report on the results of child emigration to Canada. Each member of the deputation returned very favorably impressed with the openings afforded by Canada for the boy or girl emigrant. It is stated that a good age for emigrating boys is 10 or 13. As to girls the problem is complicated. From 16 to 18 is a bad age, and it seems better that they too should be sent out quite young in order more easily to adapt themselves to the climate and customs of the new world.

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International Journal of Ethics (April): In an article entitled "The Religious Training of Children by Agnostics" Mrs. Francis Darwin, of Cambridge, Eng., attempts to show how persons who believe in no creed or dogma can help those starting in life in matters of religion. Without attempting to justify or to apologize for agnostics, she claims that since their existence is a fact, and since a strong spiritual life can coexist with no belief, their right to take part in the religious training of children must be acknowledged. The great end of training is to teach the child to understand the beauty of all the faiths which in the past have swayed the minds of men. Life must do the rest.

Professor Royce, of Harvard, gives his opinion of "what should be the attitude of teachers of philosophy towards religion." Religion defined as the consciousness of practical relations to a real but at present unseen spiritual order is the most important business of man. But as to special religious problems the philosopher must cultivate in his elementary students a judicial rather than a dogmatic attitude. He must help his more advanced students to understand religious problems, but not be to them an appellate judge. He must not try to force his opinions on the general public. He is not to seek occasion to cause scandal to the little ones. But at the same time he should be frank and conciliatory, judicially critical, reverently earnest.

Father Tyrrell, S.J., writes of "Christianity and the Natural Virtues." He points out how Christianity has widened man's concept of his neighbor, and says that in the adaptations of Greek notions of virtue to universal and particular interests we must not only expand the Greek ideas of Justice, Fortitude, Temperance, and Prudence, but make a higher synthesis of these and the theological virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

The Critical Review (March, 1903): Rev. James Iverach reviews "Ladd's Philosophy of Conduct," which he considers the most profound and exhaustive treatise on ethics which has appeared in our time—a work grounded on the facts of experience, but also transcending the merely experimental and finding in metaphysics a solution of those

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ultimate problems of morality which a purely empirical ethics cannot give. It is a work remarkable for its fulness and thoroughness, and yet every page of which is interesting and helpful, and indeed some parts of which—as, for instance, the chapter on the notion of moral obligation—are of supreme value to the earnest student of moral conduct. The reviewer criticises the style and manner of Professor Ladd adversely, characterizing it as "non-conducting, cumbrous and awkward in construction, and resisting the efforts of the reader to put himself in relation to the meaning of the author."

The Monist (April): Professor James H. Hyslop, of Columbia University, undertakes a refutation of Kant's doctrine on analytic and synthetic judgments, and an exposition of that philosopher's misconception of the problem of knowledge. In a very lengthy article translated from the German the attempt is made to prove "that the religion of the New Testament in important, and even in some vital, points, can be interpreted only in the light of the influence of extraneous religions, and that this influence reached the men of the New Testament by way of Judaism."

Le Correspondant (Feb. 10): "Les origines de la Reforme" (Imbart de la Tour) is a study of French society at the beginning of the sixteenth century. In M. Paul Gautier's recently published *Madame de Staël et Napoléon* M. de Lanzac de Laborie finds reasons for believing that it will place Napoleon's part in the historic quarrel in a better light. P. Giquells gives an interesting account of the little autonomy existing in the island of Houat, on the west coast of France. "La Crise Sardinière" discusses the disappearance of the sardine from Breton waters. The series of articles on the morale and organization of the French army is continued. Dora Melagali analyzes the causes of the excessively high rate of criminality existing among the lower classes of Neapolitan women; and deplores that "la religion telle qu'elle est comprise à Naples ne peut guère être la moderatrice des passions in aider à la formation des caractères."

(March 10): Count Albert de Mun exposes the spirit in which the campaign against the religious orders has

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been prosecuted—a proceeding which he holds to be but an episode in a determined war against the church. M. Crepon, continuing his "Nomination et Institution Canonique des Évêques," reviews the conflict waged by Napoleon to obtain the power of institution. M. Paul Nourrison relates the manner in which the Grand Orient dictated the anti-religious policy of the present French government.

(March 25): In the name of the founders of the newly inaugurated Catholic federation, "L'Action Liberale Populaire," M. J. Piou, ancien député, points out the supreme need for organized action on the part of French Catholics, and indicates the proposed policy of the union. In "Études d'Histoire Contemporaine," M. Pierre de la Gorge treats of the relative positions of France and Prussia just before the war of 1870. An anonymous writer presents a collection of political and philosophic thoughts from the writings and speeches of the German Emperor.

Echo Religieux de Belgique (Feb.): M. H. Romel, canon of Bruges, contributes a long and brilliant notice of the late Dr. Bouquillon, of the Catholic University of America. M. Romel was a life long friend of the professor, and had ample opportunity of forming an accurate judgment of his simple, noble character, and unrivalled intellectual powers and attainments. M. Romel analyzes with true insight the many rare qualities which made the modest, retiring Dr. Bouquillon the foremost theologian of his generation, and, at the same time, a master in many varied fields of scholarship. Dom Laurent Janssens, the distinguished Benedictine, is cited as saying that, born under another sky, Thomas Bouquillon would have been the glory of the Sacred College—"son nom est de ceux qui demeurent."

Études (20 Feb.): P. Brucker justifies the condemnation passed on M. Loisy's book, on the ground that the learned professor's volume is in opposition to the traditional theology and exegesis of the Church, and submits the Gospels and the Person of Christ to a dangerous method of rationalistic analysis.

(5 March): J. de la Servière begins a description of the

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theological duel between James I. of England and Cardinal Bellarmin, on occasion of the latter's having denied that Catholics could lawfully take the English oath of allegiance condemned by Paul V.

(20 March): P. Condamin begins a general sketch of the relation between the Bible and Assyriology, discussing the matter from the critical and exegetical view-point. He aims at proving that, despite the resemblances between the Babylonian and Assyrian literatures on the one side and the Hebrew on the other, attentive and unprejudiced students must perceive that the monotheistic belief and the conception of a prophetic office on the part of the Hebrews can be explained only by recourse to supernatural intervention.

Revue Bénédictine (April): Dom Janssens esteems Loisy's Christianity as inferior to orthodox Protestantism; and declares Loisy's theses, that dogmatic formulas are not final expressions of absolute truth, and that doctrinal development owes more than has ever been realized to profane thought, to be audacious and un-Catholic. In fine, Loisy is a superficial scholar, a defective theologian, and an insincere critic, while Cardinal Richard, who condemned him, is a holy and learned prelate.

Revue de Lille (Feb.): Contains an address delivered before the professors and students of the department of letters in the University of Lille on St. Francis de Sales, the patron of that faculty, by M. A. Delplanque, who treated of the saint's life as a student and his influence as a missionary and spiritual writer.

(March): M. Éugene Duthoit sketches the brilliant career of President Roosevelt, dwelling especially on his labors as President, and his views on social, political, and religious questions embodied in his book *La Vie Intense.* The writer is much impressed by the good will which Mr. Roosevelt manifests towards the Catholic religion, and especially by the beautiful tribute paid to the late Rev. Martin Casserly, C.S.P., for his efficient and untiring labors in the suppression of evil and the relief of poverty in the city of New York.

Revue Thomiste (March): A reviewer of M. Loisy's *Évangile et*

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l'Église gives the distinguished French scholar high praise for his admirable refutations of Harnack, but adds that M. Loisy falls frequently into error owing to his constant neglect of one great *rôle* of exegesis, viz.: to take into account the traditional interpretations of the church. This neglect of his lessens admiration even of such magnificent passages as that in which he gives the philosophy of doctrinal development with regard to the hierarchy.

Démocratie Chrétienne (March): The most important article in this number is the "Socialism of Karl Marx," by H. Du Sart; he gives a clear analysis of Marx's theory in regard to the relative value of merchandise and money. Henri Cochez presents an outline of the work to be carried on by clubs organized for the study of Christian democracy. The Abbé Jean Siemienski contributes an historical sketch of the life and times of Jean Casimir, king of Poland.

Revue Générale (April): Ch. Woeste offers a plea for the encouragement of the study of the Latin and Greek languages in the schools. Bon De Borchgrave reviews the colonization which has taken place in different parts of the world during the nineteenth century. Henri van Groenendael gives a concise exposition of the law that went into effect in Belgium the first of February last in regard to accident insurance, which is offered by the state to the workingman.

Science Catholique (March): P. Chauvin traces the history of an opinion put forward in Loisy's latest book, viz., that our Lord grew gradually into the consciousness of His Messiahship. This is an error that goes back to the second century, and has been held in one or another form by the Gnostics, Nestorius, Calvin, Zwingle, Beza, Strauss, and Renan. Finally in our own day it is proclaimed by Sabatier and Harnack. M. Loisy in conceiving our Lord's Messiahship as not always presented to the Saviour's mind, has given us a Christ different from the object of the church's historic worship.

La Quinzaine (1 March): J. Debout sketches an association founded by the late Mgr. Doutreloux of Liége, for the

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propagation of the faith among laborers, composed of both priests and lay people. The association conducts two training schools for young recruits of the classes named, and studies to improve the social condition of the laboring people by organized and religiously directed efforts. It has spread into a number of cities and is in thriving condition.

(1 April): M. Martin thus sums up the great excellences of the legal code of Hammourabi, king of Babylonia, in the twenty-third century before Christ: These ancient laws firmly establish the rights of property; they take a special care of family life; they extend state protection to the poor and weak; they give woman extraordinary privileges; they protect the interests of children; they define penalties for usury and other oppressions of the wealthy. On the other hand we find in these enactments several serious shortcomings. They seem not to be based upon any adequate notion of responsibility; they permit the substitution of an innocent child to atone for the crime of the father; they are lax about safeguarding the use of capital punishment; they allow wholesale social sin and throw about it the protection of law.

Revue du Monde Invisible (March): From the *Ami du Clergé* an article is cited on the influence of blessed bells during storms. The Ritual is quoted in order to prove that by God's ordinary providence a supernatural power is conferred on these bells enabling them to overcome elemental disturbances and to counteract demoniacal influences.

Studi Religiosi (Jan.–Feb.): P. Semeria, the famous Barnabite, appeals for intellectual honesty in dealing with Biblical difficulties, declaring that it is high time to realize that many of these difficulties arise from our own persistence in not viewing the Scriptures in the *milieu* in which they were originally composed. Many a noble expression of religion becomes false if subjected to the rigid tests of a science with which it should have nothing to do. Unquestionably the progress of intelligence has purified our religious concepts; unquestionably it has corrected many errors held devoutly for centuries about the Bible. Let us acknowledge this and cease to be at war with modern thought.

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Rivista Internazionale (Feb.): G. Rampa writes on a new book of the Bishop of St. Gall on the position of the Catholic Church with regard to modern thought. It was suggested by the controversy raging in Germany about the recent volumes of Ehrhard and Harnack; and reminds readers that while a reformation of Catholicism in its essence is never possible, there is need at present to exercise the church's vital forces in a way better adapted to the present age; internal reformation is an urgent necessity, and in particular we must aim at better education of the people.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 April): An article entitled "Providence in the Fall of the Temporal Power" says that though it is never easy to declare a fact to have been willed by Providence unless we know the divine mind, yet if there is any fact in all modern history which evidence and common sense unite in showing to be designed by God, that fact is the fall of the Temporal Power. In truth, either Divine Providence never interferes in human affairs, or else it certainly interfered in this instance.

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Comment on Current Topics.

Anglicanism and Ritualism.

A crisis appears to be imminent in the affairs of the Romanizing wing of the Episcopal Church. Yet we are very doubtful if anything can or will be done to discipline the Ritualists. Our grounds for this judgment are, first, the growth of the movement has become so large that to cut it away will entail the excision of the most vital parts of the Episcopal Church. The people who have a profoundly religious spirit among the Episcopalians are the so-called Romanizing party. They are good church-goers. Religion is to them a vital principle of their lives. It means self-sacrifice and obedience to the law. There is more real religion in an ounce of the High-Church party than there is in a whole ton of the rationalizing, faithless followers of the discredited private judgment theory. As one starts with a High-Church Ritualist and descends the scale to the Low-Churchman, he will find that the element of sincere devotion and belief is eliminated in an inverse ratio as the square of the distance. To attack the party of faith and devotion will be as graceless as it will be fruitless. There is not authority enough in all the Episcopalian hierarchy in America to purchase the skin of a Ritualist or to make him budge one inch from his conscientious attitude toward the ancient doctrines and practices which he has deliberately taken up.

In England it may not be so. Parliament may pass the Church Discipline Bill and the civil law may exclude the Ritualist from benefices, and deny support to him and his family, if he has one; but there is no such power on this side of the water to deal with him in so arbitrary a way. Moreover if the Episcopalian bishop undertakes to bring the Ritualist to trial, will he find any backing in the public sentiment of his co-religionists? The spirit of Ritualism has now pretty thoroughly leavened the Episcopalian mass, and even among those who are not extreme there is a profound sympathy for those who go to greater lengths, and especially would this be the case if they were under discipline. It would appear to an outsider that the clouds are gathering for a great storm in the

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Episcopalian Church, and should any combined effort be made by the Protestant party to defy the storm, the craft may be wracked from stem to stern before it passes through the crisis.

The election of Rev. Wilford Lash Robbins, dean of All Saints' Cathedral, Albany, to the position of dean of the General Theological Seminary, is said to be in no sense a victory for the radicals in either party, but simply for "staunch churchmanship." Still, in the present acute state of affairs, that a Broad-Churchman was not selected may be taken to indicate that there is strong sympathies for the High-Churchmen, and to a large extent this party is inoculated with the Ritualistic tendencies.

The New Irish Land Bill

Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has introduced the Government's Land Bill in the House of Commons. The bill follows quite closely the recommendations made by the late conference between the landlords and tenants of Ireland. On the whole it is a measure which, to quote Lord Charles Beresford, "must appeal to every Irishman who desires to see peace, unity, and settled, constant prosperity established in his country." At the convention in Dublin Mr. Wyndham's Bill was accepted unanimously by the popular representatives of the Nationalists. Mr. John Redmond termed the meeting the most important Nationalist convention held in Ireland in one hundred years, and stated that its recommendations would be supported by the members of the Land Conference and presented to the government as the demands of both the landlords and the tenants. The bill is the most sweeping proposal ever made with regard to reform in Irish affairs. It bears promise that something like justice, or the beginning of justice, is to be done by England for Ireland. Through the bill the government will give a free grant-in-aid of $60,000,000, which will be employed to pay the seller at least a percentage of the purchase money. Moreover, the land is capitalized at $500,000,000. On this sum stock is to be issued in yearly amounts of $25,000,000, guaranteed by the government, unredeemable for thirty years, and bearing interest at two and three-quarters per cent. All this is a safe and profitable investment for the government. As regards the actual transfer, the value of the land is to be determined judicially by the Land Commission and the owners assured of payment by the credit of the government. The tenants will

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receive loans to enable them to pay in part for the land, and any persons who have been tenants of the land within the last twenty years may receive such loan and be entitled to purchase.

The government plans to have this system of changing extend over some fifteen years, which means, of course, the support of all Irish members for the present government of Messrs. Balfour, Chamberlain, and Wyndham, not only in matters local but also in questions of imperial government.

It is a wise and strong move politically on the part of the present government, and warrants a hearty reception for King Edward on his coming visit to Ireland.

Ireland's day of prosperity seems to be dawning. Many believe it but a short step from the settlement of the Land Bill to Home Rule. One thing is certainly true, and that is that the Land Bill by no means settles the whole Irish Question. The bill is a confession, as Mr. John Morley says, that England's policy toward Ireland has for a century been completely wrong. The transferring of the ownership of the soil to the people of Ireland will but strengthen the principle of self-government.

Some Religious Happenings.

Dr. William S. Rainsford is a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. Lately a protest has been entered against him for heretical utterances made in an address before the St. Andrew's Brotherhood in Philadelphia. The *Outlook* says "there is no article in the accepted creeds of the Episcopal Church that Dr. Rainsford does not heartily and sincerely accept." Dr. Rainsford, writing in the same publication, in the same number, says: "I had come to the conclusion that infant baptism was not to be found in the New Testament. I could not satisfy myself that there was any proof that infants had been baptized by Jesus and his disciples, and I do not believe so to-day."

Reverend Mr. Francis, of the "Order of the Atonement," publishes *The Lamp* to propagate "resubmission" of the Anglican Church to Rome. It champions the infallibility of the Pope, yet stands for the validity of Anglican Orders. Mr. Francis is to be brought to ecclesiastical trial for heresy.

The *Guardian* of England calls for the punishment of Mr. Spencer Jones, whose "England and the Holy See, Essays

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towards Reunion" "has already been responsible for a deplorable amount of mischief."

The American Church Board of Missions ordered the Bishop of Tokio to deal with the matter of Mr. Lloyd's "apparent disloyalty." Mr. Lloyd is president of a Japanese college under the supervision of the board. He "had learned to turn to the Holy See after the desire of his heart," and resigned before the command came.

Last month a conference was held in New York City of delegates appointed from the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches to draw up some effective measures against the fearful wave of divorce and "to secure adequately the enforcement of appropriate regulations as to marriage, both in Church and State."

This, of course, is nothing new.

Two other conferences are about to be held: one in New York City, the other in Pittsburg. They have been called by members of the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational denominations, and their immediate purpose is to effect Christian unity.

All this is nothing new, but the prayer goes forth with something like renewed fervor, "Unto these cities of confusion send, O Lord, the light of Thy truth and peace."

France and Religion.

If there was ever any honest doubt as to the intentions of the present government of France with regard to the religious orders and religion in general, there can be doubt no longer. All the religious orders are to be expelled from France, and through their expulsion the atheistical Radicals are aiming a blow at religion itself. The teaching orders, the commercial orders have gone. Now the same ones who drove them out are bitterly denouncing the Concordat, which does not pertain to the religious at all. Even M. Combes, himself a Radical, has advised them to stop, saying that the time for its denunciation had not yet come. But because of repeated victories they are growing bolder, audaciously exposing their real motive to the public, and will not stop until they have done their best to make France a country without a church and without a religion.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

FATHER HECKER'S book entitled *The Church and the Age* contains a number of articles published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE during a period of about ten years (1876–1886). As an editor of a magazine devoted to the interests of the Catholic Church in America, he touched on a number of topics under discussion at the time, which involved certain historical opinions. He claimed, for instance—*Church and the Age*, page 97—that "the republic of the United States, in affirming man's natural rights, started in the eighteenth century with its face to Catholicity, and is in the ascending way of life to God. From this point of view the Declaration of American Independence has a higher than political meaning, and it may be said to be the turning point in history from a negation to an affirmation of truth; interpreting democracy not as a downward but as an upward movement, and placing political society anew on the road to assist man in the fulfilment of his divine destiny.

"Christianity, like republicanism, has in the last analysis to rely for its reception and success on reason and conscience and the innate powers of human nature, graciously aided from above as they always are. Let it once be shown that the Catholic interpretation of Christianity is consonant with the dictates of human reason, in accordance with man's normal feelings, favorable to the highest conceptions of man's dignity, and that it presents to his intelligence a destiny which awakens the uttermost action and devotion of all his powers, and you have opened the door to the American people for the reception of the complete evidence of the claims of the Catholic Church, and prepared the way for the universal acceptance of her divine character."

In another passage from *The Church and the Age*, page 114, Father Hecker stated his view of future developments as follows:

"If, as many think, democracy will soon assume control of public affairs in the old world, the question is, What kind of a democracy will it be: what influence will be powerful enough to guide it morally aright? No sectarian form of Christianity can be the guide of mighty human forces. So far as men are sectarians, so far do they deviate from the universal truth; and only the universal principles of reason and revelation grasped and wielded by such an organic world-power as the Catholic Church can guide aright the tumultuous masses of mankind when the transition from one phase of civilization to another has begun. The power that could tame the barbarian ancestors of the civilized world exhibits in such men and such utterances as have been herein considered a force competent to guide to its proper destiny the baptized democracy of our day. And we may say in passing that it is difficult to exaggerate the majesty and power which a body of men representing the whole Catholic Church, as the Council of Trent intended the cardinals to do, would possess and exert the world over; the decision of such a body, with the Pope at its head, could not fail to be final."

The foregoing information is given in answer to a correspondent, who wishes to know also the exact words of the reference to the Council of Trent. By consulting the book on the Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent,

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translated by the Rev. J. Waterworth—page 207—the full context can be seen, together with the following quotation:

"And the Synod ordains, that all and singular the particulars which have been elsewhere ordained, in the same Synod, touching the life, age, learning, and other qualifications of those who are to be appointed bishops, the same are also to be required in the creation of cardinals—even though they be deacons—of the Holy Roman Church; whom the most Holy Roman Pontiff shall, as far as it can be conveniently done, select out of all the nations of Christendom, as he shall find persons suitable" (Decree on Reformation, chap. i.)

In this last of his published works, *Church and the Age*, Father Hecker gave what may be called the dominant note of the future policy of Catholicity. It was written prior to the present development by Leo XIII. of the church's attitude towards our age, and towards the providential movement of men and nations towards free political institutions. Father Hecker was penetrated with the same spirit from the beginning of his career. The relations of intelligence and liberty to the religious life of the Catholic Church are here fully explained.

* * *

Young writers need much encouragement to overcome the difficulties incident to the publication of their first attempts. They also need some practical directions such as the following from A. Roland Hall in that helpful magazine devoted to practical talks on success in business, edited by Patrick J. Sweeney, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

Manuscripts for magazines should be written on white paper, six by nine inches. Never use foolscap. Write only on one side of the paper and do not fasten the sheets together.

It is better to send your manuscript without folding. Enclose self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage to return your manuscript.

Number your pages at the top. The title of the article or story should be written about the middle of the first sheet. Put your name and address in the upper left corner of the first sheet, and the number of the words in your manuscript in the upper right corner.

If possible, have your manuscripts typewritten. If penwritten, only black ink should be used.

Do not expect editors to puzzle over poor handwriting. Write plainly. Leave some space between your lines and a small margin at both sides.

Words may be divided at the end of a line and carried over to the next, but a part of a word should not be carried over to another sheet.

It is not necessary to write the editor a long personal letter. State that your manuscript is for sale at the usual rates of the magazine. It is not a good plan for young writers to set a price on their work.

Do not expect the editor to pass on your work at once. Editors of prominent publications have thousands of manuscripts to read.

Do not feel hurt if your manuscript comes back. Put it aside for a month. Then read it critically, and you will often see that the editor had a good reason for not purchasing. Feel grateful for all criticism and suggestions.

Short articles find a more ready market than long ones.

Don't write unless you have something to write about. Go right into your subject with the very first sentence. Introductions are rarely necessary; if necessary, they should be very brief.

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You will make your work ridiculous if you affect "fine writin'," or use expressions like "lurid glare," "hoarse sob," etc. Avoid useless detail; the story of the creation was told in six hundred words.

Use clear, simple language. "He had just left" is better than "the echo of his departing footsteps had hardly died away."

Paragraph frequently. Let the points of your article stand out clearly. See that long and short sentences are properly proportioned.

In a news article adhere strictly to facts; leave opinion for the editorial page.

Three things are necessary to successful authorship: a live, interesting topic, the ability to get the most out of your topic in the least space, and judgment in finding a market for your work. Get a copy of a publication and study its purpose before trying to write for it.

Never submit anything for publication on which you don't feel you have done your best. Most successful authors find it necessary to write their articles several times. Even a good article may sometimes be sent to eight or ten publications before a sale is made.

* * *

The late Edward Eggleston had an ideal studio at Lake George, where he did most of his literary work for many years past. In presenting a general view of his career the editor of the *Bookman* states the opinion that he would probably have desired to be known simply as an historian, for the later years of his life were entirely devoted to historical research and composition. Nevertheless, the best thing that he ever did was his story of primitive, semi-barbarous life in the Indiana of the early thirties, entitled *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, which Dr. Eggleston published about 1875. It is one of the first successful attempts to portray in fiction the rude and rough environment of men and women in the days when the Middle West was still in the making, and it is wonderfully interesting, amusing, and exciting. It was Dr. Eggleston's first effort at fiction, and he wrote it very hastily and in the most off-hand fashion. It is obviously the work of an unpractised hand, for its simple plot is inconsistent and full of gaps; yet the characters in it are remarkably vivid, and their talk is racy and pungent to a degree. When the book appeared, the whole country caught it up with delight, and Dr. Eggleston suddenly found himself accepted as a popular novelist. He wrote several other books in much the same vein, but he never quite repeated his first success, for the reason that he became self-conscious and tried to be "literary," thereby killing the freshness and simplicity which gave *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* so much charm. His story called *The End of the World* is, however, very well worth reading, and it gives a striking picture of the Millerite delusion and of the terrific scenes enacted on the day when half the people of the West believed that the world was coming to an end. It is rather interesting to note that Dr. Eggleston soon recognized that he was falling below the standard of *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, and that he then very promptly abandoned the writing of fiction. His most serious historical publication was *The Beginners of the Nation*.

* * *

A writer in *Harper's Weekly* declares that Finley Peter Dunne is a typical American. He began his work in Chicago as a reporter on a daily paper, and had the sense to look beneath the surface of the assignments that came to him as to others in the course of the day's work. He found the human quality in

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what fell to his consideration; he saw the humor and the sense and the pathos of every-day life, whether in "Archie Road" or on the Lake Shore Drive, and he had the rare wit to realize their universal significance. All this became a concrete result in his conception of Mr. Dooley, whose consideration of questions of the day embodies all that is really American—the wit that seems to belong alone to this strange mixture of nationalities called the American people, the keen sense of justice and the quality of being able to grasp the essential point in any matter that have long since been identified with Abraham Lincoln, and the ability to hit hard without being mean or unkind that has been confined until now to Mark Twain. The result is that Mr. Dooley is a national character. We all know him; we all respect him; we all wish we had his clear brain. As Uncle Sam is himself typical of the Yankee, as David Harum is the type of the American countryman, so is Mr. Dooley as thoroughly an American of another sort—the Yankee shrewdly mixed with the Irish immigrant. And thus Mr. Dunne, at the age of thirty-five, takes his place as the creator of a distinctive American personage, and promises to extend his sphere of usefulness.

* * *

The public meeting of the Champlain Assembly School of Pedagogy, held at Columbus Hall March 21, New York City, marks the beginning of a new epoch in the history of the institution. Dr. Dwyer presided. Father Lavelle delivered the address of greeting. He was followed by Mr. Burlingham, until recently president of the Board of Education, who congratulated the audience on the deep interest in this great work, and expressed the hope that he might arrange to visit next summer their home at Cliff Haven. City Superintendent Maxwell spoke next, saying that during his long life he has labored that the teachers should have fixidity of tenure, competent salaries, reasonable pensions in their latter years, and a high ethical sense of duty toward the department of the work in which they are engaged. The first three have been provided by law, and he regards the Summer-School as one of the strongest factors in producing the rest. Commissioner Lummis, chairman of the finance committee of the Board of Education, made a plea in favor of Catholic education in general, appealing to all right-minded citizens to study the question without prejudice. Commissioner Barrett spoke pleasantly of the social life at Cliff Haven, and the earnestness of the work. Superintendent Taylor and Principal O'Callaghan, who are the instructors of the school, outlined their plan of the work. Some very good music was interspersed between the speeches.

* * *

The twelfth session of the Catholic Summer-School at Cliff Haven, N. Y., on Lake Champlain, will extend nine weeks, from July 6 to September 4. Courses of study are now arranged with reference to the approved plans for self-improvement among teachers and members of Reading Circles. Superintendent John Dwyer, Pd.D., is in charge of the department of Pedagogy, which will provide two of the most important courses for busy teachers: one on principles and methods of teaching, by Superintendent J. S. Taylor, Pd.D.; the other on educational psychology, by Principal W. F. O'Callaghan, A. B. (Harvard).

In compliance with the suggestion of Inspector Eugene W. Lyttle, of the Regents' department, an intensive course in English literature will be given for six weeks, beginning July 6, with lectures by Dr. Hugh T. Henry, Principal of the Catholic High School, Philadelphia; and Dr. Conde B. Pallen, of New York City. The studies in biology begun last year will be continued under the supervision of Dr. James J. Walsh, of the University of Pennsylvania. Professor Zeckwer, of the Philadelphia Musical Academy, will teach piano and violin, besides taking part in the lecture-recitals. The classes in art, sloyd, and physical culture will be organized under the same instructors who had successful results last year. A full programme of Athletics has been a leading feature of the Champlain Summer-School for several years. The prospectus giving railroad rates, etc., is now ready at the office of the Secretary, Warren E. Mosher, 39 East 42d Street, New York City. M. C. M.

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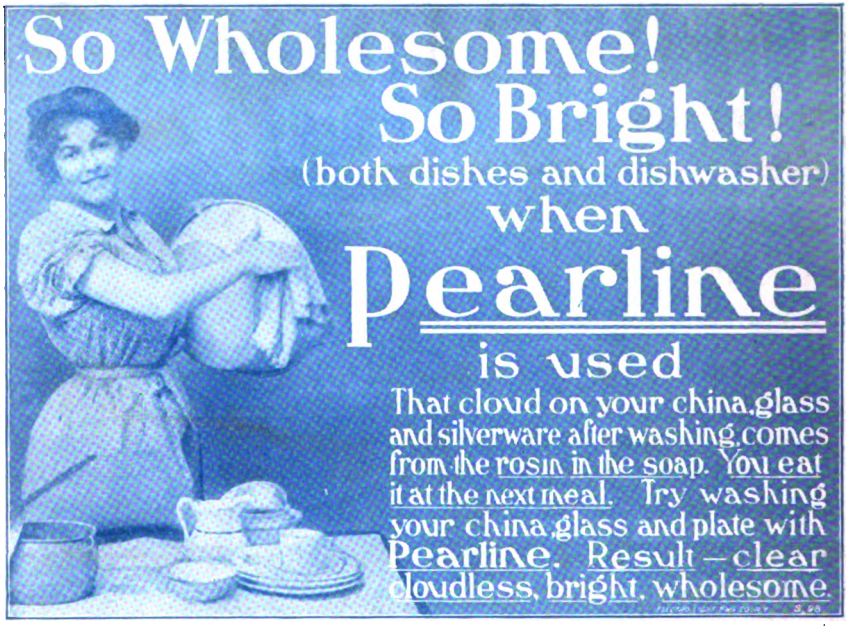
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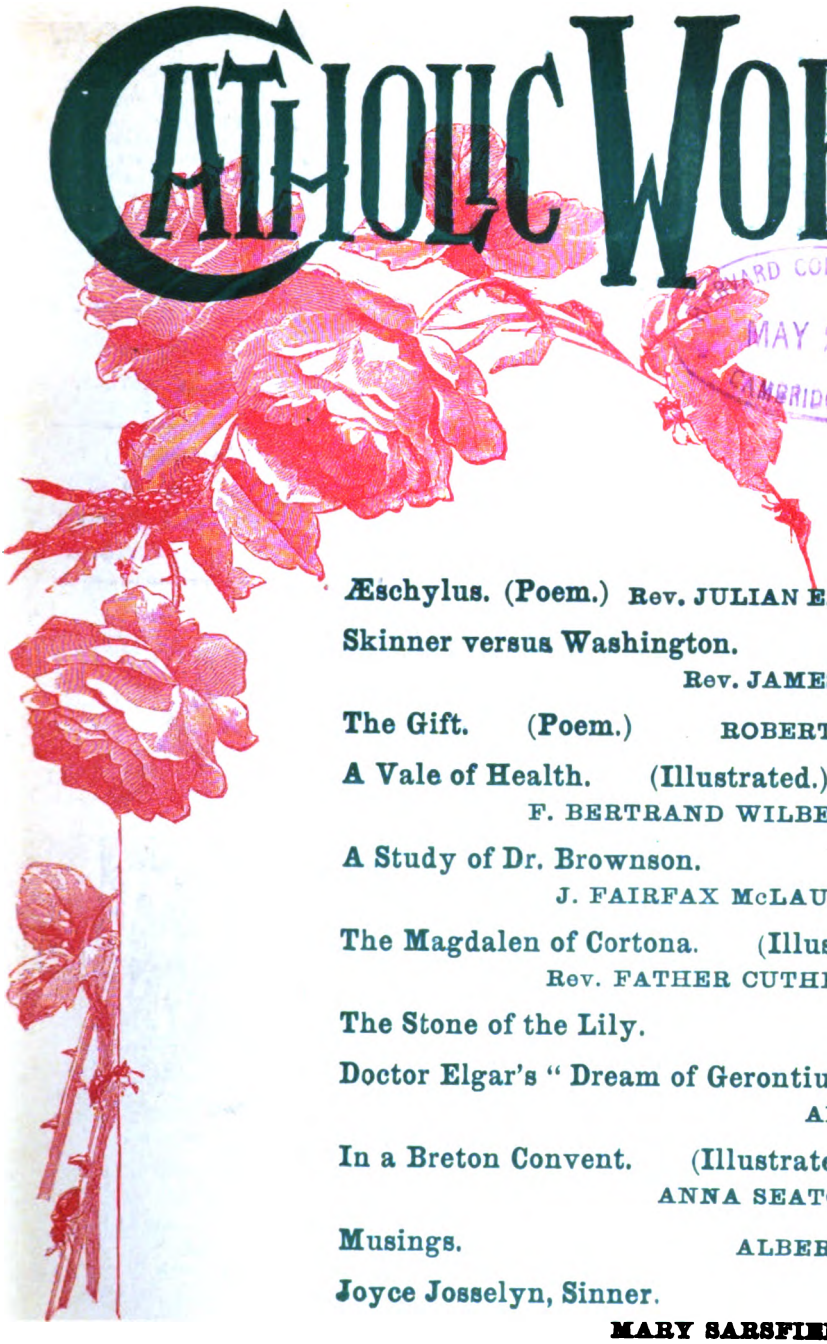

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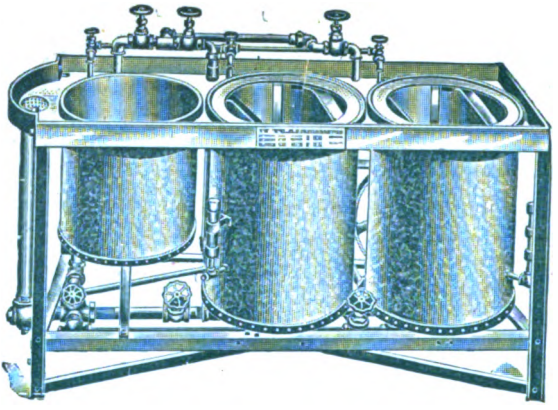

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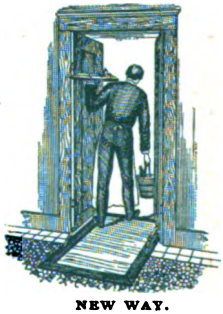

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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MAY 22 1903
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ÆSCHYLUS.

BY REV. JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

A SHAPE, as of the thunder, gorgon-faced,
Enthroned 'mid lightnings in Cimmerian gloom,
Whilst, on the wings of darkness, the simoom
Sweeps round the rugged mountain, iron-braced,
And scarred with scorings by the lightning traced.
Silent and sombre as the face of doom
Thy titan-spirit, Æschylus, doth loom
Above thy city, now a wintry waste!

O mighty monarch of the stormy lyre,
What gloomy genius, born of the eclipse,
And tempest pregnant with celestial fire,
Rushed on thy spirit, and between thy lips,
Breathed the deep thunder of his wrath sublime,
And made thee master singer of all time?

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1903.

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SKINNER VERSUS WASHINGTON.

BY REV. JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

Education should be made compatible with and indispensable from morality; and our schools are the recognized and legitimate agents to make this a fact. To teach religion in public schools would be intolerable.—*Superintendent Skinner, in his Report on Education.*

Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that morality can prevail to the exclusion, of religion. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of *religious obligation* desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice?—*George Washington, in his Farewell Address to the American People.*

N his official Report, as Superintendent of the Public School system of New York State, Mr. Skinner includes, as a special appendix, his Saratoga address to the Teachers' Association, on moral instruction. His official position and the character of his views, rather than any conspicuous ability of treatment, invests this document with a deep interest. The tax-payers who do not share Mr. Skinner's opinions not unreasonably consider it a grievance that they are obliged to contribute to the propagation of doctrines against which their conscience protests. An attentive inspection, however, of the Report and the address, is enough to assure them that their money has not been entirely misspent. This *apologia* for non-religious education is really a formidable indictment. Mr. Skinner's *rôle* is a reversal of the prophet's who came to bann and remained to bless. Let us compare his principles with his practical programme, and examine the quantity and quality of moral education which he contemplates.

I.

PRINCIPLE.

It is to be observed in passing that, not, perhaps, consciously, Mr. Skinner in his address obscures the actual point at issue between himself and those who plead against the divorce of education from religion. He devotes much elo-

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quence to insistent iteration of the truth which nobody denies, that the school ought to teach morality. Certainly the school ought to teach morality. The complaint against the public school is not that it ought not to give moral training, but that it ought and cannot assure to its pupils a satisfactory moral formation. The advocates of religious instruction insist, not that the public school in attempting ethical training usurps a function which does not belong to it, but that by excluding religion from its precincts the school renders itself incapable of discharging thoroughly and efficiently what is overwhelmingly its most important duty—a duty such that any failure in it renders success in its other functions well nigh valueless. The considerable stress laid by Mr. Skinner upon the truth that the children's teacher has the right to mould their character recalls Mr. Holmes' katydid that said an undisputed thing in such a solemn way.

Let us come to the distinctive and essential principle of Mr. Skinner's system, which is that morality can be taught without the aid of religion. Here, again, it becomes necessary to substitute precision for vagueness, to distinguish between truth and half truths; for Mr. Skinner's habitual sin against logic is to take a fraction for the whole and call the whole a part. Can morality be taught without religion? Yes, says Mr. Skinner, without any qualification. Yes, also replies the advocate of religion, if by morality you mean especially some of the minor matters of conduct; or if by teaching you mean subsidiary teaching, or a superficial and inadequate teaching. But if moral teaching means instruction of a kind to cover what is essential to the upbuilding of solidly virtuous character, and to fixing durably in the mind of the child convictions, motives, and ideals of a kind such as he must possess in order to meet successfully the exigencies of life, then the answer is, emphatically, No! *

It is not necessary, here, to discuss, academically, whether some kind or another of a moral code may not be theoretically and practically established without any religious implications. Reason and experience concordantly declare that, as

* The necessary dependence of morality on religion is treated exhaustively and in a masterful manner in the work, *Religion and Morality: their Nature and Mutual Relations Historically and Doctrinally Considered*, by James J. Fox, D.D. New York: William H. Young & Co.—*Note by Editor.*

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Professor Ladd writes, "human morality has unceasing need of Religion, for its better support and more effective triumph over all the weaknesses and temptations which assault and try the very foundations upon which it reposes its rules for the practical life. It is cold, hard work for the human soul and frightfully difficult and unsafe for human society to try to lead the virtuous life strenuously and perfectly, and to hold up and advance the moral ideals, without the piety, consolations, and cheer which religion has to offer." Whatever differentiæ exist between religion and morality "the roots of the two are largely the same—both those that strike down into the unchangeable constitution of man, and those that spread widely in the underlying strata of all human domestic and other social conditions." The problem before the educators of America is not the merely academic one of settling, speculatively, the relations of religion and morality, either historically or empirically, nor how to teach this, that, or another moral ideal. There is one particular moral ideal established in the minds of the people, as a whole, and serving both as the foundation of our national life and as the recognized standard of worthy citizenship. It is the ideal which has created the moral spirit of the air we breathe, which has established our ethical code; which reigns over even those who theoretically reject, or fancy they reject, its authority. In a word, it is Christian morality that is understood by everybody, when the question of teaching morality is raised as a living issue. Hence to separate morality and religion in American education is neither more nor less than to undertake to teach the morality of the Gospel independently of its religion.

Now, Christianity is essentially an ethical religion; its moral and its religious contents can no more be separated than can the concave and the convex of a circle. Its fundamental dogmas and its basic moral principles are to a great extent identical. Its primary religious truths—the existence of a Supreme Moral Ruler of the Universe, the immortality and responsibility of man, and a judgment to come, are the roots from which its moral code draws its life. As well might we expect a tree to grow after being cut at its root, as pretend to dissociate our moral doctrine from the fundamental religious truths which provide its ethical ideals, its dynamic motives, and its efficient sanctions. The Gospel has imposed its morality on the modern

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world by teaching that the Supreme Lawgiver is the Creator, that the law of right and wrong is the expression of His adorable Holiness, that the voice of conscience is the voice of God, that, because it is so, the consciousness of duty fulfilled or neglected attends us through life and follows us beyond. These are the faiths upon which the social fabric of this nation has been reared, by which it is sustained, and from which has proceeded all that is best and most glorious in American history. The principle of non-religious education asserts that these convictions are of no importance to morality, that Christian ideals may be dispensed with, Christian motives neglected, because they can be substituted by others drawn from an independent source, that Christian virtue may be cultivated outside the soil in which alone it found birth and sustenance.

A system of non-religious moral education means all this; and it means something still more hostile and more derogatory to Christianity. By the implication involved, it would instruct the child, silently indeed, but for that very reason all the more deeply and irresistibly, to believe that, not merely in casual instances, or by some happy accident, but in the very nature, and according to the normal course of things, unbelief or positive atheism is a frame of mind which, as far as moral efficiency is concerned, is just as good as religious faith.

Mr. Skinner indignantly repudiates the charge of godlessness levelled at the public schools. Whether they are, or are not, we leave to further consideration. But one thing is clear: if they are not godless, the fact is due to some influences in conflict with the fundamental principle of the system. If the exclusion of God and all religious truth be not godlessness, in plain English, then, pray, what is? Nor is it merely negative godlessness, in the same sense that the term might, for instance, be applied to a volume of mathematics or to a grammar textbook. It is positive, flagrant, and aggressive godlessness. For it disputes the claim which the Christian religion makes to be a paramount necessity to the right ordering of human life. It undertakes to do thoroughly and efficaciously, without the help of religion, a work which religion claims to be its own proper function. The doctrine is not the invention of Mr. Skinner. It has been advanced and urged by men who apprehended its full scope and tendency with a logical insight apparently denied to him. Its parents and sponsors were Volney and Voltaire

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and Tom Paine, and the entire phalanx of French infidelity. They perceived what anybody who looks into the subject with any care cannot fail to perceive, that if the belief is established that morals can be taught and high ideals maintained without the help of Christian principles, a mighty advance will have been made in the campaign against Christianity. And the high-priest of contemporary agnosticism has declared that the culminating service to be rendered to the age by his philosophy is to secularize morals by establishing them on a scientific basis, and thereby supplanting a "regulative system no longer fit,"—that is to say, Christian ethics.

All serious moral teaching must be pervaded with instruction concerning the grounds upon which the distinction between right and wrong rests, the authority of the moral law, the sacredness of duty, the inviolability of conscience. Falling into his characteristic fault of stating half truths as the whole, Mr. Skinner oracularly declared to his subordinates that morality is rather a matter of practice than of belief. This is the same as to say that the utility of a house lies in its apartments rather than in its foundations. But as we can have no house without a foundation, neither can there be any reasonable practice without an underlying belief. Children are not to be instructed in morals just as dogs are taught tricks. Practice is necessary; the formation of good habits indispensable; but both must go hand-in-hand with the instruction of the reason. A teacher could be condemned to no more degradingly irrational and fruitless task than that of repeating to his pupils, through all its variations, the cry *Be good, be good;* without being allowed to teach them why they *ought* to be good. To insist upon this fact seems to be but the repetition of a truism. If the public school is to undertake in a thoroughly systematic way the task which, as Mr. Skinner observes, has now devolved upon it of giving an ethical training, it is his duty to look around for a suitable ethical text-book or moral catechism in which the pupils may learn fundamental moral doctrine formulated upon a positivistic basis. The great lights of positivism have provided innumerable volumes expounding this conception of ethics. A practical formulation for the school-room of the spirit of their teaching would be to print the word duty, in great capitals, on the blackboard, and to train the children to reverently salute the word as they are accustomed to salute the national flag. There

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is also a little book composed by a gentleman of independent thought, called *A New Catechism*,* which is probably the best possible exposition, in a form suited to young minds, of the elements of moral teaching in harmony with the non-religious principle. The following leading questions and answers form a chapter entitled "The Chief End of Man," and are an excellent type of moral instruction as it must be given when Christian doctrine is rigidly barred out:

Q. What is the greatest thing in the world?

A. Life with honor, for, without life we cannot have anything else that is good.

Q. What, then, is the duty of man?

A. To seek those things which increase and elevate life.

Q. How do we learn what is vice and what is virtue?

A. Through experience; the accumulated experience of humanity as well as our own.

Q. Do we learn all we know about right and wrong from experience?

A. Positively all.

Q. What constitutes authority?

A. Superior knowledge, goodness, and power.

Q. Give me some examples.

A. The authority of the parent over the child; of the teacher over the pupil; of the state over the individual; of mankind over the state; and of nature over all.

Q. What is nature?

A. The sum of all the forces which keep the world in movement.

Q. Why obey nature?

A. Because we have learned through the experience of ages that we must. If we do not, she will quickly replace us with those who will.

Q. What other means does nature employ to compel obedience?

A. She has lodged in us a representative of her authority, which we may call—conscience.

Q. Analyze and define it.

A. Conscience is the mingled voices of the Past and the Future in each individual. Man is the vibrating focus of the

* *A New Catechism.* By M. M. Mangasarian. Chicago: The Open Court Co.

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collective experience and tendencies of the Past and the hopes and visions and ideals of the Future—the *pressure* of the one, and the attraction of the other, find a voice in him; this voice is—conscience.

Q. Is that the commonly accepted definition?

A. No. Many people believe conscience is the "voice of God in the soul," but as this voice is not infallible, nothing is gained by calling it the "voice of God."

Q. What is the reward of goodness and justice?

A. To be just and good. In a preceding chapter on God, the word is defined as "representing the highest ideals of the race; whatever we believe in with all our heart, and seek to possess with all our might, is our God." And to the question "Who then made God?" the answer is, "Each man makes his own God."

This is moral teaching unadulterated with religion, and as such is admirably suited for Mr. Skinner's ethical system. The sap of the old faiths, to use a phrase of Renan, is still too strong in the State of New York to allow of the introduction of this consistent teaching. When, however, a generation which has been trained to do without religion will have come into control of affairs it may be expected that harmony will be established between principles and practice.

II.

PROGRAMME.

The increasing responsibility falling upon the schools in the matter of moral education is observed and accepted by Mr. Skinner. "Formerly," he says, "we relied upon the home and the church to train our youth along ethical and moral lines, . . . but there seems to be a continual transition in progress by which the former functions of church and home—as related to moral and ethical training—have more and more devolved upon the schools." As the school then, in his opinion, is to undertake the burden of forming our future citizens to virtue, it is important to consider Mr. Skinner's practical conception of the ethical ideal which the school is to realize. It is mirrored, with approximate completeness, in the following passages of the

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address: "To teach morality in the schools is to teach the mighty difference between right and wrong, the advantage of always doing the right thing, that honesty is always the best rule of conduct. It is to teach unselfishness, reverence for authority, respect for the rights and opinions of others, good conduct, good manners, courtesy (always the outward and visible sign of other admirable qualities), a taste for good reading, pure thoughts, generous actions, *reverence for the Sabbath*, love of nature and her children, and birds, flowers, and beasts." A supplementary statement is: "Nothing has done more for the results we are striving for than the training to habits of neatness, order, punctuality, cleanliness, good manners, and correct personal bearing."

Theoretically speaking, all this field may be covered after a fashion and taught on independent grounds. It comprises nothing that would not be found in any decent ethical paganism, except reverence for the Sabbath. And, it may be observed in passing, how reverence for the Sabbath is to be inculcated without the inclusion of religion may be quite clear to Mr. Skinner, though anybody who attaches exact meanings to his words would find the question a difficult one. But the above elements of morals cannot be taught on an independent basis, as they ought to be taught. The mighty difference between right and wrong will not be duly impressed upon the child's mind when all reference to God is omitted, and the profound distinction thereby shorn of its awful character. Reverence for authority may be insisted on in terms of the Gospel according to Mr. Mangasarian, which reduces authority to the level of the laws of hydrostatics; or according to the theory of Hobbes, which makes the state the supreme and original source of all moral power—a strange doctrine to establish in the land of the Pilgrim Fathers. Honesty and respect for the rights of others may be recommended from the stand-point of advantage, by motives summed up in the old and now badly shattered adage, Honesty is the best policy. How long and how far such motives will continue to be a reservoir of moral strength to the individual in a country where the making of money is widely estimated to be the chief end of man, may be left to conjecture. As for the other qualities recorded in detail, politeness, courtesy, good manners, and

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habits of neatness and order, they are not the invariable sacramental signs of invisible virtues. They may all exist in a high degree of perfection without any genuine moral worth; it, without them. They are the mint and cummin. A course of moral training having them for its chief object may turn out to be but an artistic whitewashing of sepulchres reeking with corruption. The courtiers of the Regency in France and of the Restoration in England were the glass of fashion and the mould of form; they were also persons "with foreheads of brass, hearts like the nether millstone, and tongues set on fire of hell." On the other hand, many a rough, uncouth man, whom fine people would scarce allow to come between the wind and their nobility, may possess a character of sterling Christian manhood. The world is not very fastidious when it comes to ethical appreciations; still it continues to rank Samuel Johnson above Beau Brummel. A love of birds, beasts, flowers, and whatever else happens to be comprised in Mr. Skinner's culminating phrase, *nature and her children*, is beautiful and refining. But, after all, it is only an indifferent substitute for the First Commandment. Not long ago at an orgy which, by the depth of its depravity, shocked New York, the guests were highly cultivated persons, adorned with the quality which Mr. Skinner declares to be always the index of admirable interior virtues; and carelessness about the rites of the toilet was certainly not on the list of their habitual sins. The banquet room, so the newspapers reported, was tastefully decorated with exquisite flowers, which, no doubt, were properly appreciated by the æsthetic company. Courtesy, punctuality, good manners, neatness, and orderly habits will go far towards making a successful clerk, or an ideal street-car conductor; but they will be no guarantee that their possessor is a good man. The biographical sketch of the absconding cashier usually records that the missing worthy had, for years, proved himself a paragon of nearly all the excellences in Mr. Skinner's programme. These lineaments of ethical character may belong equally to the saint and the profligate. The school can turn out perfect copies of the above examples who may be, notwithstanding, but cheap imitations of refined ungodliness.

The outline furnished as a practical guide to teachers does not exhibit the one indispensable factor of moral training, which

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must pervade and vivify every other; which alone, at least in the estimation of all Christians, can be relied upon to produce and sustain in character the force required to successfully combat the dangers and temptations of life. That all-important element is to instruct the child that Conscience is the voice of God; that the law of right and wrong is His law; that our first duty is to worship Him becomingly; and that the reverent service of Him embraces the fulfilment of all our duties. In other words, the fundamental instruction in morals—without which all particular teaching of special duties becomes but a collection of prudential maxims or canons of good taste—is, necessarily, the inculcation of a large quantity of religious doctrine.

III.

INCONSISTENCY.

If the prevalent non-religious system has not produced fully its logical consequences, the respite which the country has enjoyed is due to the fact that theory and practice have been at variance. The public school teachers, as a body, are animated by a Christian spirit. Better than the system to which they belong, they have striven against its tendency, as far as they could, by endeavors to encourage and make use of a God-fearing frame of mind in their pupils. They are cramped, as many a one of them sadly feels, and hindered from doing all they would, from all that they understand to be necessary to any serious development of character. And surrendering to circumstances, they are obliged to content themselves with merely touching, as if surreptitiously, upon the essentials, and giving most of their time to the minor affairs of Mr. Skinner's ethical conspectus. There is no lack of evidence in the Superintendent's report that, notwithstanding his loud protestations, he does not really contemplate the exclusion of religion. For example, he cites in support of his views the laws of the State of Maine, which prescribe the teaching of the fundamental truths of Christianity; several of the authorities, such as Mr. Greenwood, to whom he appeals assume that the pupils are to be educated into God-fearing citizens. Again, he makes a

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vigorous fight for the retention of the Bible. True, he advances as his reasons its moral, literary, and historical merit. The last of these excellences is widely disputed. The historical information contained in the Scriptures is not presented there in a form suited for primary schools. Besides, a great number of people, like the late Professor Huxley, whom Mr. Skinner decorates with the title of educational reformer, declares that the Bible is a tissue of myths interwoven with a slender and hardly distinguishable thread of fact. And, again, it may be asked, how is the history of the Bible to be emptied of its religious implications? As to its value for the formation of style, even the late Mr. Ingersoll admitted that claim. But he would reasonably ask whether the reading of a passage of it, at the opening of school, is a proper way of utilizing its literary efficiency, and why the study of it, like that of Shakspere and the other great models, should not be relegated to a particular period in the course. As to the morality of the Bible, when it is separated from the religious content, the ethical code becomes nothing more than a collection of maxims and examples shorn of any authority.

Another important observation must be made. The ignoring of the religious character of the Bible and the reduction of it to the rank of a secular classic is, itself, a serious attack on the cherished convictions of all who look upon the Scriptures as the Word of God. Such a proceeding is a positive enforcement of the views of Huxley and Ingersoll. What more effectual means could be employed to instil into the rising generation the free-thinker's estimate of the sacred volume, than to cultivate systematically in them the habit of regarding it as a mere text-book of history, style, and morals?

Behind the insufficient pretexts set forth by Mr. Skinner, his real motive lies full in view. It is the religious character of the Bible which gives it, in his eyes, transcendent value. This unacknowledged inconsistency is not peculiar to him. Almost all the defenders of the system desire that a certain, or uncertain, measure of religious influence shall make itself felt. Let us make the exclusion of religion our first principle; the pupils and teachers and the Christian atmosphere of the country, will bring into the school-house the indispensable religious leaven. Such is, obviously, the calculation. Can there,

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however, be a stronger condemnation of the system than the admission that what is of vital importance to it must be introduced into it in violation of its characteristic claim? Can a more incongruous procedure be imagined than that of a public official whose war cry is, No religion in the schools, coolly, in practice, assuming that he is competent to determine the momentous question of what is the essence of Christianity, and then dictating to his subordinates that, in violation of law, his selection of doctrine shall be implicitly recognized? He is indignant that criticisms of the moral inefficiency of the public schools and attempts to exclude the Bible should, in some instances, emanate from one and the same source; and he calls this conduct "a process of reasoning known to logicians as a *reductio ad absurdum*." A little reflection may some day lead him to the surprising discovery that *reductio ad absurdum* is a concise description of his own position. If it is true that the best way to promote the repeal of a bad law is to rigorously enforce it, then it seems legitimate for Mr. Skinner's opponents to insist that he shall abide by the rigorous consequences of his own premises.

There remains another line of defence for the non-religious policy. Its supporters may contend that, provided a system works satisfactorily, any inconsistency which it contains is to be overlooked in consideration of the practical results. Many of our most valuable institutions are a compromise between conflicting elements. Logical completeness is of slight importance compared to useful fruit. The strength of religion in the community has hitherto proved sufficient to impregnate education with the necessary saving salt; and it may be relied upon to continue its salutary influence.

But is this calculation justified by prevalent conditions? We need not stop to inquire how far this view is correct with regard to the past or even to the present—the important interests are those of the future. From among observant men of all shades of belief there is a chorus of testimony declaring that the religious spirit is rapidly waning in the country. Among the great mass of educated Protestants of every shade, dogmatic tenets are severely shaken, if not in complete ruin. The spread of agnosticism and unbelief among the educated is coincident with a rapid spread of indifferentism in all other

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ranks. Even religious teachers have abandoned all that their fathers understood by essential Christianity. Outside the Catholic Church, religious bodies, as Captain Mahan recently declared, come to stand for the idea that mere outward benevolence is the Christian life itself, instead of being merely its visible fruit. Even Mr. Skinner shows some dim apprehension of the situation when he says that the former functions of the church and the home are now devolving upon the school. A writer in the *Educational Review*, February, 1898, asserted that more than one-half of the children of this country now receives no religious training. The bearing of most higher education upon religious faith is testified to by President Harper, who affirms that there is in the modern college a remarkable decrease in the teaching of Christian truth, and that a great many men and women in their college life grow careless about religion. Nobody who is awake to innumerable indications in the current of American life will venture to accuse the Honorable Amasa Thornton of indulging in exaggerated pessimism when, not long ago, in the *North American* he uttered a solemn warning against "the maelstrom of social and religious depravity which threatens to engulf the religion of the future."

Simultaneously with the decline of religion, there is going on a rapid and profound moral deterioration in public and in private life. The golden calf is set up on every high hill and under every green tree. Greed has so widely corrupted political life in national as well as in municipal affairs, that politics is now almost a synonym for systematic public robbery. In commercial life the standard of natural justice has been extensively supplanted by that of mere legality. In private life, to mention only one fact, the old characteristically Christian reverence for marriage,—the foundation of the family, which in its turn is the foundation of the state,—is disappearing; and the institution of divorce is flourishing to an extent for which civilization affords no parallel since the Gospel stamped out the corruptions of decadent Roman paganism. It is not necessary, here, to examine whether there is any rigorous connection between the two facts—the simultaneous decline of religion and of morality. Are we not witnessing the confirmation, on a portentous scale, of Washington's prophetic warning? Nor is there

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room, here, to consider whether the Reverend Washington Gladden is correct when he asserts that "there is a marked tendency in the public schools to lower the standard of education by eliminating God, and making us a sordid, money-loving race." One thing is obvious: the source of that influence upon which Mr. Skinner counts for the power to neutralize the pernicious ungodliness of his theoretical principles is steadily drying up, while the crying need for that power is just as steadily increasing. The doctrine that morality does not need religion is contributing to these conditions. Finally, principles and practice cannot permanently continue to be in conflict, for principles, in the long run, work out to their logical consequences. To expect that a system which ignores religion, and thereby makes a deadly assault on it, will continue to draw from religion a saving grace, is neither more nor less than preposterous. We cannot live long upon a capital which we are rapidly eating up. The man engaged in sawing off the branch on which he is sitting is not accepted as a type of practical wisdom.

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THE GIFT.

BY ROBERT COX STUMP.

THE proudest princess will not answer "Nay,"
When her least subject would bestow some gift
In sign of loving fealty. Loath to lift
His eyes to meet her gaze, if she but say
A gracious word, and smile, she doth repay
His largess thousandfold; albeit he drift
Out of her thought for ever, that one swift,
Sweet thanks is cherished till his dying day.

Would that my sin-soiled life might find as well
Acceptance, though unworthy Mary's hands,
—She, Lady of light and love ineffable,
And I the least and lowliest in her lands!
Surely her heart sees, pities, understands
My heart, that longs so much its love to tell.

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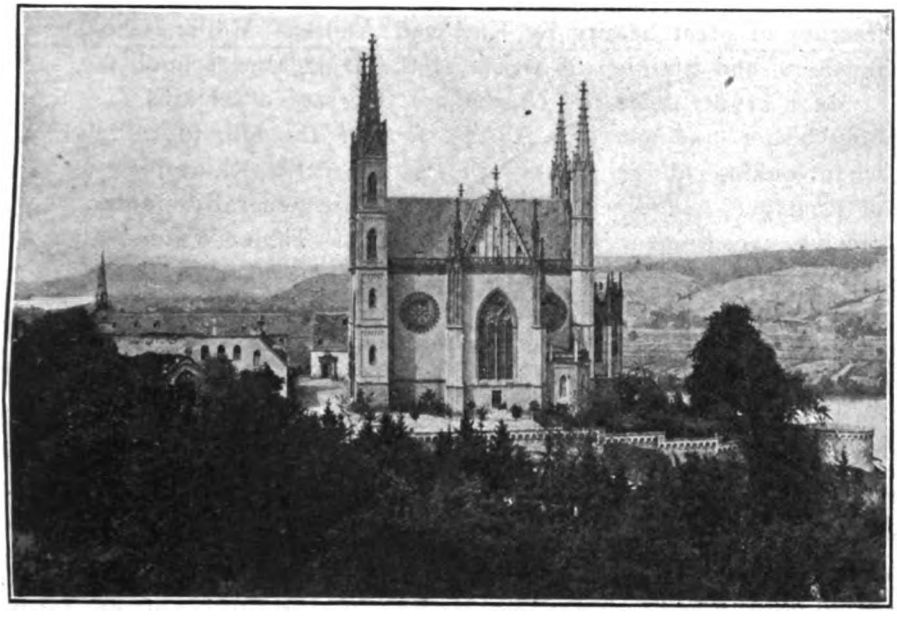

CHURCH OF ST. APOLLINARIS.

A VALE OF HEALTH.

BY F. BERTRAND WILBERFORCE, O.P.

MANY of the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE may be familiar with the valley of the Ahr. Others who have never explored it, though they may have often passed Remagen on the Rhine, may be attracted by the illustrations which accompany this article to make its acquaintance.

The first photograph shows us the outside of the well-known church of St. Apollinaris, standing on a hill overlooking old Father Rhine, which sweeps rapidly along at its foot.

The body of the holy martyr St. Apollinaris, first Bishop of Ravenna, who received the crown of martyrdom under the Emperor Vespasian, was on its way to Cologne, but was buried on this Rhine side-hill. The legend runs that here the boat bearing the sacred relics stopped, as if to indicate that this was the appointed place of rest.

The present church is quite modern, built by the generosity of Count Fürstenberg-Stammheim, and is decorated within by

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frescoes of great beauty by Karl and Andreas Müller, who are brothers, and Steinle, all artists of the Düsseldorf school.

In a crypt under the church are the sacred remains of the holy bishop and martyr. At the foot of the hill, to the right when looking at the photograph, is the little Rhineside town of Remagen, where several sailing craft are generally moored to receive consignments of the "Queen of Table Waters," the Apollinaris water, which has made the name of the holy martyr known to many, especially of the Anglo-Saxon race, who have never read the Bollandists, or even Alban Butler.

The spring from which the water is derived bubbles up about six miles from Remagen, and over the door of the bottling establishment stands an image of St. Apollinaris.

On the left of the church stands a building with a small spire. It is a humble convent of Franciscan Fathers, who serve the church, and the little spire surmounts their domestic chapel. The fathers, who have another and larger convent at Bonn, about six miles down the Rhine, give many missions; their services as confessors in the Apollinaris church are much valued by the people, and English tourists can generally find an English-speaking confessor here.

In the woods that surround their house are found many chapels and statues; one of St. Francis preaching is especially prominent, though not in the field of this photograph. On the steep road leading from the town to the church the pilgrim sees the Stations of the Cross, inviting him to pray as well as to rest.

In the distance, on the left of the picture, the high hills beyond the Rhine are the famous seven mountains, the best known of which is the Drachenfels, up which a railway now ascends. The view of the river from that spot is one of the most lovely that the Rhine affords.

Standing in the garden of the Franciscans a little above the church, a scene of enchanting beauty unfolds itself, whether you look up the river, to the right, or down it towards the seven mountains and Cologne. On the Feast of St. Apollinaris a pilgrimage is made to this church, and large numbers of epileptic patients are brought to ask the intercession of the holy martyr.

A little distance up the Rhine, about two miles from Remagen, the river Ahr flows into it, after passing the picturesque

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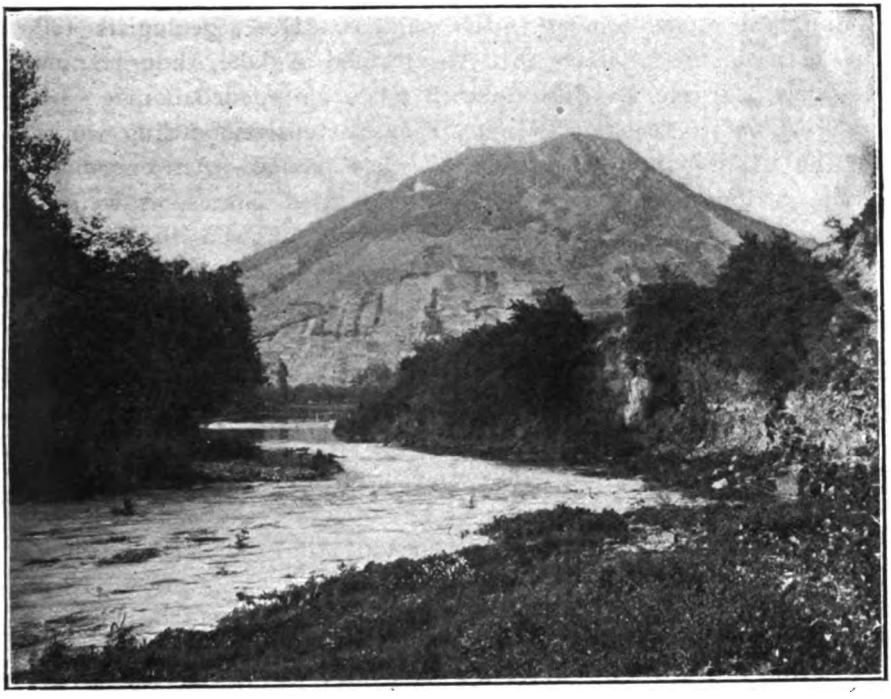

THE LANDSKRONE, WITH THE RIVER AHR.

town of Sinzig. The church, a very ancient one, with its round arches and domelike tower, stands on a hill in the centre of the town, and is well worth a visit. The interior has been lately restored and decorated, with singularly good taste, by the present venerable parish priest.

Leaving the main line at Remagen, the tourist will find a branch line winding up the valley along the banks of the Ahr. The valley at first is broad but picturesque, and the single line crosses roads and wanders through fields without gates or fences, with a primitive simplicity that would be enough to throw the whole "Board of Trade" into hysterics. Every now and then appears a notice to warn carriages and foot passengers to halt in case they hear the bell of the engine tolling. A stranger imagines he hears the bell of some rural chapel on the hills, till he discovers that it is his own unpoetical locomotive giving warning to all it may concern. The pace is not furious, and no accidents happen.

After passing a small village with a new brick church, built by the present parish priest of Neuenahr, the train skirts the

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precipitous hill called the Landskrone, with vines planted among the stones almost to its summit. Here, geologists tell us, in prehistorical times the Ahr formed a lake, though now it flows near the Landskrone with quite unimpeded course.

Just before reaching Neuenahr the extensive bottling works of the Apollinaris Water Company are passed. An enormous trade is done with England and the United States, as well as with all parts of Germany. No visitor is allowed to descend to the fountain, as the amount of carbonic acid gas freed by the water is so large as to be dangerous.

The third illustration represents the little town of Neuenahr, or "Bad Neuenahr," a name which may seem to those not familiar with German to imply a slur upon the morality of its population, but which, they will be relieved to find, means only Neuenahr Bath, or Spa. The town is little more than a collection of hotels, though a good number of shops have been lately added. Before the discovery of the medicinal spring, called the Sprudel, it was a tiny hamlet, but now the parish has a population of about 2,500. To show that it does not deserve the epithet of Bad Neuenahr in the English sense, I may mention that though at least 2,200 are Catholics, the parish priest told me that not more than half a dozen had failed to make their Easter duty.

The present parish church stands a little up the hill behind the town; its spire can be seen in the photograph, and though amply large enough before the waters were discovered it is now absurdly small for the congregation, especially as all are anxious to hear Mass. Ground has been secured in the town close by the schools for a new church, which will be erected as soon as the government is satisfied that the money is forthcoming. In England we should no doubt build it at once, and pay for it at leisure, but in Germany the consent of the government is necessary.

Many shady walks are to be found in the *Kurgarten*, or gardens that have been provided for the patients who are drinking the waters. The grounds have been laid out with much taste and skill, by the bank of the rushing Ahr. The Sprudel gushes out of the earth with ceaseless flow, God's own medicine, that he has provided to give relief and health to many a sufferer.

The waters are useful for many various ailments, but they

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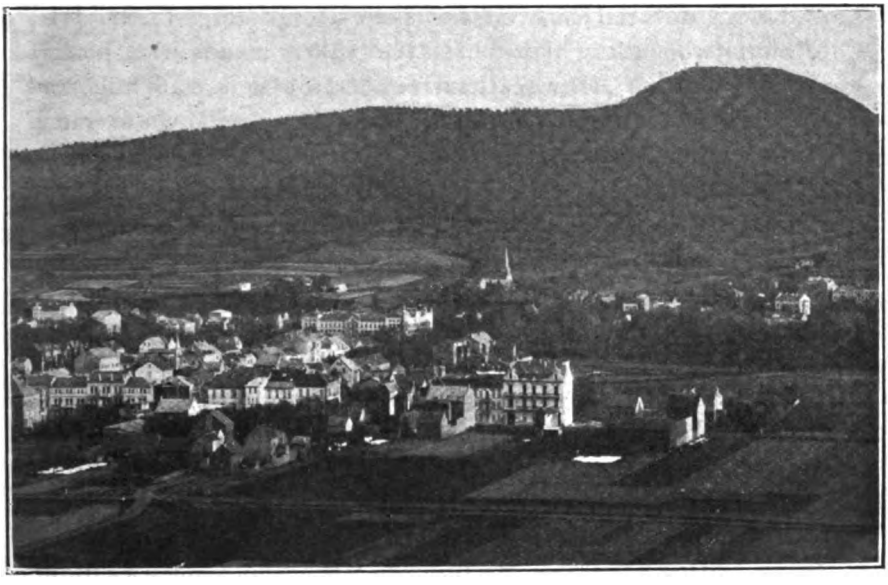
are found particularly efficacious in diseases of the liver, such as gall-stone, jaundice, and diabetes. Every morning at 6 A. M. the band begins to play in order to cheer the hearts of the patients, who are directed to walk up and down for a quarter of an hour between each glass.

The hill behind the town, called "Neuenahr Berg," is of



THE TOWN OF BAD NEUENAHR.

considerable height, and from the little tower visible on its top a magnificent view can be obtained. Cologne Cathedral can be seen on a fine day even with the naked eye, its spires standing up in the distance "like the finger of religion pointing to the sky."

Many a patient, scarcely capable, at first, of creeping slowly about the Kurgarten, has been filled with feelings of triumph as well as gratitude on finding himself able to mount the steep hill and climb the watch-tower of the Neuenahr Berg after drinking for a few weeks the health-giving waters of the Sprudel.

One of the most famous houses, the Maria-Hilf, is dedicated to our Lady of Perpetual Succor. Though not especially ornamental, this establishment is eminently useful. The Maria-Hilf is half convent, half hospital, and in it priests and religious, whether men or women, can be accommodated while visiting Neuenahr for the waters. It is kept by Franciscan Sisters of the Third Order, who have various houses in the

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neighborhood and who nurse the sick poor in their own homes. The front portion of it constitutes a well-kept chapel, and if any priest is obliged to visit Neuenahr for the waters he will find here a comfortable home in the best situation for beauty of view, with the advantage of a domestic chapel as well as a much cheaper tariff than in the hotels. Lay people are also admitted, and invalids who require special attention are nursed with devoted care by the sisters.

About two miles higher up the valley stands the picturesque old town of Ahrweiler, surrounded by vine-clad hills, and with the Ahr passing close to its gates; for the town is much in its mediæval state, with four quaint old gateways. From these gates narrow streets run up into the market-place in the centre, where stands an old thirteenth century church with high roof and tower, in which hang many bells visible from below through the arches.

The smaller tower which appears beyond the church is the school, presided over by the accomplished professor, Dr. Jöarres. Across the Ahr, a little way above the town, stands the large Ursuline convent called Calvarienberg. From the gate of Ahrweiler to the convent the Stations of the Cross are erected, the last Station being in the crypt of the church.

The hill on which the convent stands was used, the local tradition says, during the Middle Ages as a place of execution. A pilgrim who had returned from the Holy Land declared that it reminded him of Mount Calvary, and the inhabitants, taking up his idea, erected there a church and a convent of the Friars of St. Francis. These religious served the church to the great spiritual advantage of the inhabitants till the French under Napoleon, having taken Ahrweiler, drove them out.

After standing for a long while deserted the convent was again opened by Ursuline nuns, who at present have there a large community, the novices being this year sixty in number, and a flourishing school of young ladies. It is one of the best convent schools for young ladies in Germany, and even under the persecuting laws of Bismarck the nuns, it is said at the special request of the empress, were allowed to continue teaching, though they had to assume a secular costume. Now they wear the religious habit, and the church is served by their chaplain. The convent, which is very spacious, overlooking the Ahr, and surrounded by vine-clad hills affording lovely walks for

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the young ladies, is being in great part rebuilt. Curiously enough, the mistress of novices is an English lady and a convert

The writer of this article had the pleasure of assisting last June in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament at Ahrweiler. After the High Mass the procession formed in the square around the parish church, and passing through the streets leading to one of the four gates, halted at an altar erected outside. Here the beginning of the Gospel of St. Matthew was sung and Benediction given. An ancient military confraternity founded in the Middle Ages assisted, and fired a volley in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. The procession then continued outside the walls to the next gate, where the opening words of St. Mark were chanted; then to the third, where before Benediction the beginning of St. Luke was sung; and at the fourth the words of St. John used at Mass for the last Gospel. The music was devout and ecclesiastical, all the people most reverent, no sign of levity or misbehavior, and all the houses ornamented with green boughs, pictures, and candles. Everything followed the unbroken tradition from the thirteenth century, a proof of true "continuity." Happily there is no Protestant conventicle in Ahrweiler, the only religious building, not Catholic, being a small synagogue. The towns of Germany are not disfigured by gin palaces and dissenting chapels.

Passing on from Ahrweiler up the valley of the Ahr, a drive of singular beauty leads the tourist to Altenahr. The railroad has been carried up the valley, and is continually crossing and recrossing the winding river. At a bend of the road where the rocks rise abruptly from the river, one projecting mass of rock, from its supposed resemblance to a cow, has received the name of the "Bunte-Kuh."

After a drive of about eight miles through this charming valley, the road runs into a short tunnel, and the small though ancient town of Altenahr (Old Ahr) is reached. Here the hills are precipitous, broken, and most picturesque. The photograph is taken from a vineyard of considerable height, and deep in the valley on the left is seen the river Ahr winding round the foot of the hills. The craggy hill in the middle is the site of the old castle of the "Graf," or earl, of the district. Where a roof is seen standing like a huge umbrella on the rocky peak, was the keep of the old castle. A little lower is the ruin of the chapel, and other parts of the castle.

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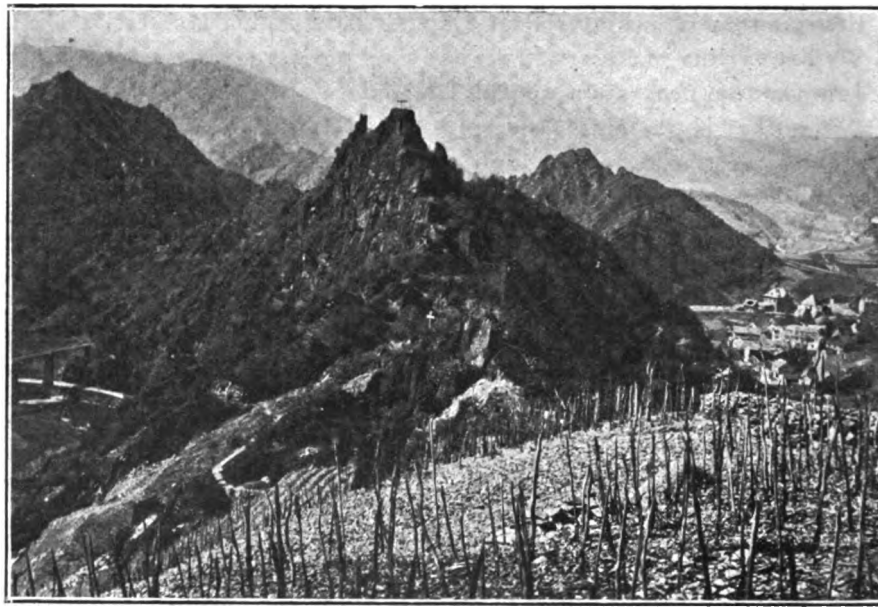

THE TOWN OF ALTENAHR, WITH A VIEW OF THE OLD CASTLE.

The old "Graf" of Altenahr chose an almost impregnable position for his abode, and there he could defy any assault, though we cannot help thinking how easily a modern gun on one of the other hills would destroy his fort. These old noblemen in their strongholds all over the Rhine territory were too often not much better than robber chiefs. When not fighting, they hunted for their occupation as much as their amusement. It would be interesting to know more of the details of their daily life in those castles, the ruins of which are so strong. Every stone must have been carried up the steep mountain path, which is fatiguing to ascend even unladen.

On the right of the illustration is seen the little town of Altenahr with its old church, said to have been standing there for a thousand years. It is massively built on the side of the hill, and seems almost to grow out of the primeval rock. In style it is what is called Roman in German, corresponding in great measure with our Norman, solid, plain, and with round arches.

From Altenahr the railway continues for a considerable distance till the Ahr becomes a mere rivulet, and the last station is the little town of Adenau, with a most picturesque market-place.

One of the most interesting features of the valley, especially

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between Ahrweiler and Altenahr, is the way in which the vineyards are built up in terraces on the precipitous sides of the rocky hills. Often they extend to the summit and seem almost to hang in mid-air above the head. The industry of the people is as striking as their ingenuity.

The inhabitants of the valley are simple, fervent Catholics, devoted to their religion. The wise laws of education oblige the children to remain in school till the age of fourteen is completed, and then to frequent a night-school till sixteen. In this way they are really educated, and as the priests teach religion many hours every week personally in the schools—from eight to ten hours a week according to the size of the school—they grow up with a thorough and practical knowledge of their religion.

On one occasion I was staying in the house of a parish priest who had a Rhineside district. The waters of the Rhine washed the very wall of the presbytery. This priest, now dead, had been in prison under the Falk laws, and afterwards spent about eight years on the English mission, in two of our large towns.

On asking him what difference he found between his work in England and Germany he replied that there were two great advantages in Germany. Many of the difficulties to be encountered in work for souls will of course be the same all the world over, but the first advantage over England was in the matter of the schools. He had no anxiety about the financial part of the work, and was not only perfectly free to teach religion but obliged to do so in person. "If I spoke to any of my people about sending their children to school," he said, "they would laugh at me! They dare n't do anything else. If a boy stayed away with a medical certificate sent in to the master, his name would go to the mayor the same day and a policeman would call before night. In fact, attendance is really enforced, and every boy and girl is bound to remain in school."

The second advantage consisted in the absence of drunkenness. His parishioners were all working people on the outskirts of a large town, and he had only two men that could be with any justice called drunkards, and both of them had at that time been proclaimed and no publican could venture to supply them with drink.

So peace and quiet and happiness rest upon this Neuenahr valley, which in more senses than one may well be called a Vale of Health.

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A STUDY OF DR. BROWNSON.

BY J. FAIRFAX McLAUGHLIN, LL.D.

SYLVESTER A. BROWNSON and Relief, his wife, parents of Orestes A. Brownson, were natives, the former of Hartford County, Connecticut, the latter of Cheshire County, New Hampshire, and were among the early settlers of Stockbridge, Windsor County, Vermont, where Orestes A., one of a numerous family, was born September 16, 1803; he died at Detroit, Michigan, April 17, 1876; and Notre Dame University claimed his bones for honored sepulture.

In the early border wars between Yorkers and Green Mountain Boys, known as the Hampshire Grants Controversy, the Brownson clan were stalwart partisans on the Vermont side, and responded with alacrity whenever that whirlwind of a man, Ethan Allen, sounded the summons to battle:

> "Leave the harvest to rot on the field where it grows,
> And the reaping of wheat for the reaping of foes."

In that admirable book of *Travels in New England and New York*, good Timothy Dwight, with fierceness unusual to him, denounces those warlike Vermonters of colonial days as a godless band, and falls into an amusing paradox, in view of Ticonderoga, by the remark that Ethan Allen "made some noise in the bustling part of the Revolution," as though there were a quiet part. If Ethan wrote the first infidel book published in the United States, his quixotic *Oracles of Reason*, Fanny, his daughter, made amends for it by her conversion to the Catholic faith, and by becoming the first daughter of Puritan New England to enter the cloister. Miss Allen was a holy nun of the Hôtel Dieu convent of Montreal. Young Orestes Brownson, like the hero of Ticonderoga, once lurched dangerously near to the abyss of infidelity, from which an innate sense of religion deeply embedded in the man happily saved him. His father, dying without any estate, left his family to struggle with poverty. The little boy Orestes was domiciled

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with an honest old couple at Royalton, a few miles away from his native place, and shared in their manual labor and frugal fare until his fourteenth year. The proud ones of earth are prone to disdain "the short and simple annals of the poor," but one of the most spirited passages in Dr. Brownson's writings describes his childhood days at Royalton. "In the early dawn of youth," said he in 1832, "there was nothing I so much dreaded as that which should divert my thoughts from the Deity. I frequented the deep solitude of the forest, I clomb the cragged mountain. In the lone, wild, grand, sublime scenery around me, I seemed to trace His work, and to feel His spirit reigning in silent but not unacknowledged majesty. Those were hallowed days. Such was the state of my young affections; such the religious feelings of my childhood and youth. They were not learned from books; they were not produced by human teachers."

At Ballston Spa, N. Y., Orestes, when fourteen years old, got for a few months his only smattering of school days. What folly all this talk about self-education! Where is there a more conspicuous example than Dr. Brownson himself of its dangers and lurking pitfalls? A good teacher is the paramount, indispensable need of the young, and unaided by such a guide no one can thread the labyrinth without losing the way. Alexander had Aristotle for teacher, the French Dauphin had Bossuet, and Brownson's own early political idol, John C. Calhoun, had New England's best schoolmaster, Timothy Dwight. Opinion in the case of self-educated men is more fixed and intolerant than opinion on the part of educated men. The former strike it out like sparks from flint by hard knocks, the latter acquire it by training in the collective wisdom of the past. Hence self-education is tenacious in particulars, not always discerning general laws, and as definition and division, according to the Stagirite, are the two most difficult operations of the human mind, improper definitions and divisions of any given subject are the besetting weaknesses of him who is deprived of able teachers, *inops consilii*, to rely only on himself for what he learns. Cicero's two-edged sword in the hands of a madman might often prove not more dangerous than what is called self-education on the part of a great genius.

Brownson first embraced Presbyterianism, but did not tarry long in the gloomy company of Calvin; and we next find him in the church of the Universalists, as a preacher in their pulpit.

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The wanderer, lured by Godwin the English radical, was soon at large again, out of alignment with all the sects, and launching forth as a free-thinker. He espoused the socialism taught by Robert Owen and his son, Robert Dale Owen, and when Fanny Wright, the disciple of Jeremy Bentham, began her crusade against marriage and in favor of godless education by means of a dangerous secret society fashioned after the Italian Carbonari, Dr. Brownson actually became her apologist, if not her champion, and was denounced by his late co-religionists, the Universalists, as a downright infidel. He replied to them, as his son informs us, that he "neither believed nor misbelieved Christianity." Having got down this far, and come face to face with atheism, the poor, blind giant paused on the brink and began to retrace his steps. "I look back," he afterwards exclaimed, "with startling horror upon this eclipse of the soul!" He read everything, good and bad, that came in his way, and, as he states in the *Convert*, championed the dominant errors of the age. William Ellery Channing, the Unitarian, now attracted him, and he resumed the rôle of preacher, this time as an independent of the Unitarian school, which according to him included whatever of good was found in Universalism, without what he called the latter's "revolting and mischievous errors." Channing, Ripley, and other gentle spirits held him for some time in the Unitarian fold. But at last he took a new departure and set up a church of his own, a sort of miscegenated Catholic-Protestant Brownsonian cult, the chief business of which was to get rid of priests and parsons, and open a new road to heaven. Presently it occurred to him that the founding of a church was the work of God, and not of poor, puny man, and that it was not unlikely the Redeemer of the world had come down from heaven and dwelt among us for the purpose of building a church himself.

About the time of the Brook Farm movement he had been reading the French doctrinaires, Constant, Cousin, Fourier, Pierre Leroux, and the like, and had become saturated with Saint-Simonism. Finally he got hold of the Abbé Maret's *Le Pantheism en la Société Moderne*, and for the first time the blind giant began to see and grope his way upward. In a letter written in 1870 he refers to Mgr. Maret's work, and says: "He was the writer who first turned my mind in the direction of the Church." He had ever sought the truth, and from the hour his mind expanded to the apprehension of the divine origin of the Catholic

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Church, from that hour his real education began. All before, like Cassio's orgy, had but dragged down the immortal part of him to discourse fustian with his own shadow. Maret at last appeared pointing out the narrow path, like an angel of light. Then began a study of the Fathers, and chiefly of the *De Civitate Dei* of St. Augustine. He was received into the Catholic Church at Boston, in 1844, by Bishop Benedict J. Fenwick.

The Scholastic philosophy of the middle age did not attract him as did the *City of God*, which became his text-book. Hence Dr. Brownson was never a Molinist. In his treatment of the dogmas and mysteries of religion we discern again the effects of unsystematic study in his early life. The habits of the schoolmen, buried like black-letter lawyers in the retreats of learning, and sounding all the depths of sacred science, were not the habits of a self-taught man. "You," he once wrote to Father Augustine F. Hewit, "follow the Jesuit theologians; I follow rather the Augustinians." The mighty doctor of the patristic church who wrote before the development of dogmatic theology into science was more to his taste, more to his frame of mind, and indeed was ample enough to carry a world on his atlantean shoulders. But the freedom of Dr. Brownson's pen in criticising those learned churchmen whom he sometimes called the obscurantists of the age may be ascribed to his want of sympathy with asceticism. The disciplinary course of the schools had not been vouchsafed to him in his youth, and he found it hard to keep step with the drillmaster. I am aware of no other limit on Dr. Brownson's extraordinary power as a logical, philosophic reasoner, except that he was not a Thomasite. That brilliant Protestant, Sir James MacIntosh, looked upon St. Thomas not only as the Angel of the Schools, but as the archangel of all philosophy, ancient and modern—an opinion in which the present venerable Pope Leo XIII. seems to agree with him. There was no dogmatic theology *quoad* a school during the patristic ages. That science is a development, just as in polite literature the Art of Poetry of Horace and the Institutes of Quintilian are crowning developments in systematizing rules of writing among the ancients; as Dryden expounded a philological and rhetorical method in English poetry; or as Joseph Story in the Dane Law School of Harvard first elaborated a scientific scheme of Equity Jurisprudence in this country.

Kuhn in his *Dogmatik* points out the attempts at dogmatic

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teaching by the Apologists of the first and second centuries of the Christian era. But they were not much more than attempts, merely general and fanciful. They tried to show an agreement between Christianity and the best results of Greek philosophy, especially with the teachings of Plato. Justin explains on the theory, as Kuhn remarks, of the participation of all men in the illumination of the Word, the supposed fact that Christian doctrines are found in Greek heathen writers, and on the further theory that the Greeks had borrowed from the sacred books of the Old Testament. The learned and ingenious Father Thebaud, of St. John's College, in our own day enlarges on the latter theory in his work on Gentilism, particularly in his somewhat fanciful examination of the "Prometheus Bound" and the Orestean trilogy of Æschylus. Clement of Alexandria went deeper in his *Stromata* in a dogmatic direction than Justin. A nearer approach still to a scheme of dogmatic science was made by Origen in his great treatise *De Principiis*, although he never worked out his plan. Then came the mightiest of all the writers of the patristic age, St. Augustine. In his *De Trinitate* the Bishop of Hippo proves the Nicene doctrine from Scripture and tradition; shows that there is no absurdity in believing in a Trinity of Persons and in the perfect Unity of God; and confirms the truth of these fundamental doctrines of the Catholic Church, as the *Dogmatik* says, by natural analogies. St. Augustine contributed most powerfully to theological learning in the primitive ages of the church, and a study of his writings gave the strongest impulse to scientific progress in the middle ages.

Bishop James Roosevelt Bayley, of Newark, was a sincere friend and admirer of Dr. Brownson, but the practical bishop had some diffidence of philosophizers, and such a one he thought Brownson to be. "Every writer," pithily exclaims the doctor, "whatever else he writes, writes himself." Father John Boyce, of Worcester, a very brilliant man, once remarked to me that probably Dr. Brownson was the ablest logician in America, and George Ripley, of the *Tribune*, himself a subtle metaphysician, summed up Brownson's system of philosophy as a blending of traditionalism and rationalism. Intuition and reflection need a sensible sign, and language supplies it, which, says Ripley, "holds in the metaphysics of Mr. Brownson a place corresponding to that which tradition holds in his reli-

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gious system. The knowledge of God, he maintains, is intuitive. The ideal element of every act is God creating creatures, *ens creat existentias.*" Brownson himself thus states his formula: "Nothing in man, in nature, in the universe, is explicable without the creative act of God, for nothing exists without that act. . . . Through that act he is immanent as first cause in all creatures, and in every act of every creature. The creature deriving existence from his creative act can no more continue to exist than it could begin to exist without it."

Dr. Ward, the distinguished editor of the *Dublin Review*, told Father Guy, the happy compiler of hand-books, he thought the Brownson formula beautiful, but that he never could see anything in it, and Father Guy in the friendliest spirit, but without the slightest tact, communicated Ward's opinion to Brownson. Now, poets are not the only *genus irritabile*, as Brownson made plain by the following remark: "Ward's philosophical articles are to us as unintelligible as Dr. Newman's *Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent*, of which we can make neither head nor tail. It is our fault, we presume." And again: "Neither do we accept his or Dr. Newman's theory of development of Christian doctrine; and we believe the Christians of the first century held as explicitly the whole Christian faith, as we do of the nineteenth century. Yet we like the *Dublin Review* upon the whole."

Dr. Newman, rector of the new Catholic University of Ireland, with unconscious humor, had mistaken our American philosopher for the man with the globe and atlas, and tendered to him the chair of Geography in that institution. Dr. Brownson, of course, declined promptly with thanks. The gentle rector, suspecting perhaps that he had committed some unpardonable offence, changed the chair to that of Philosophy of Religion and renewed the offer, but even here the negative pregnant slipped in with the remark that the bishops had reserved the chair of theology and metaphysics for ecclesiastics, and that of Philosophy of History was already filled by Dr. Döllinger. Nothing came of it, as the Irish got restive under the infusion of so much Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins, and Brownson not only stayed in America, but Newman himself went back to England.

In the political movements of his times Dr. Brownson was very warmly interested. For the third of a century he was a

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Calhoun man, and in 1843 and 1844, with the two Heckers, worked strenuously to secure the nomination of Mr. Calhoun for President, Mr. John Hecker supplying the sinews of war for public meetings, and Dr. Brownson and Mr. Isaac Hecker the Calhoun literature. When Polk was chosen and Calhoun's friends were in doubt whether the latter would be retained in the new administration, Mr. Isaac Hecker scouted the suggestion, and with better penetration into what was going on behind the scenes shrewdly wrote to Dr. Brownson: "I think it is rather whether Mr. Calhoun will stay." Whether or not Mr. Calhoun confided his intentions to his ardent New York friend I am unable to say, but the event proved Mr. Hecker's opinion was right; for when Polk tendered the office of minister to England to him, Calhoun declined that or any other position. Dr. Brownson showed his chagrin in characteristic fashion. When his son handed him the morning paper with news of the nomination not of his favorite but of James K. Polk, he was quiet for a moment, and then roared out, "Who is James K. Polk?" and dashed down the paper with unspeakable scorn and indignation.

Brownson was a strict state-rights man, and held fast to state sovereignty to the end, which he had imbibed from Calhoun. When the great war broke out between North and South he cudgelled his brains to invent some new theory by which secession on the one hand and centralization on the other might be avoided. Divine Providence and the solidarity of the race at last, he thought, presented a way out, and he wrote a book, *The American Republic*, in support of the newly discovered theory. But in order to maintain it he was compelled to abandon his life-long doctrine of the individual sovereignty of the States and substitute for it a collective, complex sovereignty breathed into the several States and the American Union at a twin birth superinduced at the same instant of time in some inscrutable way by act of Divine Providence. He elaborates this ingenious novelty in *The American Republic*, and in regard to the Convention of 1787, which framed our happy Constitution, he says: "The system is no invention of man, is no creation of the convention, but is given us by Providence in the living constitution of the American people. The merit of the statesmen of 1787 is that they did not destroy or deface the work of Providence,"—who ever be-

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fore heard of such wondrous, supernatural statesmen, able to destroy the work of Providence?—"but accepted it and organized the government in harmony with the real elements given them." George Ripley carefully reviewed the book in the *Tribune*, and, much to the disgust of Brownson, pronounced it "a psychological curiosity," which in truth it is.

Our philosopher was not without a grave humor, which he employed rarely, and therefore more enjoyably when it does appear in his pages. He complains of some woman novelist—Lady Georgiana Fullerton very probably—that she concerns herself too much with the lady heroine's corsets, and in some remarks on Irving and Hawthorne, after praising them a little, he adds that they are deficient in dignity and strength; "they are pleasant authors for the boudoir, or to read while resting one's self on the sofa after dinner. No man who has any self-respect will read either of them in the morning." Bancroft, he remarks, has intellect and scholarship, "but no taste, no literary good breeding. He gesticulates furiously, and speaks always from the top of his voice." Of American authors in general, after the manner of Edgar A. Poe, whose brilliant pen he is apt to, and extremely able to handle, he observes that "they take too high a key for their voice, and are obliged, in order to get through, to sing in falsetto." Sometimes the victim of this sort of rough treatment made reprisal on the doctor, and carried the war into Africa. About the middle of the past century Father John Boyce, of Worcester, Massachusetts, a distinguished Maynooth man, wrote several popular novels under the pseudonym of "Paul Peppergrass." *Shandy McGuire*, his first story, was extolled to the stars by Dr. Brownson, and its author placed on a pinnacle. But his next novel, *The Spae-wife*, did not fare so well at the hands of the uncertain doctor, who criticised the novelist unmercifully. Among other noted guests one day at the dinner table of Bishop Fitzpatrick, awkwardly enough the two authors met, and both being masterful men, they had it out with each other with considerable acrimony. The outcome was a retort in kind on the doctor by the Maynooth clergyman, somewhat after the manner, although in prose, of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Among the *dramatis personæ* of Father Boyce's next story, *Mary Lee, or the Yankee in Ireland*, which was published in several numbers in the old Catholic *Metropolitan Magazine* of Baltimore,

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there appeared a certain Dr. Horseman, whom everybody recognized as Dr. Brownson in domino. But this witty piece of writing was spoiled by the overzealous interference or paternalism of the bishops, who prevailed upon Father Boyce to rewrite the character, and change the picturesque Dr. Horseman into the listless Dr. Henshaw, before the story came out in book form. All the art was taken out of it, and the good bishops had marred a very clever bit of satire.

It would be a most useful compendium of philosophy if some one would collate, condense, and edit into one goodly octavo form the philosophical essays of Dr. Brownson. In the proper hands such a volume could be made an invaluable manual for Catholic schools and colleges. But the proper pen must do it: a scholar, a trained dialectician, a dogmatic theologian, is the indispensable man for such a work; no one else should meddle with it—it must be turned over to no journeyman to botch it. For years Brownson's *Review*, like a beacon light set upon a hill, was the standard of philosophical literature in this country; its editor was the oracle of logics and metaphysics; prelates recognized him, clergymen hearkened to him, and the laity were justly proud of him. Indeed, they all spoiled him a little, and he became something of a Samuel Johnson. If the trigger missed, he was apt to knock you down with the butt end of the gun. In some other respects he was quite like that drastic schoolmaster of Congress, John Randolph of Roanoke, and shook his locks and frowned, as schoolmaster-general to churchmen and laymen, both in Europe and America, even at the highest—now at Dr. Newman, again at the Jesuits since Aquaviva; once in awhile Father Hewit or Archbishop Hughes was his quarry, and even at rare intervals his life-long, devoted friend Father Isaac Hecker, beloved founder of the Paulists. But he never stayed mad long; he emitted a spark or two, and it was all over.

Pierre Leroux and Gioberti lured him into occasional bogs, but at last he learned to know and weigh justly those eccentric comets, and became their master as they had once been his. Sometimes his bold flights partook of rashness, and made the discreet fear for his future; but he never went beyond the border line. Döllinger and Hyacinthe might plunge over the abyss into chaos; the eloquent Lacordaire and the noble Montalembert might anon press the bosses of the buckler too

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far; but touch the Pope, and, like the needle to the pole, Brownson reverently quivered into place; in the most daring speculations, with his metaphysical zeal aglow at white heat, he would pause to proclaim his unshakable allegiance to the voice of the church, and his readiness to cast aside and retract any opinion which she pronounced error. The American philosopher stood upon the solid rock, and was safe.

In three massive volumes of biography, Dr. Brownson's son has done for his father's memory quite as much as Charles Francis Adams had previously done for that of his grandfather, old John Adams. Blocks of solid granite and a forest of scaffolding have become under Henry F. Brownson's filial hand the stately edifice. The future editor of the father in his prayers for benefactors will have reason to remember the son, who has passed over the diversified domain of this prolific genius, like Sir Matthew Hale over a still more trackless wild, and left the world an admirable analysis.

Every vestige of Brownson, every footstep, is that of a giant, and the wonder of it is that he was self-taught. To have overcome this misfortune and impress the world, as Orestes A. Brownson did, with the sense of his extraordinary power, proves that he belonged to the exclusive class. An eminent citizen of South Carolina, R. Barnwell Rhett, in 1841, wrote of Dr. Brownson as the man "whom the first mind in England has pronounced to be the greatest genius in America." However that may be, certain it is that the Catholic Church regards him as one of her true sons, faithful and valiant to the end.

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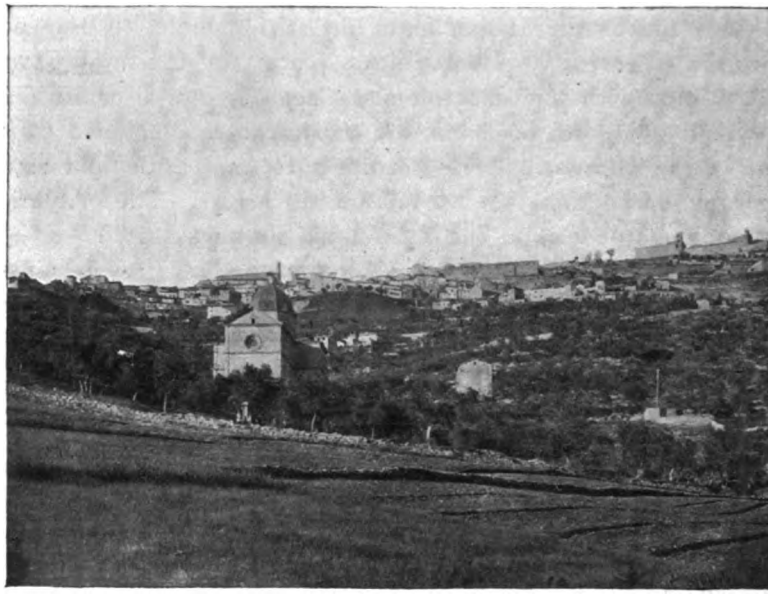

THE TOWN OF CORTONA.

THE MAGDALEN OF CORTONA.

BY REV. FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

SOME one has remarked that the Gospel without the Magdalen would not be the Gospel of Christ. And truly it is the story of the Magdalen which more than aught else has made the world realize the essential message of Christianity to man. For our Divine Lord came into the world to save sinners, to raise up the fallen, to give hope to the hopeless. His mission was primarily to the lost sheep. He would leave the ninety-nine who were safe, and go forth into the wilderness to seek the one who had strayed, that rejoicing he might bring it home on his shoulders. In fact, the whole economy of the Incarnation is directed principally to raise up the sinner. God descends from heaven that he might lift fallen man up from the earth. He puts off the high majesty of his divinity and takes upon himself our humanity, in order that making himself one with us he might win our love, and by the force of love purify us and form us into something like himself. This same

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pitying condescension to our weakness is manifested in the constitution of the church. She is set in the world with the primary object of saving the sinner and nursing the sick. In her sacramental system she brings the invisible into contact with the visible, clothes the loftiest truths in simple human language, and whilst insisting on a divine standard of virtue yet has regard for the inborn frailty of our nature. With Christ she proclaims openly that her mission is to the sinner rather than to the righteous; that she exists to save souls rather than to crown them. Her sacraments, too, are given not as a reward of virtue but as a help to the weak to attain virtue. She does not insist that those who come to her and claim to be hers should be grounded in spiritual perfection; she only asks that they should have in their hearts the honest desire of a spiritual life, and then she takes them by the hand and leads them and fosters them with a mother's care. Hence one of the marks of the church on earth is that she is the Friend of publicans and sinners, even as our Lord was. And it is only when we grasp this important fact in the church's constitution that we can rightly appreciate her genius and character.

We expect then to find the story of the Magdalen frequently repeated in the history of the church, and it is only in the nature of things that there should be a Mary of Egypt, a Thais, an Augustine in the calendar of canonized saints. The understanding of their lives is essential to an understanding of Jesus Christ's relationship with the world. Well for us, therefore, it is to recur from time to time to the history of the Magdalen. There we see, on the one hand, the poor soul instinct with life and with the lust of life. Why should she not enjoy life? is the question ever present to her mind. Why should she not live the life which is hers, and follow the road which she imagines will bring her the satisfaction and joy she instinctively calls for? In some souls this desire for self-realization is much more imperative than in others. These are the souls at once most capable of great deeds, and most liable to grave errors. For it all depends where they seek that joy of life which they yearn for; whether in the things that are passing and earthy, or in what is eternal and divine. The Magdalen, full of the thirst for life, found satisfaction at first in sin. But sin evidently did not satisfy her nature, except in

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part, and even in the pursuit of sensual pleasure she was conscious of an emptiness of soul. Then our Divine Saviour came to her. She listened as he spoke; she felt in her own heart the yearning of his Sacred Heart towards her, and she knew that in him she had found the Source of that full joy of life which her nature sought. As the love of Christ took possession of her, the world lost its power over her. From a sinner she was transformed into a saint; and by what means? By the simple transfer of her affections from sin to her Saviour. Our Lord thus made himself the object of that intense human love of which Magdalen was capable, and to satisfy which she had sinned. And nowhere in the Gospel is the divine condescension more vividly manifested than in our Lord's dealings with this lost sheep whom he had saved. He drew her more closely to himself than he drew most of the disciples who had not sinned; he showed her a deeper tenderness and sympathy than he did to the unfallen Martha. He requited her passionate clinging to him on the cross by manifesting himself to her on Easter morn. And who can tell the sense of infinite love conveyed to her when her Lord spoke that one word "Mary!" as she wept desolate near the empty sepulchre? There was in truth a depth of human tenderness and sympathy in our Divine Lord's relationship with her; had there not been, Magdalen would never have understood his divine love for her. It is the mystery of the Incarnation carried out in all the details of our Lord's dealings with men. He becomes Man to appeal to man. He clothes his Divine Love in human form, that we, being human, might understand and appreciate it.

Moreover, the Magdalen's story teaches us that we have to give God a human love; for who more human than the Magdalen? In fact, we cannot really love otherwise. We must love with soul and body, mind and heart, if our love is to be perfect. And here I think we have one of the chief lessons of the Magdalen's story, in that it teaches us the value of our human affections, which so easily lead us astray, and yet may so surely lead us to highest sanctity.

As an illustration of our Divine Lord's dealings with repentant souls, the history of St. Margaret of Cortona is instructive. She was another Magdalen—the Magdalen of the Seraphic Order, she is styled in the Franciscan Breviary—and the story of her conversion may be said to supplement the story

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of the Penitent of the Gospels; giving us, as it does, a further glimpse of our Lord's sacred intimacy with the souls he saves.

Margaret was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Laviano, a village near Cortona in Tuscany. She was beautiful amongst the fair daughters of her native province; and consequently from her early years never lacked flatterers. And their attentions were sweet to her, and she revelled in the thought of the power she held, and doubtless enjoyed the triumph reflected in the ill-natured talk of her neighbors. It might have been somewhat different had she been happy in her own home; but she was not happy. Her mother had died when Margaret was a child of seven years; and the girl was left to the care of a father whose chief interest was in his farm. Then after a few years he married a second time. The second wife was a self-righteous woman, one of the sort from whom an erring girl may expect no pity. From this stepmother Margaret received the harshest words and general ill-will. Unhappy at home, she consequently threw herself with the more intentness into such gaiety as she found in the neighborhood. At length, at the age of eighteen, she fled from her father's house, and under promise of marriage became the mistress of a young knight of Montepulciano, a town some short distance away; and so she continued for nine years, living a gay, extravagant life. Yet she has recorded how during those years of sin she oftentimes yearned for a better life, and wept for misery. Moreover, she constantly helped the poor in their need and was kind to the unfortunate.

Evidently Margaret's guilty life was not the whole of her life; her better nature had not entirely surrendered to her guilty desire. Out of the depths of her sin she looked up timorously to heaven, praying that God would some day disentangle her from the web of misery in which she now was. At times the desire for a better life so took possession of her that she already seemed to herself the penitent she afterwards became. "Take heart!" she would say to the friends who remonstrated with her on the scandal she was giving,—"Take heart! Some day you will call me a saint." But then looking into herself, the task seemed hopeless. How could she possibly give up her present manner of life, with its comfort and luxury and all that appealed to her senses? At one moment great was her desire to do so; at another moment she felt powerless

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to make the sacrifice. Plainly God must save her; she could not save herself. And God did save her by an evident manifestation of his providence.

The knight was one day on a journey in the neighborhood of his castle, when he was set upon in a wood by armed robbers and stabbed to death. For two days Margaret had awaited his return, not knowing what could have detained him, when she saw her lover's dog running toward her and howling piteously. Led by the dog, Margaret went forth and discovered the corpse. After the first paroxysm of grief she recognized in the event the judgment of God; and at that moment the glamour of her guilty life vanished. In the face of death sudden and violent, she realized the vanity of the world. God had snapped the cords which had seemed to bind her irrevocably to sin. Then the desire which had always been present in Margaret's soul to lead a better life became a great resolve. She would abandon sin for ever and by penance atone for the past.

She at once returned to Montepulciano, put aside her rich dresses and jewels, and clothed herself in the garb of a penitent. Next she gave back to the family of the murdered man the property he had settled upon her, and then, leaving the castle, went to seek shelter in her father's house. Here the first test of her resolution met her. Her father was willing to take her back, but her stepmother would not hear of it; and Margaret was cast out upon the world. In distress of soul she went and sat under a fig-tree in a garden and wept and prayed. It seemed to her useless trying to do good, and the temptation was strong within her to go back to a life of sin. But God again came to her aid, and inspired her with the thought to go and seek out the Franciscan Friars in Cortona and ask them to help her. As she entered Cortona she met two noble ladies, who, struck with pity at the sight of her pale face and evident weariness, spoke to her and offered their assistance. Margaret, touched by their human sympathy, began to weep and in the midst of her tears gave them some account of her purpose in coming to the city. The ladies thereupon brought her to their house and introduced her to the friars; and these recognizing the Divine Will, took her into their spiritual charge and appointed Father Giunta Bevagnati, a wise and holy man, to be her director. She was at this time twenty-seven years of age.

Now began that wonderful life of purification and sanctifica-

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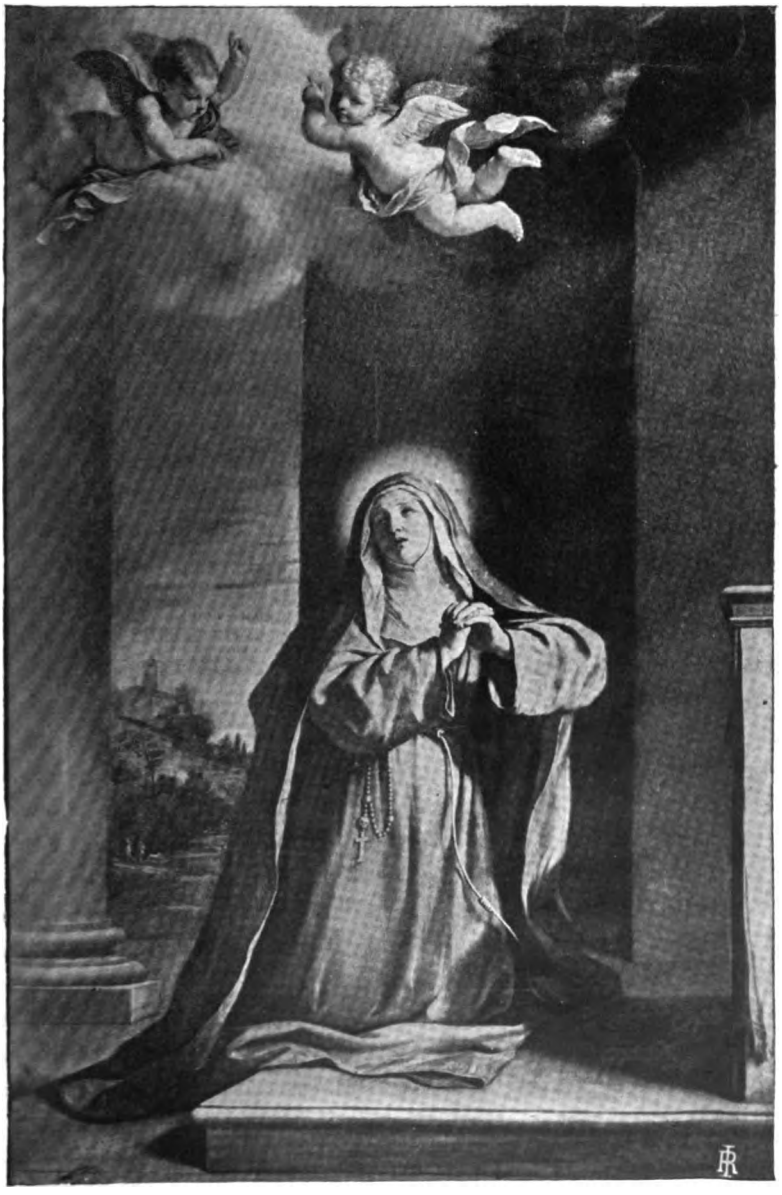

ST. MARGARET OF CORTONA.—BY GUERCINO.

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tion of which Father Giunta, who directed her till her death, has left the record.

From the first our Divine Lord took her, as it were, by the hand and drew her to himself. In sacred colloquies he told her of his care for her and of his purposes concerning her. This he did, as he said, not for her own sake alone, but to convince all sinners of his exceeding pity and love for them; that knowing how he dealt with her, they might understand his care for them.

For three years after her conversion Margaret seems to have had a sharp struggle with herself. Keenly as she sorrowed for past sin and desired the better life, something of the old leaven remained in her, and the tempter was not wanting in efforts to turn her back from her purpose of consecrating herself wholly to God. It was not that she still desired to go back to her former life of guilt; only that the flesh was not yet wholly subdued to obey the spirit. Why should she embrace a penitential life and cut herself off from all worldly pleasure? Might she not follow in the way of ordinary Christians and yet save her soul? Such was the plea of the tempter. But Margaret knew well in her heart that for her there could be no compromise with the world. She must either aim at being a saint or be a sinner. Any compromise would infallibly lead her back into guilt. Moreover God was calling her to the higher way of perfection; and to be faithful to him she must follow that. For three years she had to suffer this trial of spirit. She was, however, consoled by the voice of her Saviour speaking direct to her soul. One day she was thinking of her own unworthiness and wondering how God could possibly have any care for one who had fallen so low as she, when our Divine Lord said to her: "Remember that I can dispense my favors to whomsoever I will. Hast thou forgotten Magdalen, or the woman of Samaria, or the Chanaanite, or Matthew the publican, whom I chose to be my Apostle, or the thief to whom I promised Paradise?"

At the end of these three years our Lord permitted her to be received into the Third Order of St. Francis. Referring to this event afterwards, our Lord told her: "I have planted thee, my child, in the garden of my Love. For my blessed Father Francis, my Beloved One, was wholly lost in my Love. And I have given the Order of Friars Minor to thee, and I have

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given the children of this order to thee to instruct thee. Amongst them thou shalt find apostles to whom I shall give the grace to understand the favors I am going to bestow on thee." Another time he revealed to her that she was given to the Franciscan Order to increase its merit before God. "Wonder not," he told her, "because I said I had planted thee in the garden of my Love—that is, the Order of the Blessed Francis. . . . In my Father's name I now grant thee this fresh gift. Thou, my little plant, shalt flourish and spread forth new branches which shall overshadow the faithful. It is My Will that streams of mercy should flow from these branches to refresh the withered plants of the world."

About this time, too, our Lord began to address her as "my child," signifying that she was now purified and taken into his special confidence. Hitherto, whilst something of the old self remained active in her, he had styled her simply "my poor little one" *(poverêlla)*.

But the more intimately our Lord revealed himself to her the more conscious she became of her own unworthiness, and the more she sorrowed over her past. This sorrow for sin caused her to seek frequent opportunities for self-humiliation, and it needed the wisdom of her director to moderate her penances. Perhaps the ultimate purification of the repentant soul is found in the utter self-abasement which comes when the soul first realizes what God is, and that he, the All-Holy, really loves the creature he has made.

"Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep
Told out to me."

Thus does Cardinal Newman make Gerontius give voice to the poor soul brought face to face suddenly with its Lord. It is the shrinking of the soul, conscious of unworthiness, from the presence of God's sanctity; and it represents the experience of every repentant soul when it first becomes conscious of the greatness of the Divine Love. On the very day that our Lord for the first time addressed her as "my child" and revealed himself to her in more intimate love, Margaret began to experience that ultimate purification the more acutely.

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Our Lord, however, deigned marvellously to reassure her, when shortly afterwards he told her: "My child, I will one day place thee among the Seraphim and the virgins burning with Divine Love." Margaret heard these words with wondering fear. "How, Lord," she asked, "can this be to me, who have defiled myself with so great sins?" And our Lord replied: "My child, thy penances have so purified thy soul from all consequences of sin that thy sorrow and thy sufferings shall reinstate thee in virginal purity." Again, he revealed to her, for her further assurance, that Magdalen at her entrance into Paradise found place amongst the virgins, because of her great love of Christ. In this way did our Lord give Margaret that hope dearest surely to the heart of every penitent. By love of God she might regain the lost treasure and come before her Lord in his kingdom as though she had never fallen. She would be perfectly restored to innocence. Her sin would not be merely cloaked over by virtue, but wholly taken away. Is not this the great essential hope which Christianity gives to the world—the hope of complete restoration?—so that the past years are regained in the intensity of the love which reconstitutes the fallen soul in its first glory. "Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much"; and Magdalen, hearing those words, was at least dimly conscious of the mystery which had taken place within her. Her love for her Saviour had taken away her sin, and she was beginning to live that new life in which sin has no part. Not yet was the old life completely dead. She had yet some years of life on earth to complete her purification But she was already reborn to a new life—a life of virginal innocence which, fostered by repentant tears, would grow and expand, whilst the old life would be entirely cast off.

And in the consciousness of this new life of innocence, Magdalen could lift up her head again before the world, however much she sorrowed for the injury she had hitherto done her Lord and Master. Why should she be crushed and waste her life in ineffectual remorse? Christ had given her a new hope and a new life. It was her part now to live the life he had given her. And so she did not fling herself away in hopeless shame, as many a woman has done. No; in the strength of her new hope she arose and began to live again.

"I must not scorn myself; He loves me still." In the

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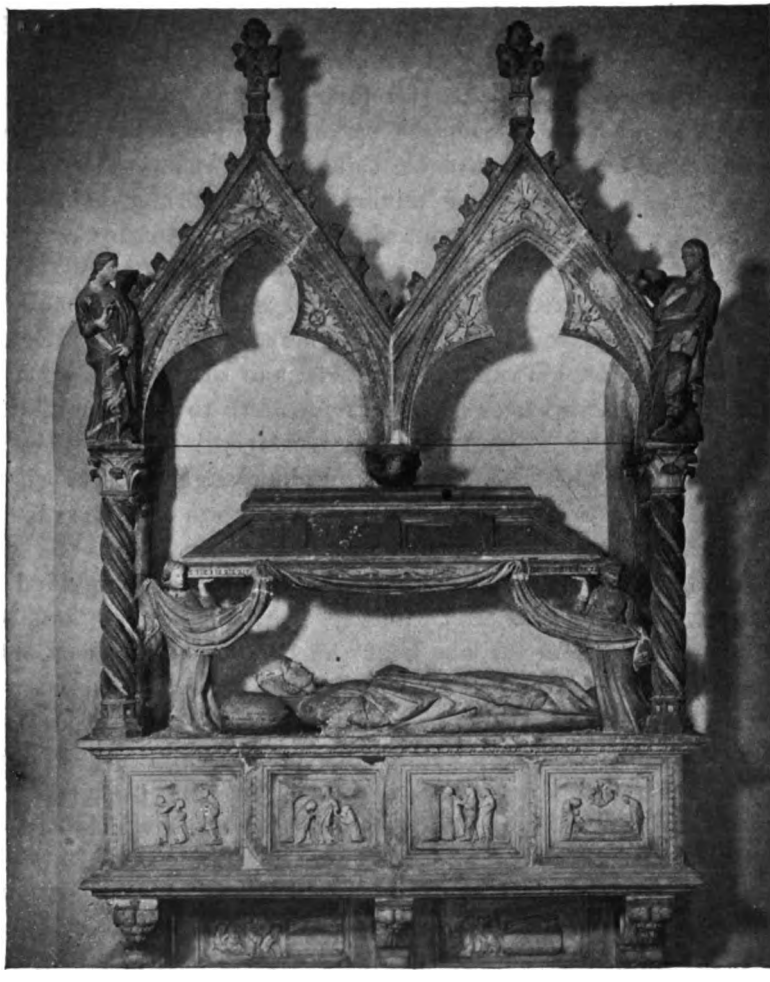

ST. MARGARET'S TOMB.

presence of Christ's great love for her, the Magdalen arose in new dignity. She had regained that self-reverence which is the condition of all virtuous effort. Christ loved her; why should she scorn herself? Here we have the secret of the restoration effected by the Gospel. It is in the knowledge that God's love endures and is real, that the sinner finds the energy and motive to begin life anew; for if God still loves the sinner, why should the sinner despair?

So it was that Margaret the sinner became Margaret the saint, the child, and friend, and spouse of God.

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Humbly conscious of her new dignity, she now set herself to save souls and broaden the kingdom of Christ on earth. Immediately after her reception into the Third Order of St. Francis she drew to herself some companions and founded a hospital for the sick poor, whom she served. But her chief work was in reclaiming sinners. After a time people came to her from far and near to seek her advice in the reformation of their lives. Margaret helped them with all the sympathy and pity which she had learned from our Lord's treatment of herself. When they were sufficiently prepared she sent them to the Franciscan Friars to be confessed. She also became the medium of communication between Jesus Christ and many religious souls. Thus, on several occasions she was inspired to guide the friars in their difficulties. She recalled a secular priest from a worldly life, and acted as a sort of guardian angel to him till her death; and on one occasion she prevailed upon a careless bishop to give more attention to his diocese.

Needless to say that all these graces were accompanied by frequent crosses. Margaret quickly learned that no soul can live with Christ and yet not bear the burden of his cross. For Christ came to suffer for the remission of sin; that was the central fact of his earthly life; and all who would be his must suffer with him to fill up the chalice of his suffering. Willingly did Margaret accept the cross; it was the pledge of her union with her Saviour. But beyond the trials which came to her from the hands of men—and more often from their tongues—she suffered much from the contemplation of our Lord's Passion. She was accustomed to unite herself in spirit with the Blessed Virgin at the foot of the cross, and with her to gaze upon her suffering Lord, entering by love into his Sacred Heart and dwelling not only upon the outward tortures, but more still upon the interior agony—the vision of sin and its consequences, the loss of souls, the insult to God; until her whole bodily frame quivered with the agony of her Saviour. One day our Lord asked her: "My child, dost thou love me?" She answered: "Not only do I love thee, Lord, but, wouldst thou grant it, I would ask to be enclosed in thy very Heart." Our Lord replied: "If thou wouldst be enclosed in my Heart, thou must enter into my Wound of my Side." "O my Lord Jesus Christ!" Margaret exclaimed, "were I in thy Heart, I should already be in the wound of thy side, in the wounds of thy

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hands and feet, in thy Crown of Thorns, in thy vinegar and gall." So it was that she would enter frequently into the Passion of Christ, thus atoning for her own sin and for that of all sinners.

As I have said, the history of St. Margaret of Cortona is but an extension of that of the Magdalen of the Gospels; and the Magdalen's story is the story of God's redeeming love. To the fallen it is a pledge of a new hope. But there is yet another lesson to be learned from it. We are all called by God to take part in the Divine Work of bringing sinners to repentance. But how shall we accomplish our vocation unless we learn from our Lord that sympathy for the weak, and that tenderness for the bruised, which he showed the Magdalen when he raised her up from guilt to sanctity? It is the lack of this divine sympathy and tenderness which renders fruitless so many well-intentioned efforts to reclaim the sinner. "The bruised reed he shall not break; the smoking flax he shall not quench"—that is the inspired description of the Saviour of souls.

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THE STONE OF THE LILY.

BY B. E. WADE.

THERE was but one way of making old Bassanio talk. You might coax until you were tired. He would but shake his head, and say:

"What cares the stranger for an old man's story? To the cold American it is but an idle tale, and as soon forgotten by him as old Bassanio himself."

You might offer to exchange story for story with him.

"Ah, Bassanio understands not the land over the sea," he would reply. "To him its people do not speak with the tongue he knows. He loves his own hills best. His own blue sky is brighter with the merry sunshine that warms his old heart."

I have known a curious traveller even to offer him coins for the sake of hearing him tell his remarkable tale, and have seen him angrily fling them to the ground, exclaiming:

"What wants Bassanio with thy money? Do not his olive-trees ever give him of their fruit? Does his garden ever forget to yield him the lupins, the red tomatoes, and the little, sweet, green peppers he loves? Does not his field give of its grain? What more wants Bassanio, who has his sunny bench when it is warm, and plenty of coals for his little *scaldino* when the wind breathes hard upon the grassy hillsides? Bah!"

But there was one way of unlocking the store-house of that romantic brain, and this I discovered by accident. Afterwards, I had only to employ the same means to send the light to his eye, and to loosen the spirit imprisoned somewhere within that dark, wrinkled frame.

"Bassanio," I had said to him one day as I stood in his garden, helping him pick the small, sweet peppers for which my sister had taken a fancy, "your country has taken a strange hold upon me. It would not displease me to know that when I die I should be laid to rest beneath your bright, peaceful, flower-covered fields."

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"You love my land?" he asked quickly.

"Ah, yes, Bassanio," said I. "Would a man take a half-ruined villa for five years in a country he disliked, think you?"

"You are to *live* at Villa Grazzi, then?"

"For five years, at least, Bassanio."

"Ah, but if you or the sister get weary of it?"

"Never!" said I emphatically. "That would be impossible."

From the moment I showed my sympathy for all that delighted the old Italian, I lost all cause for complaint of his stubborn silence. He straightway forgot me, and I, him. Through his soul we both saw only the glories of the sunny field, and breathed together the breath of the distant hills. For us there was but the one interest in the world, and that what old Bassanio willed.

"To-night," said he in a peculiarly intense whisper, as I at last reluctantly prepared to leave,—"to-night thou wilt hear of Margherita of Grazzi"; and, though I knew not why, I felt that the old man's words would come true.

It was, therefore, no surprise to me, as I sat out in the moonlight on the marble steps, to receive a visit from Bassanio. I had bidden my sister good-night some time before, and had gone into the open air for a quiet smoke. While dreamily puffing at my cigar I felt a touch on my arm, and knew instinctively that he was my visitor.

"It is of Margherita of Grazzi thou art thinking," said he. "After to-night thou canst never get her from thy thoughts, and neither wilt thou desire to do so, even as old Bassanio must ever keep her in his mind. Come!"

It seemed but a natural thing to obey unquestioningly the resolute tone of this invitation, and, throwing aside the stump of my cigar, I arose and followed him.

Silently he passed along the terrace and turned down the southern path leading to the garden; nor paused until he came out from the shade of the cypress-lined walk into that moonlight-flooded space allotted to the flowers and shrubs of Grazzi. Where a gap in the luxuriant foliage of the boundary permits, one looks out upon the beautiful city of Florence. To-night she lay sleeping in that tender, silvery light, her graceful campanile, the dome of her great cathedral, and her

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many shapely spires alone keeping watch,—alone striving to pierce the mystery of the night; while the Arno, at this distance a mere glistening thread, flowed placidly on, content not to know that which is unrevealed. The view is one of which I never weary. Too far away, even in the searching light of the sun, to display any unattractive features, it remains always Florence, the ideal, by day,—Firenze, the fairy city, by night.

I did not wonder when Bassanio motioned me to a seat in this particular part of the garden. For a time naught but the soft splashing of the fountain near by, and the sleepy murmur of the night insects, broke the stillness, and then—

"Here sat the gentle Margherita," said Bassanio, "and here might now be sitting but for the chatter of a foolish maid. Since that day, now twenty years past, Bassanio's lips have been sealed, and none have heard why Margherita left Grazzi, or how she found her way down to the Florence she loved, and entered singing—the Florence where that song was hushed for ever. But Bassanio knows why, even now, the candle burns brightly in the passage beneath the Fountain of Nymphs. *Altro!*

"Eighteen times for Margherita had the blue lilies blossomed in yonder field, and the little maiden was as fair and as pure as they. Count Marcello, her father, was ever light of heart when her merry laughter rang through the corridors, and smiled when of a morning she crept unheard behind him as he sat at his morning meal, and dropped a pink rose into the melon on his plate.

"The death of the good contessa had left these two alone in the world, and because they had only themselves, they thought the more of each other. It was for the sake of having her to himself that the count now spent each year at Villa Grazzi, and no more went to his palazzo in Venice when the season changed. Margherita was, therefore, much in solitude, for the count entertained no guests. Save her father and the women of the villa, she had none for company but Bassanio, and the creatures and flowers of the garden. When but a child she would say:

"'You are good to my flowers, Bassanio, and they love you. So, also, Margherita loves you.' Then she would beg a new tale, and her father would find her with her head against

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Bassanio's rough coat, and would tease her for her fondness for flowers that talked not, and for an old man's idle stories.

"'But the blossoms do speak to me, my father,' she would reply. 'Bassanio will tell the wonderful things they say, for he knows them all, and they love him.'

"Then would Count Marcello shake his head, and, laughing, pass on, whispering as he went:

"'Take ever such faithful care of the child, Bassanio, and thou shalt have thy full reward.' Yet did the count know, as well as I myself, that the loving watchfulness of Bassanio asked no reward but to be of service to the maiden he loved as his own.

"So lived Margherita with the flowers and with the creatures of the garden, and they taught her their ways. The blossoms gave her of their sweetness and grace, and from them she learned to fashion her gowns.

"To-day I am in blue for the lilies. Will they not like it?' she would say. And again: "Now I am a scarlet poppy, Bassanio *mio*,' and lightly would she dance down the paths, as bright as any blossom that lifted its head in the long rows. Sometimes it were a violet she copied, and quietly, in her purple gown, would she follow me about, or sit in this her favorite spot, looking with almost longing eyes down to the city she had never entered. Next day the mood would change, and she would meet me with her head in air, and would gather her brilliant skirts about her mockingly, saying: 'Behold your proud Lady Cyclamen!' and even while Bassanio bent low in homage, would she forget her dignity to dart after a butterfly playfellow.

"After all, it was the creatures that taught her most. Margherita had heard the women sing, but she cared naught for their songs. The birds were her masters, and smaller creatures gave her their gifts. In his lifetime Bassanio has heard many voices, but not one like that of Margherita, for men of the world cannot teach what she found in the garden of Grazzi. From the birds she learned how to trill, and to send forth clear, high tones as pure as theirs; and when she sang she lifted her head as does the bird itself. It was the locust that showed her how to begin a long note softly, and to come *crescendo*, to the full tone, and *decrescendo*, to a mere breath again. Even the buzzing and gentle humming insects gave her

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their knowledge, and from the *grille*, the crickets that sing in the moonlight, she learned rhythm, and patience to try over and over without tiring what she already knew.

"Often, in the sunny noon, would she mournfully cry, '*Pa-ve, pa-ve*,' and old Domenico, the peacock, would strut down the terrace spreading his tail, and echoing her call; or, when the warm dusk had stolen over the garden, would Margherita make the cry of the lonesome owl, and each time was it answered by that sad little bird itself, off in a far-away cypress-tree.

"Margherita had words to all of her songs, but they were not such as those the women of the villa sang. No; Margherita sang in her own tongue what the creatures sing in theirs. She sang of the buds in the lily-fields, the bright sunshine, the soft rain, the dew on the grass-blades, the purple mists on the distant hills, the blue sky, and the joy of living; and when, as often she did, she came to the garden at break of day, even the *contadini* jogging along on the road outside would stop their mules, and pause till the song was ended; though they had to make up the lost time, and push the heavily-laden carts faster to the Mercato Vecchio. At the evening hour, when they toiled slowly homeward, her voice made them forget the steepness of the way.

"The last summer came. Count Marcello had said Margherita had been long enough alone, and must go into the world to meet men and women of her station. He had given orders that his palazzo in Venice be put in order for their reception that winter, and Margherita was now under the care of the count's only sister, who had come to prepare her in the ways of noble people. No more did Margherita chase the butterflies, or tease old Domenico, the peacock. But she did not forget Bassanio, and often came to sit here, on this bench, and to talk about the flowers she was soon to leave.

"'I could not bear it if thou wert not going with us, Bassanio *mio*,' she would say. 'It is so bad to leave the flowers!'—and she would sing her wonderful song—only now it told of the flight of birds, the drooping of blossoms, the withering of grass-blades, the sleep of the butterflies, and the sorrow one hears at times in the wind.

"Then came with her useless prattle to Margherita, one day, the idle Rinella, the maid of Count Marcello's sister. I heard them talking at the fountain yonder.

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"'It has been told me,' said Rinella, 'that under the Fountain of Nymphs one may go down even to the streets of Florence. It is a wonderful passage, if one but knew how—'

"'Hush thy miserable tongue, foolish one!' I cried, hurrying quickly toward her, and, bidding her no more trouble Margherita with her evil tales, sent her trembling to her mistress.

"But the cunning Rinella did not forget the harsh words that stung her, and ever cast black looks upon Bassanio. Then came her revenge, for, in spite of Bassanio's watchfulness, she learned that secret which only the Counts of Grazzi, Rametti the goldsmith, and Bassanio himself, had known—the secret of the Stone of the Lily.

"How she found the hidden spring that loosens the great stone, who can tell? But with a heavy iron bar she was able to slide the block away from the opening, and when Bassanio, having it in mind to keep away the crafty Rinella, came to sleep on the bench in the moonlight, he saw the dark hole below the steps that lead up to the fountain. Ah, now it seemed that old Bassanio's heart did not thump, thump, for a time; but when again he felt it, no mallet could pound harder! Then Bassanio moved toward the villa, and found his old, iron garden-lamp. He must overtake his Margherita ere harm came to her in the passage, or she could stray into the city streets. And the girl, Rinella, should be taught that no good comes of a curious mind and a vengeful soul!

"Bah! How the dark from the underground crept into Bassanio's brain! How the lizards glistened along the sides of the rocks! Then the light fell on something on the pathway—a rose-bud half drooping. None but Margherita wore the tender rose-buds. It was hers! Bassanio must keep it in his hand and hurry onward, or the *carina* would lose her way; and the night grew long, and ever longer. Now she would be afraid in the endless blackness!

"Surely that was a light ahead—yes, two tapers in the distance. Now they were gone; no, there they were again. Bassanio stumbled on a sharp stone, and his lamp went out. He must creep on his hands and knees. Would he never reach the lights? Yes, the rose-bud would help him. He had not lost that. It loved her. He would bring her away from all the harm!

"Bassanio remembers not how he came to the end, but

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when he opened his eyes he saw a light on high, and the face of the Madonna above. That must be the taper—Margherita's—and that the dear face of Margherita herself! He would go to her. Ah, the pain! Why would his foot not obey him? Then he saw the faces of Rametti the goldsmith, and his wife, Maria; but Maria was weeping, and would not be quieted when Bassanio asked for his Margherita. At last Rametti had bid her leave the room, and then, with the tears running down his own cheeks, he had told all.

"He had heard a noise in the night, and feared a thief was breaking the lock. But no, it was the inner door behind a curious grating that opened, and into the room stole two maidens. One pushed forward and unfastened the door into the via. The other eagerly followed, and they softly shut the door after them. Rametti was as one dumb. Then, throwing on his garments, he too had gone out into the via near the Ponte Vecchio. But now a song, as of a happy bird, filled the air. Rametti had never heard the like before; but from a different direction came a great noise, a mob of rioters' passed as Rametti drew back into the shadow of his doorway. The shouts grew louder, and of a sudden—ah, he could hardly tell it!—the song ceased with a sharp cry, and a maid from Villa Grazzi had grasped him by the arm, screaming into his ear that Margherita of Grazzi had been killed by the mob. And it was so! He had seen the crowd fly in terror when they found that murder had been done, and then a bell pealed—the bell in Giotto's tower. Three times it sounded, and people, wakened by the rioters, shuddered and said, 'A death!' Then saw Rametti the black-masked brethren of the Misericordia. Slowly they approached, and passed on with their gentle burden. Margherita was going home to the Villa Grazzi!

"Rametti heard Maria call, and turned back into his shop at the moment when the grated door swung again on the hinges, and his friend, Bassanio, the gardener of Grazzi, fell senseless to the floor.

"That is the end of the story of Margherita. Count Marcello never spoke from that night, and died some weeks later. Bassanio's fate was worse. His ankle soon grew strong. Death came not, and the years pass! Of Rinella, some say that she went mad and threw herself into the Arno. Bassanio knows not. *Altro!* But so long as he lives shall the candle burn for

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Margherita in the dark, lonesome passage below. Thou shalt see!"

He rose, and beckoned. We stooped before the Stone of the Lily, and he pressed the spring. Then together, shoving back the huge weight, we descended a few steps. There in a niche was a lighted taper. I peered into the darkness of the tunnel.

"Its history no man knows," said Bassanio. "Only the departed Counts of Grazzi can tell how, and why, the secret passage was made; but the laborers did their work well. It must have taken many years. The other opening no man can enter now. The count's sister paid Rametti much money to fill up its mouth, and to take away the grated door and make a solid wall. Rametti is dead, and Maria too. Only Bassanio knows, and thou, the secret of the Stone of the Lily."

We carefully replaced the sculptured door and went back to the bench.

"When I am gone," said Bassanio, "take thou this"; and he brought forth a small metal box of Rametti's workmanship. He removed the cover, and I beheld a withered flower—the rose-bud dropped by Margherita!

My sister laughs at me for purchasing Villa Grazzi. "I love it," say I, when she persists in asking a reason. But far more would she wonder if she knew how each night I steal underneath the Fountain of Nymphs, to place my candle beside that of Bassanio, and then return to that spot in the moonlight where a dark form whispers:

"To-night thou wilt hear of Margherita!"

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DOCTOR ELGAR'S "DREAM OF GERONTIUS."

BY AN URSULINE.

THE recent advent of Dr. Elgar's oratorio is and should be a matter of interest to Catholics for very special and obvious reasons. It is in every sense a Catholic work. The composer himself is a devout Catholic, with a decided tendency to mysticism.

The poem he has set to music ranks as perhaps the most distinctly Catholic of any verse in any language, excluding the *Divine Comedy*, with which it has indeed been classed, and by no less balanced a judgment than the late Mr. Gladstone's. It is, as every one knows, an epitome of the church's doctrine and liturgy regarding the death-bed scene and judgment of a Catholic Christian. The music stands at every point in perfect keeping with its subject. Mr. Elgar, when a child, sat Sunday after Sunday in the organ-loft of St. George's Roman Catholic church, Worcester, where his father had been organist for the long period of thirty-seven years. Subtly, the spirit of the grand old church music and liturgy was instilled into the boy. In 1885 he succeeded his father as organist of this church, retaining the post for four or five years, during which time he wrote several masses and a number of voluntaries. He said once: "The poem has been soaking in my mind for at least eight years. All that time I have been gradually assimilating the thoughts of the author into my musical promptings"; with what success let Herr Max Hehemann, of Essen, a great musical critic and an admirer of Mr. Elgar, decide:

"The strange world-removed tone of the poem is marvellously reproduced. The yearning of the dying for the beyond has rarely been clothed in tones more devotional or moving, and rarely has the dread sublimity of Death's majesty been depicted with greater boldness or more majestic awesomeness."

Mr. Elgar's achievement has brought to the notice of the general public, and rendered suddenly popular, Cardinal Newman's poem, so long dear to the hearts of a happy few. The leader of one of our festival choruses, who is at present training

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for an early production of the new oratorio, states that he has never had such a revelation of the Catholic view of things, especially pertaining to death and the life beyond, as has come upon him through this work. His is probably one out of hundreds of similar experiences. It will be an awakening to many minds.

The poem has been highly appreciated these thirty-odd years, but yet many have not come into touch with it, notwithstanding that such a critic as Mr. Richard Holt Hutton some years ago pronounced it one of the most unique and original poems of the nineteenth century, and Dr. Jaeger assures us that he knows half a dozen composers of some eminence who have at one time or another intended to set it to music.

Cardinal Newman is said to have composed the *Dream of Gerontius* "in great grief after the death of a dear friend." It was written at the age of sixty-five, and made its first appearance in a 32mo booklet, anonymous excepting for the initials J. H. N. signed at the foot of the Latin dedication to "Fratri Desideratissimo Joanni Joseph Gordon."

To Mr. Hutton it is the core of Newman's faith, and he cannot sufficiently praise it. "Especially," he writes, "does it impress upon us one of the great secrets of his influence, for Newman has been a sign to this generation that unless there is a great deal of the loneliness of death in life, there can hardly be much of the higher equanimity of life in death."

The poem is a psychological drama in seven parts, unevenly divided as to matter, but balancing its lack of symmetry in length by a pregnant content in the shorter parts. Each section, with the exception of the third, contains a distinct dramatic effect, strongly marked, stamping the scene as individual, and carrying a profound appeal of its own. In section first there is, behind the struggling of the soul of Gerontius, with its fears and terrors, the solemn and beautiful chanting of the prayers of the church. It has the effect of the low, calm voice of a mother sustaining the anguish of her child, and yet it expresses the sublimity of the might of faith, upholding the weakness of human frailty and ignorance. Even when simply read aloud the dramatic beauty of this scene is very striking, and goes to prove how Newman realized that the dramatic art itself is based upon the very core of life. The climax is reached in those sublime words of the priest which Catholics hear again and again at the

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bedsides of their dying friends, words the most comforting, the most awful:

"Profiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo!
Go from this world! Go, in the Name of God
The omnipotent Father, who created thee!
Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,
Son of the Living God, who bled for thee!
Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, who
Hath been poured out on thee! Go, in the name
Of Angels and Archangels.
Go on thy course;
And may thy place to-day be found in peace,
And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount
Of Sion:—through the Name of Christ, our Lord."

This is the cry of final triumph from the Church Militant.

In part second we have the soul drifting in abysmal space, bewildered with its own identity and the realization of change. The song of an unseen angel comes floating by, "a heart-subduing melody," announcing the glad tidings of his mission accomplished:

"My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come
Taking it home;
For the crown is won,
Alleluia,
For evermore.

So ecstatic is the song that Gerontius realizes

". . . had I part with earth
I never could have drunk those accents in,
And not have worshipped as a god the voice
That was so musical."

This scene in its rare ethereal quality is a fitting relief for the grave, solemn subject of the death-bed.

In part third Gerontius addresses the angel. There is no need of an exterior element to enhance the importance of the scene. The unique interest attending upon the personalities of an angel and a disembodied spirit is too vital to allow of dis-

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traction. We hang breathless upon the questions of Gerontius and the revelations of the heavenly being, from that profoundly sweet reassurance,

"You cannot now cherish a wish which ought not to be wished,"

through their discussion of the principle of time, the serenity of the soul's strange new poise, and the impending judgment. Our imagination is too busy taking in the wonders of this situation, our sympathies too alert in the new light upon this subject, so mysterious, yet so familiar to every thinking being.

But in part four the speculative yields once more to sense-effects. The cries and dismal jargon of demons are heard, not with the result of terrifying the soul, but with a preternatural urgency of that evil note which must enter into every drama, if it be human. Newman himself has said, "You cannot have a sinless literature of sinful humanity." The fiendish laughter affrights not the soul, remote and high, nor does it interrupt the sweet accents of the angel, who goes on to explain what takes the place of the senses in the soul-world:

> "It is the restless panting of their being,
> Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their bars,
> In a deep hideous purring have their life,
> And in incessant pacing to and fro."

The hideousness of the demon scene is set off dramatically by the most exquisite flight of poetical imagination, the choirs of angelicals, the beauty of which Gerontius depicts thus:

> "The sound is like the rushing of the wind,
> The summer wind among the lofty pines;
> Now here, now distant, wild and beautiful."

Cardinal Newman conceives the heavenly structure as constituted of angelic beings, the doors, the lintels, frieze and cornices, the stairs of the justice-seat, all giving out the most ravishing and mysterious harmonies, as the Soul and its guiding spirit pass up to the judgment hall.

The sixth scene is the momentous judgment. In it we have a focussing of all the influences that characterized preceding stages.

The echoes from earth of the prayers for the dying, the Subvenite of the priest, make us realize once more that it is a

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human drama, and bring us back to the human point of view of uncertainty and dread and fear, with a glimpse behind the curtain of faith as a grasping of the substance of things unseen.

The pleading of the great Angel of the Agony brings home to us the fact that the doom of each human soul is at every repetition the re-enacting of Calvary's drama, the re-weighing and gauging of the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ. Could a finer effect be conceived in poetry than the utter silence and hidden majesty of that tribunal, the echoes of human woe and supplication, and the simple sublimity of that pleading voice of the Angel of the Agony?

> "Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee:
> Jesu! by that cold dismay that sickened Thee:
> Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee:
> Jesu! by that sanctity that reigned in Thee:
> Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee!"

In the last scene, which is brief, the dramatic effect is scored by the chanting of the Souls in Purgatory, as the angel leads his charge to the gates and bids him a tender adieu.

Thus, from the moment we comprehend the opening situation of the drama to the closing line, the movement is absorbing, the artistic effects powerful. It has all the *verve* of an action of mortal life with the infinite imaginative scope and suggestiveness of the spiritual, together with the clinching force of a subject-matter which, if any ever did, participates in "the eternal, the infinite, and the one." It is a drama projected with immortality for its stage, man for its actor, eternity and space for its unities, and the balance of heaven or hell for its catastrophe. What more stupendous in conception?

There is an understanding that the author himself believed it to be adapted to musical treatment and that he broached the subject to no less a musician than Dr. Dvorak, who thought it was not sufficiently dramatic for his genius. Mr. Elgar has unlocked the treasure. It is the opinion of Theodore Thomas that this is the most important oratorio of recent times, not excepting Brahms' Requiem. "I would like to add," he recently said to a New York reporter, "that I do not place Elgar on the same plane with Brahms in the art world. Elgar has still to make his record. Nevertheless, Gerontius is a lofty work, and from a technical point of view, more masterly than

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Brahms ever dreamed of. It is by far the most important and satisfying modern work written for voices and orchestra." Such an estimate from such a source carries a value stamped upon its face. Any one who is interested in a thematic study of the work will find absorbing material in Dr. Jaeger's careful Analysis, published by Novello, New York and London.

The score is perhaps the fullest and most complicated in modern music, being written for a very large orchestra, twenty varieties of instruments not counting the strings, which are occasionally divided into fifteen or eighteen parts. It is a magnificent example of the inductive method in musical composition, for Mr. Elgar wrote, not from a profound study of the canons of orchestration but from forty years' experience in the practical handling of the instruments themselves, which taught him every subtlety of timbre and enabled him to conceive his harmonies imaginatively in their various individual tone-colorings. He played a number of different instruments himself, and directed small orchestras, coaching and training young players in a way that could not fail to bring him minute knowledge of the technique and musical powers of wood-wind, strings and horns. As a writer in the musical *Times* remarks: "There is a great deal more in the cultivation of this tone-color in music than most people realize; for," he goes on to say, "when Elgar conceives a certain phrase, he instinctively feels the double association of the melody and the instrument that is to play it, the colorable conception of the theme and its absolute fitness for a particular instrument."

It is on this very point that the marvellous beauty of his composition is based. He is a poet-musician and he speaks in *nuances*. A very fine instance of this is shown in the Prelude, which foreshadows the poem in miniature. At the point where the transition is made from Gerontius' earthly existence to his dissolution, and the beginning of his spirit-life, there is a great hush throughout the orchestra, followed by a thrilling of arpeggios on the harp, then a short moan repeated three times by the first violins, after which comes a chord for muted horns, clarinet, and English horns, sounding above a drum-roll; then a vibrato stroke on a gong. Gerontius is dead. Could anything be more exquisitely imagined? Again the poetical in music reveals itself at the opening of the Chorus of Angelicals, when the harps, violins and flutes, [in thirty-second

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notes give a peculiar fluttering effect as of countless angels' wings, whereupon the Song of Praise to the Holiest in the Heights is announced by certain voices, and the chorus join in suddenly with the one mighty word "Praise!" uttered in crescendo and sudden decrescendo; "as if," suggests Dr. Jaeger, "the gates of heaven had opened and swung to again" upon a burst of ravishing melody. The more one studies the score of this really magnificent work, the more consummate does its artistry appear, and the poor musician upon whom "the lights o' London town" refused to shine is become a living figure in the broader world of thought which sooner or later concedes its laurels, and that discriminatingly.

The "Leit motif," as will be seen in the analysis, is a very pronounced characteristic of his work, and is in every case of strong originality and direct suggestiveness. The theme that enters the orchestra whenever the thought of death itself occurs directly in the libretto is singularly beautiful. Some one, in order to test its intellectual quality, played it over four or five times for a young girl of some musical appreciation, with the injunction that she was to decide which of the following concepts it seemed associated with: fear, joy, death, love, solemnity, surprise, prayer or hope. The verdict was "death, unmistakable."

The opening lines of Gerontius' part are full of pathos. There is the tremulousness peculiar to that point where confidence and fear diverge; there are the helplessness of the human and the tenderness of an appeal to those two names of early experience, "Jesu! Maria!" "Jesus! Mary!" lisped, in the first great straits of life, at the mother's knee.

When the priest says "Go forth, Christian soul," the music resolves itself into one masterful cry in C major, heralded by the orchestras and uttered by the voices FFF in unison. It is the pæan of Faith, the redeemed human race yielding back to God in triumph its fruit, "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust."

Each motif is lovely, and true in thought and emotion. The demon-chorus is stupendous, unparalleled amongst modern composers, defying anything but a profound dissertation to give an adequate idea of it.

The cry of the Angel of the Agony, so affecting in the poem itself, is reinforced in the music by a strain that is deeply

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appealing. And the guardian angel's final song is indescribably joyous and pathetic all in one, as he consigns the fainting soul to Purgatory's chastening fires.

Those eight years in which the poem had been steeping itself in a musician's genius proved to be fertile years. It seems a copy was given to Dr. Elgar in 1889 as a wedding present, by Father Knight of Worcester, at the time when Dr. Elgar was organist in that church. Father Knight had introduced into its pages the markings inserted by the famous General Gordon in his copy, and the young composer took great interest in the portions of the poem that had attracted the great hero.

It is amusing to hear that these same underscorings of General Gordon were the cause of quite a flurry a few years ago amongst some pious Protestants in this country, one of whom took the trouble to write to General Gordon's sister, Mrs. Moffitt of Southampton, to make sure that he had never approved of the poem as a whole and had marked nothing contrary to his Protestant beliefs. The results of the investigation were published as a vindication of the great general. Bless the good soul! As if those very lines, purgatory notwithstanding, would not have appealed to any man who set himself bravely to face the consummate issue of life! There seems to be, in a small measure, some similar anxiety now lest Mr. Elgar should prove to be too thoroughly in harmony with the Catholic spirit of the work.

The musical critic of the New York *Tribune* states that in the setting there are more than four hundred lines of the poem omitted for abridgment, "and also," he adds, "*it would seem* at times in order to get rid of passages which, however acceptable to the Roman Catholic clergy, *would scarcely meet the approval of the laity*, and certainly not that of any element of Protestantdom." Our critic recognizes the necessity of curtailing the fifth hymn of the angelicals, "but," explains he, with astute and meaning gravity, "it was not this need alone which led him to eliminate the fourth section, which contains a stanza like this:

"'As though a thing who for his help
Must needs possess a wife
Could cope with those proud rebel hosts
Who had angelic life?'"

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Fortunately Mr. Elgar was less short-sighted than his defender, so was able to discover the not very obscure sense of the fourth chorus. Could it be possible that our hurried newspaper man saw in it a plea for celibacy? It is evident that the musician recognized its true significance: a chorus of angels quoting the sneers of demons against man, who, as a being of flesh, earthly, stood, in a sense, inferior to themselves, who were all spirit. To those who are not quite so pressed for time it is easy to see that Mr. Elgar deliberately set aside this chorus because its substance and point, namely, the triumph of humanity over the demons through the Incarnation of the Son of God, is more succinctly contained in the next one:

> "O wisest love! that flesh and blood
> Which did in Adam fail,
> Should strife afresh against the foe,
> Should strive and should prevail."

There is another misconception in some minds which this time regards the poem itself, namely, the inference drawn without warrant from the title, that it is all a dream. There is no hint in the biography of Cardinal Newman to explain the title, but to almost all Catholic interpreters it is simply an assumption to cover the poetical liberties that are taken with the subject. The Protestant reviewers, from Mr. Hutton down, seem imbued with the idea that the title is literal, whereas any Catholic would see at a reading that it is all the embodiment of what he has been taught from his cradle up. When Gerontius "fain would sleep," it is the ordinary lethargy of illness, and his dissolution comes in a lapse of consciousness. To a Catholic there is no dream about it. The substance of the poem is to him the actuality of death, solemn, awful, but consoling. And the rites for the dying he has read from his *Vade Mecum*, and heard time and again at the bedside of his dear ones. Gerontius is not "a mediæval personage," not a saint, not necessarily a priest; he is a dying Catholic such as he was in the fifth century, the tenth, or is in the twentieth. And Mr. Elgar has comprehended him luminously.

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IN A BRETON CONVENT.

NOW EMPTIED BY FRENCH LAW.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

"WILL you go with me to visit my sick people, mademoiselle? See, I have my pockets filled with good things." Pretty Sister Catherine laughed merrily at our exclamations of surprise over the number of her treasures. Surely there never were such capacious pockets as those of the Sisters at Penmarc'h! As we walked through the fields the children stopped their work and ran to beg something from their contents.

"But we are going to visit the sick. You would not take from them? Here 's a pear for you, Marie Jeanne, and an apple for Marie Louise. How is the baby this morning, Marie Kenig? Oh! you have him with you. Look, mademoiselle, that is our little Jean Marie asleep on the ground."

"Will he not catch cold?" we anxiously inquired.

"Dear no; all the babies sleep on the warm, soft earth while their mothers work in the fields."

It was a beautiful summer morning. Far out at sea the blue waves danced in the sunshine, chasing each other to the shore, where they dashed their white spray high against the rocks. On our right were green fields filled with peasants in gay Breton costumes. "Do the women and children always work in the fields, or only during the harvesting?"

"But the ground must first be ploughed and the seed sown, mademoiselle!"

"Yes, but in our country the men do that."

"And at what do the women work?"

"Oh, they stay at home and cook for the men!"

"But that is very hard, mademoiselle. It is so much nicer to be out of doors. When I was a girl I loved to work in the fields, and now the *bonne Mère* permits me to take charge of our garden. We raise many potatoes."

"Do you never grow tired of eating them?"

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"Then what should we eat, mademoiselle? We are too poor to buy meat or fish. With bread and milk and potatoes one can live quite well."

While Sister Catherine ministered to her sick in Kerity, we walked out on the pier to watch the fishing boats come in. Many had landed that morning. The catch had been a large one, and the happy fishermen were lounging about watching the new arrivals, each with a baby in his arms. The little white-capped heads rested lovingly against the weather-beaten cheeks of these rough, uncouth men, whose first thought on landing had been of home and children. They saw that we were admiring their babies and that we had a kodac. Being Bretons, they were too reserved to ask us to take their photographs, but it was plain that each fisherman thought his child a splendid subject! We could not resist a few snap shots, and as they turned out well we decided to present the photographs to the proud fathers. Not knowing the sailors' names, Sister Catherine offered to go over with us and find the owners. What excitement in Kerity! Every man, woman, and child in the village crowded about us. Each photograph had to be held aloft for inspection. Shouts of joy greeted the recognition of the babies.

The Bretons bear little resemblance to the Parisians except in this national characteristic of adoration for their children. A man must be very drunk indeed to abuse his child, as was unfortunately too often the case with the father of Marie Chiffon,* a little girl in whom we became deeply interested. The first time that we saw her she was standing motionless in the hot, dusty road. In one hand she held her wooden shoes, the other was folded across her breast. Her head, in its large Breton bonnet, was reverently bowed, while she murmured strange words in her queer Gaelic tongue.

"She is begging," said Margaret. "They never ask for anything in Brittany; they just stand still and pray aloud for their benefactors until some one gives them food or money."

As we approached to put some pennies in the child's hand, she raised her head and met our eyes with the furtive, startled gaze of a wild beast. It was terrible to see such a look on a human face—above all, that of a little child. She could not understand one word of French, and we were unable to find out to whom she belonged until our return to the convent.

* A nickname given her on account of her ragged clothes.

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COMING FROM CHURCH IN PENMARC'H.—BY E. NOURSE.

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"It must have been Marie Clé," said Sister Othilde. "Her mother died when she was a baby, leaving a boy but little older than Marie. The poor husband was wild with grief. To forget his sorrow he began to drink and has gone from bad to worse. Now, when not at sea, he is drunk, and often beats the poor children cruelly. Marie is but six, yet he makes her beg on the public road with her brother. If they return at night empty-handed, they know what is in store for them. Sometimes they wander off for weeks at a time, sleeping in the fields rather than face their angry father. My heart aches whenever I think of them"; and little Sister Othilde's blue eyes filled with tears.

A few days later we came upon the same queer-looking child. She was trudging along, the tears streaming down her brown cheeks and trickling off the end of her freckled little nose. At the sound of our voices she threw herself on the ground, sobbing violently.

"I cannot stand this," exclaimed the artist. "Something must be done for the child"; and gathering her up in her strong young arms, she started for the convent. Startled by such abrupt proceedings, Marie lay quite still, crying softly until we reached the door; then, terrified probably by the thought that she was again to be beaten, she leaped from the artist's arms and darted towards the gate, where Sister Catherine caught her. She fought like a wild animal for her freedom, and it was some time before the good sister could soothe her sufficiently to make her understand that we were her friends.

"She says that she has had nothing to eat since yesterday morning, and that her father beat her most terribly last night because she had no money. Her brother ran away; she has been searching for him all morning."

While the sister gave her food, we went to talk over the situation with the Mother Superior. "We will gladly do all that we can, *mes chères demoiselles*, but we are very poor; any day the government may deprive us of our small income. We dare not increase our expenses. If the child will come to school we will look after her and give her something to eat. She has an aunt in the next village with whom she can stay." So it was arranged; Marie was to come to school, her aunt agreeing to receive her into her home.

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Sister Catherine knew a kind-hearted woman who kept a little store in Kerity. She was sure of getting enough material from her to make Marie a Sunday dress. We took up a collection, and started the good sister off to beg what she could and buy what she must for a new outfit. This was followed by a merry sewing bee.

Perhaps my readers think that we made the new clothes after the simplest possible patterns. Not at all. Marie Chiffon must be dressed in the costume of the village from whence she came. So sacred are the traditions of Brittany that even the dear sisters were horrified at our suggestion to dispense with the bustle and long, heavy underskirts to which the poor child was condemned! But even the elaborate clothes of a Breton peasant must yield to the nimble fingers of a dozen seamstresses, and by Sunday Marie was no longer Marie Chiffon but Marie *pe fichet!* * Alas! Monday came, but no little girl. On Thursday we were driving in a distant village and found Marie begging with her brother, the new clothes in a sad plight, owing to the fact of her having slept in the open fields. The boy ran away as we approached, and Marie gladly climbed into our wagon. When questioned as to her long absence, she said that Jean had persuaded her to run away with him. The next week Marie again failed to appear, and we realized that it was impossible to rescue her from a life of vagabondage unless she remained as a *pensionnaire* with the sisters.

"If some one would pay even two dollars a month we could keep her," said the good mother.

We promised that the "some one" should be found, and Marie was installed as a boarder at two dollars a month! The only drawback was poor Jean. He refused to be comforted for the loss of his small playfellow, and for days hung about the place trying to coax her away. It seemed cruel to separate them, but such a life has only one ending for a girl in France, and the boy was so wedded to his roving existence that nothing could tempt him to renounce it. School he regarded as a place of bondage and work as slavery. Sorrowfully we resigned poor little Jean to his fate, and tried to console ourselves with the marvellous transformation wrought in Marie. Day by day the hunted, animal look disappeared; she

* *Pe fichet* (Breton), to be dressed in fine clothes.

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grew round and rosy, her childish face fairly beamed with happiness. Her devotion and gratitude to the dear sisters was really pathetic.

A recent letter from Penmarc'h says: "Marie *pe fichet* prays for you daily. She has learned to read and speaks French fluently. She will soon write you a little letter to tell you herself how fast she can knit, and how many pairs of stockings she has made. She is our most loving and industrious pupil."

Dear sisters! how many of God's little ones have they not rescued from a life of degradation. They are the guardian angels of Penmarc'h and its surrounding villages. Not only do these nine women teach several hundred girls in the public school, nurse the sick and feed the poor; they are their physicians and dentists! How we used to laugh at pretty little Sister Othilde when trying to persuade a stalwart peasant to permit her to pull his aching tooth!

The government allowed the sisters a small yearly income for these services. In addition they had a private kindergarten for children too young to attend the public schools. Day pupils paid twenty cents a month, and *pensionnaires* one dollar! The latter often arrived in the arms of their mothers, their fathers carrying bags of potatoes and huge loaves of bread. These were carefully placed on a high shelf in the kitchen, which was divided by notches. Each division was marked with a pupil's name. In this way the sister who prepared the bread and potato soup knew when each child's provisions were exhausted. The parents then brought a new supply.

Every afternoon the babies in the kindergarten had to take a nap. To lie down in their elaborate costumes is out of the question, to undress and dress them requires a serious expenditure of time and patience. One of the sisters would take fifteen or twenty to a shady part of the garden, place them in a row on a low bench, lay their little heads on one slightly higher and say, "Go to sleep, like good children." In two minutes every small child would be in the land of Nod! Never have I seen such angelic infants: they needed no discipline except that of love, and disobedience was unknown. Otherwise it would have been impossible for the sisters to take charge of a hundred small children in addition to all their other duties. In spite of their hard work they were the happiest, gayest little sisters in the world.

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Daughters of Wisdom *(Filles de la Sagesse)*, they had learned the secret of contentment, and the summer that we spent with them in the old convent of Penmarc'h will long remain a bright spot in our memories. Very poor, they lived with the utmost simplicity, eating the coarsest peasant food. They had never taken boarders, and when we arrived, begging for shelter, they were frightened at the thought of providing for people from "la grande monde."

"We cannot live with the peasants, dear mother; you yourself say that it would be impossible; and stay in Penmarc'h we must—our future success depends on the pictures we mean to paint in this wonderful place. If you turn us off, what are we to do?"

When they finally yielded we each insisted on paying three francs (sixty cents) a day for our board. This they regarded as exorbitant. At meal-time the little mother would flutter around, anxiously inquiring if Sister Polixene had provided liberally for our table. "You know that they pay us a large sum; you must give them the best that our village provides and send by the courrier to Pont l'Abbaye for anything they desire."

On our *fête** days the garden was stripped of flowers, and Sister Polixene never failed to make a large cake in our honor. Now, cake-making was not her strong point, and how to dispose of it was an ever-recurring problem. Of course we could generously send half of it to the dear sisters, whose digestions rivalled the far-famed ostrich, and to whom any change from potato soup was a great treat. But the other half! Under the watchful eye of Sister Polixene it was most difficult to secrete even a small piece in our napkins. Then we must carry it miles to give it to some child whom the good sisters would not be likely to meet.

When *la bonne Mère's fête* arrived we planned a grand celebration. Poems were to be read, flowers presented, and each sister was to contribute some small gift. We dressed in our best clothes to do her honor. What excitement they caused! The whole community was in a flutter! "Come and see, dear mother!" "Yes, it *is* silk, *real silk*, not half cotton!" "And *lace*—a whole waist made only of lace and ribbon!" Though they were well educated, all had been peasants before joining the sisterhood and their ideas of fashion were extremely limited.

* In France the saint's day for whom you are named is kept instead of your birthday.

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"This afternoon we give the little ones their prizes. Monsieur le Curé and all the parents are to be present. Will you not go over?" The kindergarten was in a new building across the fields. Foreseeing troublous times in France, the sisters wisely erected this house as a place of refuge. Not being in their name, the property cannot be confiscated by the state.

We found the children seated on an impromptu stage that rose tier upon tier to the ceiling. The babies sat on the lower benches fast asleep, their little heads resting calmly on the shoulders of their sleeping companions. They had to be wakened to receive their prizes from Monsieur le Curé. Then each child must be crowned by his father or mother. Such a lifting of fat babies over our heads, to be passed along by willing hands and crowned and embraced by their parents! Nonic, aged four, was the hero of the occasion. From the six velvet streamers on his round, felt hat to the buttons and yellow embroidery on his black vest he was a comical replica of his six-foot father. This was his first appearance in the clothes of a "grown up," and his mind was so occupied with his own importance that he forgot his lines in the pretty little play which followed. The honors were carried off by two small girls whose powers of impersonation were truly remarkable. Many of the children displayed surprising intelligence, and their ability to memorize was phenomenal. During vacation a number of the smaller children remained with the sisters.

It was a busy time with the peasants, and mothers were glad to have their little ones cared for while they worked in the fields. "They are to have the threshing at Anna Marie's to-morrow; would mademoiselle wish to look on?" A threshing machine was a recent innovation in Penmarc'h; the poorer farmers still used their old-fashioned flails, and we were delighted at the opportunity of watching this picturesque process. When we arrived the yard was filled with neighboring peasants. The women and girls were armed with long sticks; with these they beat or flayed the wheat. Others caught it as it fell from the flails, tossing it from one to another, shaking out the grain—then into golden piles which the men gathered on long poles and carried on their backs to stack high against the blue sky. It was a wonderful picture, full of color and movement and life—the dear, patient peasants, so hot, so tired, so smiling!

All day long they worked. The moon came up; still they

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CHILDREN OF PENMARC'H.—BY E. NOURSE.

labored on, ghostlike in its silver light: the girls tossing the yellow straw; the men, long, phantom figures, carrying it higher and higher toward the moonlit sky.

When the harvesting was over the sisters had their grand *lessive*, or quarterly wash. As they take charge of the church

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linen, they are obliged to wait until the peasants can assist them. The clothes were carried to a distant stream. Barefooted, the sisters stood in the water, or knelt on the surrounding rocks. Dipping the linen in the water, they pounded it with flat wooden paddles against the stones. A fire was kindled to make the boiling lye which dripped over the clothes during the night. For three days they were up and away before dawn, happy to be out in the fields, laughing and joking as though they were on a picnic instead of condemned to hard labor! I doubt if they would care for our most approved labor-saving laundry machines if they kept them indoors. When the snowy piles were returned to the convent we all assisted in folding them down for the ironing, which occupied the remainder of the week. The sheets and towels were mangled. For the starched clothes they had immense irons, each containing a small fire made of charcoal. From time to time the sparks flew out and burned round holes in the linen, but the sisters only laughed.

"We burned a new altar cloth last year. *Le bon Dieu* knew we did our best; He did not blame us. When we press *the banner* we will put a cloth over it, to prevent accidents." "The banner" was their pride and delight. Some rich lady had sent them the materials and they had spent all their leisure time embroidering it in white and gold. It was to be carried for the first time in the procession of August fifteenth.

All over France beautiful processions take place on the Assumption, for on that day Louis XIII. solemnly placed *la belle* France under the special care of the Blessed Virgin, choosing her as the patroness of his beloved country. No village is too small to do her honor, and our peasants were planning a wonderful procession from Penmarc'h to Nôtre Dame de la joie. The joyousness of our preparations were dimmed by the sad news of the departure from France of hundreds of religious. Our sisters did not know whether they were to go or stay. The limit of time prescribed by the government was drawing near. Many and anxious were our discussions in the dark old refectory as to where they should go in case their order was dispersed.

On the eve of the Assumption word came from the mother-house that the government considered them of "general utility"; which meant that they would be permitted to remain for a time.

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Their relief and joy were pitiful to witness. The thought of leaving their native land is fraught with actual terror to the French, who regard all other countries merely as places of exile. It was indeed a procession of thanksgiving that crossed the gray dunes on the feast of Our Lady.

"Now that we are to remain in our dear country, mademoiselle, we must begin to think of the winter. In cold weather it is necessary to eat a little meat. We therefore kill a pig each fall, and that lasts until spring. To-morrow is the fair at Pont l'Abbaye. Marie Louise will go with Denis and buy the pig." Before dawn they were off.

Returning from our afternoon walk we met the sisters' wagon. Marie Louise, our one small maid, was seated in triumph between two men—the erstwhile owners of Monsieur le Cochon, who occupied the back of the cart As the heavy doors of the portcullis swung open we saw *la bonne Mère*, with the sisters and children, awaiting them.

What a fine creature! See how white and fat. How much did you pay for him, Marie Louise? Amid such exclamations our smiling little maid descended from her seat of honor. The pig was led to the barnyard with laughter and rejoicing, while the good mother conducted the men into the dining-room and treated them to a *petit verre de vin*. One of the children was despatched to inform the butcher of the arrival of his majesty; another for the father of Anna Marie to bring his stone and sharpen the knife. Poor pig! At this juncture we departed for the kindergarten, where we remained until the tragedy was over.

Thursday was the school holiday. What happy walks we had across the dunes, and what wonderful folk-tales the sisters recounted while the children rested by the sea!

"When it storms and the waves dash over the rocky cliffs near St. Guénolé the peasants say that they hear the moaning of the souls of those wrecked there during the Middle Ages. Then, as now, terrible gales swept over this peninsula. Wicked men fastened burning torches between the horns of their cattle and turned them adrift in the blackness of the night. Far out at sea the storm-tossed sailors hailed them as harbor lights and joyfully sought their friendly shelter. Alas! no living thing may land upon those rocks. When the fury of the gale was past the wreckers gathered in their spoils—the dead could tell no tales, but their spirits still haunt their watery grave. The

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Council of Nantes excommunicated all who encouraged this horrible traffic. Unfortunately the barons who owned the land secretly favored the brutal brigands, who became at last so vicious that the devil came to dwell among them. He chose as his home an immense rock, ever since called *la Moine* (the monk), as he was often seen there in the guise of a monk. Many were the ships he lured there, until at last a beautiful young girl was shipwrecked and cast upon the rock. The devil chuckled to himself—he danced with glee: 'See the lovely creature now in my power!' But the girl prayed to God for deliverance, and as the devil approached her the rock split in twain, leaving a yawning chasm between them. When he tried to cross over he fell in the water and the waves carried him so far away that he could never return!"

Once before his Satanic Majesty had come to live in Penmarc'h, but St. Madeleine (Mary Magdalen), who was preaching in Brittany, had filled her apron with stones and chased him away. In confirmation of this tradition the peasants naïvely point to the stones which she threw after him—immense rocks that only by miraculous aid could have been placed by a woman where they stand guarding Penmarc'h. They are the menhirs of the Druids; further on huge dolmens mark this as their place of worship. These mysterious monuments accord well with the bleak scenery of the rugged coast. Some of the menhirs have been hewn into rough crosses by the pious peasants.

The symbols of that early religion thus become the emblems of Christ's dominion on earth. Nowhere does his spirit reign more completely than in our dear old convent.

Yet the French government has decided to close its doors. Even as I write, a letter is handed me from the dear little mother—only a few heart-broken words: "Our convent is taken from us. We are moving to the kindergarten. The government forbids us to teach or harbor children over six years of age. Marie Clé must be given to her drunken father unless money can be raised to pay her board in some family; and our little Jeannie, whom we have had since she was a month old, she too must go!"

This has been a terrible year for the poor Bretons. They have been powerless to avert the decrees against their beloved sisters. Tempests have destroyed the nets and boats of the fishermen; the sardine factories have closed, throwing hundreds

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of young men and women out of employment. During the winter many could not afford to buy bread, and, too proud to ask for aid, they lived on potatoes; now that the potatoes are exhausted thousands are starving.

Collections are taken up for them over all Europe and the German Emperor has given several thousand francs.

I quote from a recent letter of Sister Othilde: "The generous readers of the *Echo de Paris* have had pity on our poor Bretons and have sent five thousand francs, which I have distributed in bread and potatoes. We now hope that none of our people will die of starvation. Twenty francs [four dollars] nourishes a family one month. Hundreds of good people have contributed this sum, but alas! there are so many families. I therefore asked permission to divide the twenty francs among several, giving ten and fifteen francs to a family according to the number of children. This has obliged me to visit over five hundred homes in Kerity, St. Pierre, and St. Guénolé, walking miles and miles, in storm or sunshine, to ascertain the names and condition of all to whom charity was dispensed, in order to send the list to Paris. You can imagine the work, *chère 'demoiselle*, and when I tell you that I had to buy the bread and potatoes and oversee their distribution, you will not wonder that the overwork brought on a fever. Happily, while I lay ill I could think of the peasants eating their bread.

"And now I have good news to tell you; at last a few fish have been caught, in spite of the raging tempests. The brave fishermen go out in the midst of most terrible storms. We tremble as we watch them put out to sea in their little boats, but hope has returned to their hearts."

Sister Othilde richly deserves the name recently conferred upon her—"Mother of the poor." The sisters have toiled night and day to rescue the starving peasants, sharing their bread with all who came to their doors. Now those doors are closed against them! Who can blame the Bretons for defending these noble women who for so many years have devoted their lives to the poor, the sick, the suffering, teaching them the true meaning of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

Paris, May First, 1903.

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MUSINGS.

DOGMA.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.

"Fons aquæ salientis in vitam eternam."

I.

ONE of the most insidious, as it is one of the most prevalent and phrase-catchy, epidemics of modern thought, is the *non-dogmatic* disease.

Poor humanity! Its common sense has stood a Gibraltar against the assaults of extreme metaphysical idealists and even the pretentious negations of learned agnosticism; until at last the devil in despair—yes, it must be that old-fashioned if fresh-tailored old wily,—flings at it this word from the Dictionary—*undogmatic.*

It is a hard blow. But a dubious word. It is so elastic, so sinuous, so indefinite in its intention and extension, as the schoolmen might say—so uneverything—merely a general negation, undefined until it attaches itself to some specific object, truth or fact—that it is as hard to lay as a ghost.

We know that we exist. That is, the enormous preponderance of us are dogmatic on that fact—with the sparse exception of a few sceptics through the ages, seemingly unconscious humorists and presumably intended to lighten up with grim gaiety the heavy, practical philosophy of the human race.

We know that there are others; and other things too—hard facts at times. We know that we are free in some measure or other, and responsible in some sense or other. Existence; relationship to others; freedom at least of interior determinations; sense of responsibility for our acts, if sane at all.—Let the system-mongers prate! Humanity has settled all this by the quiet ballot of *life.*

And in the measure of our good sense we live up to these dogmas and govern ourselves accordingly.

So when a campaign is attempted into the human territory of our lives against the flag of dogma, that clever devil, Doubt,

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quickly fights shy of all that affects "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" so far as the needs of the stomach and the pocket, and the pleasurableness of living here, and personal safety, above ground, are concerned.

We "go by dogmas" there. Men have been known, it is true, to seek the advice of counsel or physician how far they could get around the dogma and survive the experiment—at least for awhile. Still, they do not at bottom question the fact of the dogma.

But when it comes to religious truth, religious dogma—oh! that is another question. That is where the fine work may be got in. Because the tangible, immediate, physical sanction of the dogma is—well less directly discernible; and anyhow does not come in at once to interfere with our having our own way, for the present.

It may not be right, or expedient, or even convenient, or anything that *you* please, for me to think so and act so. But nothing on earth can prevent my willing that way—call it thinking, call it any actual, even if outwardly sterile, still real exercise of an existing energy—me—just as *I* please.

Wondrous fact! And yet there are dogmas upon dogmas involved in just this.

II.

What are dogmas?

Why, in a broad sense a living conviction that a statement is true and that our faith in its truth should govern our judgment, conduct and life. The dictionaries call it "authoritative."

In other words, it is a fact as well as a principle—a fact for us and to be acted on so far as our light and life go.

That two and two make four; that fire burns; that stealing, at least if caught, is bad—are, each in its way, dogmas.

But we can deny God and soul, relationship and responsibility to God, and a hereafter, and a future sanction of moral dictates, without being struck dead on the spot, nor hauled in by a policeman, nor (and that is not a negligible quantity) being a dollar the poorer.

Or what is shrewder perhaps, and less "offensive" to our naturally pious ears, we may simply call ourselves undogmatic as to any of these things. Nay, we may call ourselves nice

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names to boot: enlightened, liberal, broad-minded, progressive, and also ethical, altruistic, philanthropic.

And then we may yet think we run a risk—is that the word?—not only of getting all that is going here, without other troublesome convictions that involve practice and conduct, but still perhaps have an even chance, by and by, with the other fellows who think, and have to act, otherwise.

Ah! more, for we are idealists in a way in spite of ourselves; we have a nice *feeling* that we are more free, more intelligent and less Dictionary-bound than the other fellows.

That is: undogmatic.

III.

But that is not the whole account. Man must have reasons; find, make or twist them. Even in insanity, the human being, so long as he retains characteristics of human intelligence at all, is a "reasoning animal"—a creature of reasons.

Woe is me: I think that is another dogma.

Never mind, there are reasons; there is one big, ugly, forceful reason for undogmaticism.

It is the inadequacy, the imperfection and indistinctness of our knowledge at its best. Let us look square in its face. For, strangely, that is in a way a dogma too. And worse, if you please, it is a fact.

It is, that we understand and view and name things according to our own capacity, that of the *recipient* of the knowledge—making the mental and verbal image in which we think and name the object the *fact for us*, the fact as we see it. While a little more thought, and the deeper the more surely, leads us to realize that "things are not as they seem."

Deeper than definition, higher than deduction, intenser than appearances, images or notions, the full true fact of substance, being, reality, escapes the photography of the eye and the alembic of the mind.

No terms of the contingent can express—as indeed, in the highest meaning, no sense it owns can conceive the view-point of the Absolute—except by a miracle of Omnipotence.

But this is supernatural. And that is another dogma.

This is precisely what religious truth affirms that God will do for us when we will "see Him as He is"; and gives the reason: "because we shall be made like to Him."

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IV.

Well, here we are.

The meanest of us subscribe to innumerable dogmas by the highest test known to us—our life.

And yet it is to this human race that the gospel of undogmaticism is cleverly insinuated under the excellently ingenious difficulty of our real ignorance of the full truth and the full reality *as it is in itself.*

Never mind the lines of attempted demarcation—of spirit and matter; of science and faith; of experience and testimony; of seeing and inference; of Nature and God:—dogma in the main is the basis of actual life not only physical but in numberless moral aspects of it; and no two theories of negation of it, when applied to the actual individual, will run alike, nor has any one ever found a generic division line that has won the continuous acceptance of mankind.

Negation has ever been hazier, more indefinite, more uncertain in fact, than the affirmations of dogma; and the line of Faith is clear-lit against the ever-varying but ever-clouding obscurities of scepticism and doubt.

V.

But before going further, let us round up the bounds of discussion so far as they affect ourselves. We are Christians; we are Catholics; and the wild, vague cannonading of the day against dogma in general hits us scarcely at all, except by the subtle result which military men, I believe, call moral effect, and electricians, perhaps, might name inducted currents.

Call it as you please, any weakening of faith in religious facts, uneasiness as to the strength of the bulwarks of Faith, is what the lowering of the morale of an army is to its effectiveness and general success.

Saddest in its results to any of broad sympathy with his fellowmen is the result with so many well-meaning, half-informed people of our acquaintance—it may be a friend, a relative—hazily led to the practical conclusion that dogmatic commandments are unessential and immaterial; the sacraments an adventitious surplusage; acceptance of a fixed rule of Faith and conduct an unnecessary and unfruitful burden. Until they make of Faith in practice a nebular theory, and of Faith in

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final result the easy axiom that "*God's in His Heaven; all's right with the world.*"

This without reflection on the special meaning of the noble mind that framed those words.

VI.

Let us then trace and test as well as we may the fullest force and form within Catholic ranks of the undogmatic current.

To the highest thinker, I think, the darkest, direst difficulty occurs from two extreme attitudes of mind, or schools of presentation, who both believe in dogma.

(1) One, that emphasizes dogma as a word and a crushing command of mere power.

(2) The other that emphasizes the elusiveness in final analysis of an intellectual hold on the dogma; or better, the inadequacy as between the fact behind dogma and our ability to know and express that fact as it actually is in itself.

There we are getting at living, practical difficulties full of hurts for whom may be led astray.

For if there is a hell, it is a real and not merely an academic question for us not to land there. And perhaps it is a humiliating side-light on our intellectuality—the great intellectuality of the day—that in the main and at bottom with the great mass of mankind so far as it practically affects their opinion and consequent conduct—the final issue unconsciously revolves perhaps upon hell—the almost comic spectacle of the devil abolishing hell as an illogical institution—might we say, an optical illusion?

But to return to two extreme tendencies of presentation of religious truth and restate them.

The one which in some wise repels a liberty-loving intelligence by over-emphasis of mere arbitrary power.

The other which enfeebles acceptance of assured religious truths by over-emphasis on the inadequacy and haziness of our understanding of those facts as they fully and really are in themselves.

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VII.

Let us state the latter attitude in all its force, for it is essentially the modern one.

There is scarcely anything truer (which here means clearer) to the reflecting mind than the inadequacy, not only of our words and names, but of our thoughts and understanding in regard to all things that surpass our immediate physical experience.

Tell me that I have not had my dinner, when I know that I have, and I will laugh you to scorn. Tell me that I must never tell a lie, I believe it; I will assert it. But I perceive a field of honest controversy, not only as to what is a lie, but in regard to what I believe indeed to be lies *that have happened.*

What do we know of absolute truth? or of perfect righteousness? Of existence as it may be in the Spirit only? the exact manner of life beyond the grave? What do we know in any adequate sense of the Infinite, the Eternal, the Immutable, and the Absolutely Perfect?

Have we put the case against dogma in all its strength?

Why! there is perhaps no more striking fact, for it is a fact, that the most signally deserving, and the most signally favored, so far as the world of disclosed experiences go, have been unable to express in any very clearly appreciable human words adequate statements as to any of these inquiries, of which they yet professed to have had some actual experience.

And yet, God helping, I think that I would die—and anyway myriads have both lived and died for the dogmas of religious truth which in common with them I profess on those subjects. And see the continuous chain of testimony of those who more or less faithfully govern their lives by these same dogmas, and in mind and word adhere to them.

Surely we too have a sense that the facts as they are exceed the bounds of finite knowledge as of natural finite experience.

Have we not heard from the highest of lips:

> "*Deum nemo vidit unquam,*
> *Unigenitus Filius . . . ipse enarravit.*"

No one ever saw the Father. The only begotten Son, He alone has given account of Him.

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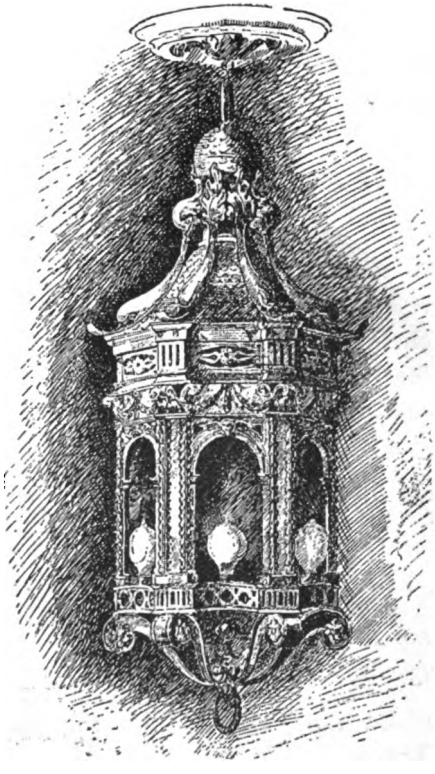
VIII.

The fact to which these lines tend is not to minimize in any way the limitations of our understanding of the truths of Faith. What has preceded is evidence of our full recognition of it. But addressed to religious minds to call attention to some extreme attitudes apt to be hurtful in practical effect. And then to lead to a further suggestion which arises as it seems to us from an ingenuous consideration of the limitations of human knowledge, and yet the security and steadfastness of belief of humanity in religious dogma, that the unsophisticated, natural understanding of dogmatic truths by the *multitude* is after all as divinely right and as humanly corresponding to the revealed fact as the subtler speculations of the acutest philosophers.

And in fine, that the most monstrous, as it is the most destructive of dogmas, repellent to the instinctive sense of humanity, and fatal to its life and security, is the dogma of undogmaticism.



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JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART IV.

ON THE HIGH-TIDE OF MANHOOD.

CHAPTER I.

JOYCE'S NEMESIS.

THE loiterers about the Maintown depot on one June Sunday evening, two summers after Imogen's death, were startled from their listless conviction that nothing interesting ever had happened, was happening, or would happen in their vicinity, by the welcome sight of a stranger descending from the Boston Express,—a young woman, scarcely more than a girl,—tall, and handsome in a semi-brunette way, with a strik-

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk, a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life. On the journey to the West Joyce has a long talk with Raymond, in which the latter gives his views on various matters, and states the terms on which he engages Joyce. Arrived in San Francisco, Joyce sends an exuberant telegram to his mother. Joyce enters social life and takes part in a ball at the Golden Gate Ranch. Mina and Joyce are drawn unto each other, while Raymond's wife talks of divorce. Mina and Raymond, landing at Island Rock, are both drowned. Joyce endeavors to save them, and narrowly escapes with his own life. After Raymond's death Mrs. Raymond removes to San Francisco, pending the settlement of her husband's estate. Pearson, having assumed control of the *Pioneer*, has a stormy interview with Joyce. Mrs. Raymond suddenly decides to sail for Europe; Joyce, failing to agree to her plans, decides to remain with the *Pioneer*. Stephen proposes to Gladys. Joyce meets with the great temptation. Pearl Ripley, a Comedy Girl, enters into his life. Womanhood has lost something of its spiritual beauty as the result. Later on he is lured into a scheme of stock gambling. Stephen engages in social work, and tastes some of the higher things of life. He meets Gladys after the promised year's delay; while Mrs. Raymond, a restless woman of the world, comes into Joyce's life again. Joyce is about to declare his love for Gladys when the news comes of a mine swindle. Joyce saves Hans from despair, but comes again under the sway of Mrs. Raymond's power. Joyce and Imogen are married. On returning from their honeymoon Imogen dies very suddenly. Her death is the cause of Joyce's spiritual regeneration. Two years pass and Pearl Ripley comes with her child to the home of Joyce's mother. That mother receives her and experiences her own punishment for having educated Joyce without religion.

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ingly effective figure, and a subdued dash in her style which the initiated would have recognized as "stagy." Her companion, a beautiful boy apparently of about four years of age, picturesquely clad in brown kilts and a quilled tam-o'-shanter, escaped her restraining hand, and ran up and down the platform, spiritedly kicking his little legs behind him, as a young colt prances in the paddock. With a smile that was tender rather than happy, she awaited the little man's pleasure, standing in a pose of perfect grace, and quite indifferent to the masculine glances fixed upon her.

A couple of drivers approached her solicitously, and as she turned her eyes towards their respective vehicles, they seized the opportunity to exchange a wink expressive of their admiring opinion that the passenger from Boston was a daisy! As she decided upon the carryall in preference to the 'bus, the child ran up to her, panting joyously.

"I've runned away all my bref, Mamma," he gasped; and the rejected driver, overhearing, had his compensation for lost trade in the item of news which he hastened to impart to his curious social circle.

"Gosh! That youngster's her'n," he confided, tilting his hat to a more rakish slant as he joined the loungers. "Thought first-off she might be his sister, she looks so larky. Han'some little feller as ever I see, an' a sight o' vim in them legs o' his'n! Seems to put me in mind o' somebody!"

"Where's she goin' to?" inquired one of the interested, gazing ruminatively after the receding carriage.

"She asked Jake how far to Mis. Hiram Josselyn's. Guess she's one of Joyce's rich kin by his dandy marriage. She looks kinder toplofty to me!"

"Yep! Joyce fell on his feet, didn't he?" spoke up a spiritless-looking little man who was searching his pockets in the forlorn hope that a shred of tobacco had escaped him. "An' to cap it all, got left a rich widderer! My stars! but some folks has luck."

"No such luck for you, Jim," twitted the driver, evoking a general snicker; it being well known that matrimonial bereavement would have had its consolations for the Jim in question, his wife being a descendant of Mrs. Caudle, with a lecture always on tap.

As the carryall whirled away its fair passenger leaned for-

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ward, and looked over the country with melancholy interest. The town-centre with its public square, about which grouped post-office and town-hall, schools and various churches; the long road winding away between fields and groves; the village cottages set primly in small, neat flower-gardens; the homesteads dotting limitless acres of corn and grain, of fruitful farm-land and luscious pasture, seemed familiar, so vividly had they been described to her, though she saw them now for the first time. To the front, midway between town proper and country, she recognized by its gilded cross the steeple of the Catholic church,—the parish-seat of Father Martin. Father Martin! Would she have done better to drive first to the Maintown rectory? But no,—the thought of Joyce's mother appealed to her more humanly. Woman to woman, mother to mother,—surely this was the natural way!

The little man in the front seat, meanwhile, was enraptured less by the scenic than by the animal features of the landscape. He longed to alight and chase the cackling hens, to stroke the pastured calves and ponies, and moo-moo to the lowing cows. All unconsciously his child-heart was tired of crowded cities, brilliant theatres, rushing trains. The good-natured driver drew up while he gathered a bunch of roadside flowers, and he crushed their white and yellow fluff against his heart, in an ecstasy of affection. To him that flower-bunch in his hand represented all the country,—concentrated its sweet air, its wide fields, its chirping birds, its rustling trees, its animate life and glowing vegetation. When the driver jestingly held the buttercups beneath his chin to test his liking for butter, he was enchanted by the flower-lore, which he took quite seriously, kneeling up on the seat with his back to the horse, to experiment on his mother. Then he demolished his daisies, to see if she loved him "a little, much, passionately, not at all"; curled the dandelion stems in his mouth, making faces over their bitterness, and presented his companions with the dripping spirals. Finally, looking about him for new kingdoms to conquer, the horse occurred to his mind as the main object of interest. Straining his feet towards the dashboard, his little back, slanting sharply in his manly effort to brace himself, he reached out both hands for the reins.

"My bref's all comed back again," he said, reassuringly. "Now, please let me—dwive—that horse!"

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But the composed young woman behind him suddenly lost her composure. With an impassioned gesture she reached forward, and lifting the boy over the seat-back, folded him in her arms.

"No, no, no!" she cried. "Joy must think only of Mamma in this last hour! After to-night—"

Her murmur ceased; and into the falling dusk her gray eyes stared blindly. The most cruel of all tears—tears unshed —were drowning their brilliant sight.

Upon manly principle, Joy's active little legs, buttoned from instep to knee in smart tan gaiters, kicked rebelliously, even though his head nestled resignedly against her breast. The rocking motion of the carriage, the cool air on his face, the cradling mother-arms, were as resistless lullabies. The horse cantered away towards the realm of dreamland, as his violet eyes fluttered and shut like night-closing flowers. His deep breaths of defiance ended in a sigh of surrender. He was sleeping when the Josselyn gate was reached.

Sunday evening was a time of peace in the Josselyn farmhouse. Even the cantankerous old master habitually buried his chronic hatchet, and dozed pacifically over his *Farmer's Weekly*. It had become Mrs. Josselyn's custom after coming from Benediction, and clearing away the light supper, to sit slowly rocking, with folded hands; not reading, not talking, simply thinking,—thinking. Her "hour of rest," with unconscious pathos she called her Sunday respite; distinguishing it from the strenuous hours of the week-days' life. True, Joyce's wealth had smoothed her way for her; there was no necessity, no excuse, now, for manual labor. Yet, made happy by this knowledge, and using her wealth with her right hand for good which her left hand, as represented by her worse half, most certainly did not know, Mrs. Josselyn's personal life went on without radical exterior change. The material life of the simple settles into fixed grooves; and when youth and prime have been wearisome to body or heart, old age lacks temporal ambition. External pomp, which is the pride of life,—personal luxury, which is the pride of the flesh, were no longer temptations to Mrs. Josselyn. Had all Joyce's millions suddenly become her own, it would not have occurred to her to change her mode of life, her fashion of dress, her domestic routine. But the peace of mind insured by affluence, the dignity of in-

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dependence, the power of devotional and charitable benefactions which were the prerogatives of her change of fortune, were not undervalued by her. They gave impetus to her belated spiritual life,—a life haunted by maternal regret.

Of course it was to thoughts of Joyce that the mother-heart consecrated her restful hour: of Joyce married to Imogen,—then of Joyce bereaved, and again far away in the West; necessarily immersed in his millions, yet since Imogen's death no longer merely a worldling. Father Martin, she knew, still retained the hand he had taken by Imogen's death-bed; and in spite of the distance corporeally dividing them, spiritually guided Joyce along new lines of life. Then she had fallen into the trick of correspondence with Gladys, who, with Mam'selle, had hastened to Carruthdale at the time of Imogen's tragedy. Some mysterious attraction had drawn the cultured girl and simple woman together; and it seemed to Mrs. Josselyn as she read Gladys' letters, that they were the message to her of Joyce's Guardian Angel. She closed them not only loving, but believing in her son, as even she had not been able to believe, unencouraged. Her failure to implant in his soul in its youth and innocence the spiritual germ which is motherhood's holiest and most responsible trust, was the memory always torturing her, because of its menace to him. The merciful God could and would cover her defection; yet she could not rid herself of the presentiment that her sin would not escape the identical penalty she most dreaded,—the penalty of visitation upon Joyce!

As the carryall stopped at the gate, the driver knocked at it with his whip-handle, and Mrs. Josselyn hastened outward in hospitable haste. Sometimes Father Martin stopped off on his way to or from the station. More than once, Stephen,—now in the Passionist novitiate,—had had reason to revisit Father Martin, and never neglected his old friends. Moreover, local social attentions overwhelmed her now, since Joyce's luck had made his mother a celebrity. But neither Father Martin nor Stephen, or even a neighbor, confronted Mrs. Josselyn on this Sunday evening. Up the path swept a proudly-poised, flashing-eyed, jauntily-attired young stranger, with a child drooping drowsily in her arms.

Hiram Josselyn, blinking away his nap as feminine garments rustled towards him, rose hastily and lighted the lamp. Even

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in this late and prosaic day of his life, he liked full light on unfamiliar feminine beauty. Under his hard old exterior there was a soft spot somewhere, though no woman had placed it permanently.

The stranger bowed in silence, and seating herself, turned the awakening Joy's face towards them. As the lamp-light flashed upon the golden curls, the tender violet eyes, the rosy little mouth with its wilful sweetness, the straight beauty of feature, the blond skin colored vividly by the air and sun of the sea-voyage but recently ended, an expression of surprised recognition flitted over even Mr. Josselyn's stolid face, but at his wife's amazed exclamation it vanished in such a scowl as in the marital cipher meant an imperative caution.

"I have come thousands of miles to put a single question to you," the newcomer said, with simple directness. "If you answer it honestly, I shall know that I have done well in coming. If you deny the truth, I will go as I came. The choice is upon your own justice and honor. Mrs. Josselyn, as Joyce's mother, it is of you I ask it. *Whose son is the child with this face?*"

"Let—me—look!" gasped Mrs. Josselyn, and knelt down by the boy, whose friendly hand patted her thin hair, her lined cheeks, curiously. Her type was not of the life that little Joy knew,—the stage-life of real or spurious youth and beauty.

Hiram Josselyn, at first dumbfounded, now collected his senses. All the relentless avarice of his life ranged itself against this woman and child, in whom he suspected a menace to Joyce and his millions. Young, gay, handsome, rich Joyce was sure quarry for blackmailers! But they should reckon with Joyce's canny old father!

"Look here, young woman," he began threateningly.

But Mrs. Josselyn's voice, low yet imperative, silenced him. The world reeled for the poor mother, who had not doubted for an instant since the stranger's advent that, even as she had foreseen, the sin of her soulless maternity was finding her out through her son. Recognition of the justice of retribution made her just to its instrument. This girl should be given her chance.

"Don't you say another word, Hiram Josselyn," she commanded, "till you've let this young woman tell her story. It'll be time enough to speak up then!"

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Hiram subsided. Somehow, of late, his wife's will had dominated him. He justified himself on the financial ground, which alone could have saved his self-respect. The independent income settled by Joyce upon his mother had modified her practical spouse's life-long conviction that she was infinitely the weaker vessel. Yet he glowered so fiercely that Joy changed his sociable mind about approaching the cross old man Mamma had brought him to see, and shrank back against her knee, staring wonderingly at the scowling face. Unfriendliness was so new to him that he was scarcely afraid of it; yet his sensitive lip quivered with his heart's vague consciousness of injustice and human hurt.

Mrs. Josselyn folded her hands in her lap with despairing resignation. Her eyes, keen and searching, were on woman and child; yet her thoughts were with Joyce her son, Joyce her scapegoat! Whatever his sin, she assumed it, before God. Prenatally, in his youth, how had she fortified him against the temptations of the world? "To be a good boy," had been the full height and extent of her maternal teaching. "Good,"—with no word of Godliness, the sustaining Source of good! Oh, the emptiness of it, the impotence, the mockery!

The bitter pain in her face touched the heart of the younger woman. As she spoke, her rich contralto voice quavered.

"Your consent to hear me is an indirect admission of the truth," she said. "Therefore I will speak, but with no intention of making your heart ache. I am not here for reproach or demand, but only to beg your help, Mrs. Josselyn. I have come to the place where I *need* it!"

Hiram, grunting significantly, snapped his knotty fingers in an "I told you so" pantomime! She turned upon him with a sudden indignant blaze in her expressive eyes. "Not *financial* help," she emphasized, scornfully. "Do not fear for your pocket! But only such help from Joyce's mother, as woman can hold woman, if she will. However, before asking anything, I suppose I should begin at the beginning."

She glanced at her watch,—the golden heart of a diamond marguerite, a tribute from generous Australia.

"Just an hour to train-time," she said, "so there is short time for details. The general points must suffice. Did Joyce never make any mention to you—of a girl named—Pearl Ripley?"

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"*Never!*" Hiram assured her, with unflattering haste.

Mrs. Josselyn rose with decision.

"Never to *us*," she admitted; "but there's one in Maintown that is bound to know all my Joyce knows about you, and I'm going to send that carriage for him this minute!"

"Do!" assented Pearl, with composed alacrity. "I thought some of driving first to the rectory, myself. I am anxious to see—Father Martin!"

Mrs. Josselyn gasped as she withdrew, and Mr. Josselyn gaped in aghast silence. He was beginning to fear that this cool young woman was a match even for him. If she was willing to face Father Martin—

"Pearl Ripley," she resumed, as Mrs. Josselyn re-entered the room, "was an orphan thrown on the world in her childhood, to bring herself up,—and I reckon that girls need mothers! The creeds and conventions meant just nothing to her. She thought the churches all cant, and moral and social laws snobbery. She went on the stage, and it was as an actress that Joyce knew her. When she made her false step, it was in sheer, reckless ignorance,—I'd call it innocence, only you'd laugh at me!"

But no laughter was evident. Even Hiram feigned no sneer. Face and voice were alike convincing.

"*You* are—Pearl Ripley?" asked Mrs. Josselyn. The girl nodded affirmatively.

"Youth lives in the day, and I never once looked forward," she faltered. "I just thought it was grand to defy the prim world. You see, I never dreamed of any penalty involving—another! When the truth burst upon me, it was too late, too late! Oh, Mrs. Josselyn, *I had sailed for Australia!*"

Mrs. Josselyn's pale face sought the screen of her hands. She saw it all with the eyes of the girl who had suffered it,—the awakening from the dream of ignorant, reckless youth; the awful loneliness of the realization that she had burned her ships behind her; the terrible voyage, the strange country, the woman-agony!

"Yes, it was terrible," the girl moaned. "I wonder now how I bore it. Perhaps hope kept me up, for I wrote to Joyce, and waited! But he never answered, so I cancelled my contract on the plea of illness, and let the troupe leave Melbourne without me."

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Conviction, dignity, were in Mrs. Josselyn's face as it lifted proudly.

"My son Joyce never got that letter," she said. "At his worst, silence would not have been his way."

"I believe that. In fact, I knew it later. The mail-steamer was burned; but I had hidden myself from the world, and the news did not reach me. When by chance I learned the truth, it was too late for Joy and me! Joyce's marriage already had been cabled."

The self-effacement of this simple statement was unmistakable. Through Hiram's opaque complexion a flush of shame struggled. Here was no unscrupulously mercenary adventuress. In this, at least, he had wronged her.

"I had money enough," she said, after a moment's painful reminiscence, "to live on while necessary, and to get Joy a native nurse. Then a sudden vacancy in a travelling English company gave me my chance. We toured the Colonies and the British provinces, and arrived only yesterday to tour America. But the road is too hard for Joy, and one-night stands nearly kill him. The ship doctor warned me that he must have rest—and the country. But he is too young to send among absolute strangers. All the way over, I have been wondering what to do with him!"

She looked at them pleadingly, but no answer rewarded her. In spite of pride, her tears gathered, as she construed their silence unfavorably. She was young, she had suffered bitterly, and with her whole heart she was wishing to do her best for all concerned. Joyce's parents had the power, if they had the will, to co-operate with her. Was she to be denied even such small mercy as this?

"Oh, won't you help me," she cried,—"you, with whom I could trust him? Won't you give him the country till I can send him to some good school? The thought of you came to me, because Joyce taught me to know—and love you! Oh, Mrs. Josselyn, doesn't it say a little for me, that Joyce could talk to me—of his *mother?*"

They stared at her dumbly, lacking the key to her attitude. The misunderstanding under which she labored was yet to be revealed both to them and to her.

Her proud young face hardened. So neither she nor Joy touched their hard, narrow hearts! Well, perhaps their son's interests would appeal to them!

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"Come, Joy," she said, rising. Then she turned to Mrs. Josselyn. "I had omitted to mention," she said, "that our tour, of course, includes a season in San Francisco. With my record, it is a risk to return with Joy—where Joyce's wife is! I have ruined my own life; but I have no wish to ruin another woman's, nor to bring Joyce to trouble. He was no more to blame than I was! But I have appealed to you in vain, and am not responsible for the consequences. Come, I say, Joy! Why, what is the matter?"

"I—want—my—supper," wailed Joy, tired of talk and tears, and cross people who didn't care if little boys were hungry!

"*Wait!*" With an imperious gesture Hiram indicated to her to resume her seat. Then, rising with more alacrity than was commonly commanded by his rheumatic limbs, he cleared his throat with significance, as he demanded of his wife if she didn't hear that carriage coming? Once outside the room, his pitiless grasp of her arm betrayed that the carriage had been but a pretext to speak to her. Too well she knew what she must hear from him.

"Don't you see?" he whispered, excitedly. "She's hearn tell of the marriage, but not of the death! She thinks Joyce's wife is livin'! You jest leave her to think so! He'll be marrying again,—mebbe that there heiress. Don't you dare—you, his mother—to spoil his chance."

In appalled, prayerful silence, Mrs. Josselyn listened. Then, with firm hand, she turned up the hall-lamp.

"No, Hiram, I sha'n't spoil my son's chance," she answered, fixing eyes of stern sorrow on his conciliated face. "I guess there's enough on my soul concerning Joyce, without that! But there's something in this house I want you to look at. I'm going right upstairs to get it now."

Sobbing under her breath, she sped up to the bed-room of Joyce's childhood and youth. For the first time, she entered it with no joy of memory; but only in bitter anguish of heart and spirit. She had forgotten a lamp, but she did not need it. Had she been blind she could have found her familiar way to the locked bureau drawer, and the pictures tenderly shrined within it,—Joyce's pictures, with which she had once entertained Imogen. From these she chose the second one,—the tintype "taken when Joyce was going on five,—with curls like sunshine."

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Slightly matured, it was the perfect likeness of Joy. With this she hastened back to her husband.

"I did n't have to look at it for myself," she distinguished, with fine irony. "A mother remembers, and there 's no deceiving her, root or branch! But I got it for you, Hiram Josselyn, to think over! Maybe it 'll show you why I can't spoil my son's chance—"

Her face was exalted in spite of its misery. The remorseful realization that her prayer and precept in his youth might have averted her son's sin, coerced her to voluntary acceptance of her punishment. Not to spare Joyce, but to exact of him the last farthing of atonement,—this was the just God's demand of her, his mother!

"No, I sha'n't spoil Joyce's chance—*to be a good man*," she explained, solemnly. "I sha'n't spoil his chance to right a wrong done to others! Being your son, and having millions, don't change things for Joyce before God! *That 's* the chance —*his chance with God*, his mother doesn't dare spoil, Hiram Josselyn!"

"Oh, cuss, cuss, cuss!" hissed the exasperated Hiram, beating the air in a frenzy of anger. This fool of a woman was going to defy him, to ruin her own son.

Nobody knew what it cost Mrs. Josselyn to stand by her convictions,—to speak the truth that perchance must entail upon Joyce life-long results bitter past her conception. For a year he had been in closest intimacy with Gladys. How much or how little this might mean to either, his mother could not know; but even if it was as she had hoped, but now feared, it was not her privilege to shield or spare him. For Joyce's own sake in the best sense, the moral sense, the soul-sense, her demand must be uncompromising, inexorable!

"My girl," she said, returning to Pearl, her face wan from her struggle, "a surprise is in store for you, and it is right you should know it! Joyce did marry, yes; but his wife died suddenly. I won't say any more till I see Father Martin; but if he sees my duty as I do—"

"Well, what if he does?" snarled Hiram, indiscreet enough in his anger to force her avowal. "I guess Father Martin don't run my home!"

"If Father Martin sees my duty as I do, Hiram," confessed his wife desperately, "then I 'll take Joy to San

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Francisco myself, and meet his mother there, with—my son Joyce!"

"You're a dum fool!" exploded the enraged husband.

But the words rang on deaf ears, for even as she had spoken, it flashed upon Mrs. Josselyn how light-heartedly, years ago, she has sent Joyce the message: "Tell my son to come home, or *I'll go West to see him!*"

How little she had anticipated the heartache, the soul-agony of that "going West" to see Joyce, as present conditions predicted the journey! And it might have been so happy, so wonderful,—this one only journey of the home-staying woman,—the sole great event of her life. The iron of the contrast entered into her soul. She bowed her gray head and sobbed bitterly.

The carriage had rolled up the road unnoticed, and Father Martin, entering the open door with his customary informality, had overheard Mrs. Josselyn's final words. As their significance flashed upon him, he stood appalled, yet not surprised. He had warned Joyce that the past was never laid beyond resurrection, that the ghosts of dead sins were prone to walk.

It was Mrs. Josselyn who volunteered to tell him the story. The girl concerned scarcely heard it,—certainly did not heed it. She sat with Joy in her arms,—incredulous, dazed, fluctuating between hope and fear, almost stunned by surprise. Free to marry?—Joyce the married, free to marry?

Was she glad? She looked at Joy, and her motherhood exulted! Was she sorry? For herself, yes; since neither in Joyce nor marriage was her ideal of life. "The real stage, the legitimate drama," she had cried to Joyce, as they stood on the deck of the *Oceanic*. Since then, every experience had served to intensify her ambition,—to turn her towards art not only by instinct of talent, but likewise as a refuge from such human problems as had irredeemably embittered her youth. Since leaving the Comedy Girls, she had strained towards the highest drama. "With education, culture, coaching, experience, you have it in you to be a great actress," her English manager had said to her recently; and the auspicious words haunted her like a voice of prophecy. To be a great actress was her desire, her destiny. Must she miss it because she was—Joy's mother?

Mrs. Josselyn's recital to Father Martin was almost incoher-

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ent. In its repetition, the story as it had been told to her, was interluded by self-accusations, and heart-cries of remorse. If Joyce had done evil, was he to blame,—or she his mother, his father, his home, his uprearing? Had Hiram Josselyn taught his son tender reverence of women? Had *she* taught his childhood the prayer whereof alone comes purity? And when Father Martin had tried to fill the places they had failed, already it was too late for the godlessness of birth and breeding to be eradicated! Plunging into the world of intellect, Joyce had confirmed rather than diminished his lack of spiritual sustenance. Transplanted to the West, what had he been but a boy, unsustained against life's temptations? He had borne himself well for his strength, carried his beautiful youth proudly! What other, with his cramped opportunities, had attained culture, social recognition, success in the world even apart from his brilliant marriage? If he had made one moral slip, was it wonderful? No! The real wonder was, that his slips were not varied and manifold. Thus the mother-heart defended, even while the mother-soul judged him. Father Martin heard her to the end, and then turned to the silent stranger.

"Give me the child," he said, and tenderly lifted Joy to his knee. The innocent child of the sin of Joyce's youth,—ah, what this meant to the soul of Father Martin!

He scanned the upturned face long, searchingly, sorrowfully. Yes, here was Joyce's white brow with the gold curls framing it; here were Joyce's heart's-ease eyes, a shade lighter in their youth; here the straight, sensitive nose, and tender mouth of effeminate beauty.

Swiftly, softly, his blessing was signed upon the childish forehead.

"Has he been baptized?" he asked, doubtfully. But Pearl's answer surprised him.

"Oh, yes!" she said. "The hospital-priest in Australia baptized him Joyce Joseph. He was the first priest, and the best man, I had ever met; so I told him to make Joy whatever he was. I had learned that it pays to be good."

He stroked the golden curls for an instant, then gestured Mrs. Josselyn to take Joy from him.

"Have you not something outside for him, while I speak to his mother?" he suggested; and hungry little Joy led the way with eagerness. "Something outside" surely must mean supper!

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Hiram kept his seat doggedly. He was in his own house, his son Joyce was his concern, and of late he had had a terrible grudge against Father Martin. Had not Joyce made an incredible, a mad fool of himself, and restored to the original heir the estate of Carruthdale? At first, Father Martin had protested; but later accepted it, and was turning it into a summer-resort for New England's tenement-house children. In truth, Joyce's return of Carruthdale to its rightful owner had been suggested by Gladys. Generous as was his spirit, he lacked thought; and accepted all that came to him with a simplicity which was unconsciously selfish. But upon the settlement of the large estate left unconditionally to him, Gladys had dropped a word upon which he had acted with glad alacrity, and pending legal formalities, he had discussed with Father Martin every detail of his life since leaving Maintown, including his association with Pearl Ripley. The priest's heart had ached, convinced by Joyce's own testimony that not evil, but ignorance alone, had been at the source of Pearl's lawlessness; and that Joyce, in his heedlessness, had started a naturally good and noble character on the wrong, the down-hill road! Hence it was as no stranger, but as a soul already bared to him, that Father Martin looked upon Pearl, as for the first time they met face to face.

With a sensitiveness natural considering her position, Pearl mistook the priest's absorption in painful thought for the stern silence of a churchman's censure. In his manly, chastened, strong yet tender face, she recognized one before whom her inferior spirit was prostrate. But the prostration of reverent homage differs, even as joy from pain, from that of conscious unworthiness and just humiliation. Against this last attitude her womanliness and pride rebelled. Therefore she protested, struggling not to justify but to plead for herself.

"Don't look at me like that," she panted. "You make me wish to kill myself—for shame, for remorse, for real sorrow. But I cannot go back; I cannot undo the deed that is done, can I? Oh, *he* said you were kind, yet you judge me!"

"No, my daughter," he answered, gently. "It is your own soul that judges you. Sorrow for sin comes not from without, but from within us."

"Sin?" she resented. "I have admitted mistake,—not sin!"

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"Then why the shame, the remorse, the sorrow you acknowledge? The best proof of humanity's universal vocation for the moral life is the soul's unrest in paths diverging from it. Sin's first flush may be delirious with its own hot fever; but sooner or later come inevitably the chill of revulsion, the depression of accusing conscience. Right and wrong are fixed quantities, and no soul confuses them. Mortal sophisms fail to tally with immortal verities. It is possible that, just at first, you believed your spirit untroubled; but lacking the glow and spell primarily dazzling you in the hour of temptation, can you say truly that no divine instinct convicted you of dishonor in the spirit, even though the world's moral letter was indifferent to you? What else inspired your unrest in your position, your voluntary departure, your distaste for the emotional side of life, your ambition for a career apart from it? Forgive my seeming intrusiveness, but Joyce has confided in me,—not, believe me, to your dishonor! *I* understand you. Are you sure that you understand yourself?"

Understand herself,—how could she, impetuous, reckless, standardless Pearl, lacking the Divine key to her spiritual, her immortal entity? Yet her mental suffering, her maturing and chastening motherhood, had approximated it in so far as nature may approximate the supernatural. True, the spiritual fire was still unlit, but it was laid and waiting, and Father Martin was groping his way towards the hearth.

From heart to throat she smothered hysterically. Seeking the open window she inhaled a breath of the fresh night-air. Outside, the carriage waited like a quiet spectre, driver and horse both drooping in a gentle doze. The grass glinted, swaying in the breeze under the young moon's gilding; and the trees rustled softly, as though their foliage were whispering in its dreams. About her, natural beauty; beside her, human life pure, noble, exalted. Peace and harmony everywhere, save in her own restless soul! Why was she out of tune with calm, grand Nature,—why out of touch with the type of humanity which she recognized as alone fulfilling her conception of real, because ideal manhood? She looked to the moon and stars, to the hills and the fields, for her answer; but the natural creation responds to the human only by suggestion, forcing it back on itself to search its own soul, wherein is the key to all wisdom.

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Back to the past, remote and proximate, her thoughts sped remorsefully. From the start she had been mistaken in taking life lightly,—life, that as the flame of the Divine breath, the creature of the Creator, the shrine of love, the instrument of art, the precursor of death, the seed-time of eternity, as through suffering she had come to recognize it, was a grave, an immortal thing! Her attitude towards the world, pert, defiant, superficial, reckless, had been a fool's pose, senseless, unscrupulous, beneath contempt. She shuddered from memories of her complacent ignorance, her assured social solecisms, her offences against all refinements of taste. But these, at worst, were youth's external errors, reminiscently wounding vanity rather than conscience. The sullied woman-heart beneath these was her real remorse,—the guilty woman-soul!

It had been a terrible, albeit a blessed moment for Pearl, when first she realized the social laws to be no hampering superfluities, but the practical summary of humanity's moral obligations; not the arbitrary conventions of a superficial cult, but revealed ethics whose instinct, whether consciously recognized or unrecognized, still abides in each human heart. But the hiatus between Truth as she was beginning to recognize it, and the sophisms by which her youth had lived, discouraged her.

Against the casement she cowered, a blot on God's pure natural and human creation. The pale peace of the planets, the virginal solitude of the country, the soulful humanity of Father Martin, tortured her less in their reproach than in their cruel attraction. She had had it in her to be akin to these, but she had missed her highest, and for a woman to miss it once, was to miss it for ever. She rebelled against her self-made fate.

Something of all this was in her face as Father Martin joined her by the window, his keen eyes probing her beauty for the soul beneath it, as the moonlight shone upon her. As her intense gaze flashed upon him, he realized suddenly that this girl, in strength and depth of character, had outgrown Joyce, and knew it! What save wreckage for both, then, did reunion promise? Upon his thought her words fell with startling opportuneness.

"Except for Joy's sake, I would never see Joyce again,—never *tell* him," she whispered. "To be the impersonal, sexless

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artist is my ambition,—not the mere human woman—who drained love, and found it bitter—"

"Love is bitter," he interrupted, "only when evil profanes it. The sin may be abjured, the pain that is its penalty nobly accepted, the irreverent mistake of youth redeemed and lived down, and the beautiful Charity attained that loves the creature in the Creator, which is the Love that is the first and greatest commandment, and all the Law! Even the artist, if he disdain love, or whom love's lees have left heartless, may have technique, but never the soulful genius which is the magnet of success, the key to the public heart, since art is of the soul, and there is no soul-life where the love of love is dead. Second in idealism only to the religious life, the art-life indeed is a life to keep pure, to hold high, to live finely, to serve with sacrifice. But purity is not heartlessness, not bitterness, not despair. Both as woman and artist, start out anew, with true premises instead of false ones."

"As a woman," her lips murmured, "it is too late!"

"It is never too late. Human life is made up of beginnings, as the year is made up of new days. That yesterday is nothing, to-day everything, is the lesson, each morning, of the rising sun. Past slips, if we profit by them, serve to make both present and future surefooted. We forget that this world is only the cradle of immortality, and that '*to the Lord a thousand years are as one day.*'"

Woman, artist, struggling spirit, alike responded to him. She had studied out for herself that the dramatic art was impassioned,—never cold, never heartless. She had divined, even, that purity at its noblest must be vitalized by human tenderness. But that the woman's heartache, the artistic travail, might be the birth-pang of a soul struggling towards the light; that art,—even the dramatic art,—was in touch with spiritual inspiration; that the soul-life was the pulse of both love and art, and heart and intellect but instruments of the soul; that the woman's heart-phase must react for good or ill upon the artist, and the artist's mortality serve or fail her immortality,—in short that life was a complex, intricate, exquisitely minute and finely adjusted bit of Divine mechanism, in which the spirit was dominant, the human its subordinate server, had to be suggested to her by a soul higher and more enlightened than her own. Yet, although conviction was dawning, she still

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lacked the courage of it. It seemed bitter as death to her, to consider the sacrifice of her career.

"Father," she cried, and the pathetic ingenuousness of the girlish appeal bore to the experienced priest's heart the assurance of her simplicity, her honesty,—"Father, my heart is in my art-life. The stage is all my world. *Must* I sacrifice it? Is it my atonement—to Joy?"

He had spoken almost at random, while behind his words of lip his own soul had been pondering this same momentous question. Yet even as he hesitated, he knew its answer. Curiously similar in their uncompromising spiritual standard, their stern and simple conception of moral obligation, their imperative demand that right and justice should prevail, were his theological reasoning and the unlettered convictions of Mrs. Josselyn. Only Pearl's self-avowed unworthiness could open a possibility of lawful independence, of righteous freedom, to her and Joyce. She, not he, must render the verdict.

"Self-sacrifice must be your atonement, yes," he adjudged, "in the presumable case that you are worthy to make it! My girl, before God,—is it so?"

"Before God," she took oath: and her proud eyes, her pure lips, told the priest that she spoke truly. "My sin—my first sin of ignorance, father,—has been repented at least in innocence of sin!"

The priest sighed as he formulated the judgment which he felt to be his obligation. What of Joyce? What of Gladys, even, should his fear of her possible tendresse for Joyce be justified? Yet not these, but this woman with her child, cried to God for merciful justice! In the spiritual conviction that triumphed over human affection, the priest-soul, the mother-heart were as one.

"Then," he decided, "you have been more sinned against than sinning, and Mrs. Josselyn's decision is the righteous and just one. With Mr. Josselyn's kind sanction, she will meet you in San Francisco. It will be better for you, and the child."

Purposely he had lifted his voice, that the sulking Hiram might hear him distinctly. Another heard, too,—Mrs. Josselyn, just hesitating whether to enter or wait, upon descent from the sleeping Joy's bedside.

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"But she don't get my sanction," protested Hiram, authoritatively. "No wife o' mine makes a fool of herself gallivantin' acrost country with kids, at her age! Next off, she 'll be takin' a weddin'-tower!"

"If I do, Hiram," calmly responded Mrs. Josselyn, from the doorway, "it 'll be my first, for you remember you saved the expense,—when we married! But, thank God, I can pay for this one myself. You may come along, too. That 's the best I can say!"

"*I* ain't goin' to help you ruin my son, Joyce," he retorted, sullenly.

Pearl's eyes filled with tears, but she made no protest.

From outside came the significant cough of the impatient driver. He jerked the reins, and unnecessarily changed the position of the carriage. He had awakened from his nap a little chilled, more than a little cross, and quite convinced that it was full time for his passenger to pay and dismiss him.

"My time is up," said Pearl, after a startled look at her watch. There was a sob in her voice. She looked about her with sudden wildness. "Joy!" she cried. "Where is Joy? Oh, how can I leave him,—how can I?"

"Come with me," whispered Mrs. Josselyn. And the women,—Joyce's mother, and the mother of Joyce's son,—mounted side by side the two flights of stairs, and entered the room consecrated to Joyce's memory.

Human, like national history, repeats itself. Here, where Joyce had slept his childhood's sleep, and dreamed his young dreams of innocence, little Joy now slept and dreamed in his turn, for the first time in all his wandering life, "at home"; as Joyce's son at home in the Josselyn homestead by moral right,—yet—so opposed are the standards of God and man,—only by social tolerance.

"This was Joyce's bed," whispered Mrs. Josselyn, in a voice at once hard yet faltering. "This was his room all his life; and I 've sat here to think of him, since he left me. I did n't think Joyce would grow up to be—what he is! Yet I might have known he would—just to punish me—"

Both women were on their knees by the humble bed. But the heart of the mother ached for the absent Joyce; of Pearl, for little Joy who might never know the honor of his father's

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name, the father-heart's love for its first-born! Over the frail and helpless little hand lying like a flower on the quilt, Pearl bowed her head.

He had gone to bed willingly enough, for he was very tired, and the funny, kind old lady who had put cream in his milk, and warned him not to eat the hole in the crisp, brown, ring-shaped cookies, had told him of bossy-calves and ponies, and fluffy little yellow chickens to be seen to-morrow, and therefore was a nice old lady to visit! Yet on his cheek shone a tear born of a child's vague wonder. Why must he visit anybody, instead of going back to the cars and the boats and the hotels that were the familiar frame of his little life,—and oh! where was his pretty Mamma?

At the sight of the tear, Pearl's self-control deserted her. She caught him up, passionately kissing him on lips and throat, dispelling his dream, awakening him.

"He's *mine*," she cried, "mine,—the only thing of my own I ever had in the world! No one else has a right to him! Didn't I bear it all alone,—all the shame, and the pain? Haven't I loved him, slaved for him, *prayed* for him?—"

But her passion was but of the moment. Her mother-heart conquered. She must not think of herself,—but of Joy!

"Good-by, O darling, darling!" she sobbed. "Be a good boy to the dear lady who will bring you—to meet Mamma—"

"*And Papa!*" added Mrs. Josselyn, uncompromisingly; but her face showed her agony.

"Have *I*—a Papa?" queried Joy, with sleepy happiness.

Then he dreamed, indeed, with a tender smile on his beautiful face. To have a Papa, like other little boys,—this was Joy's vision of heaven.

Oh! the cost of a single sin,—who save God can count it? Joyce, indeed, still went free, but his hour was at hand. Gladys, again intimate with him, again believing in him with all a maiden's tender and faithful heart, faces her hour of bitterness too, though she has sinned no sin. While already, to three souls, their hours of bitterness are come: to her watching sleeplessly through that night of agony, her mother-heart stabbed and bleeding, yet no less loving her prodigal son; to Pearl, weeping tears not only of familiar remorse and unfamiliar maternal loneliness, but anticipatively, the artist's tears for art's

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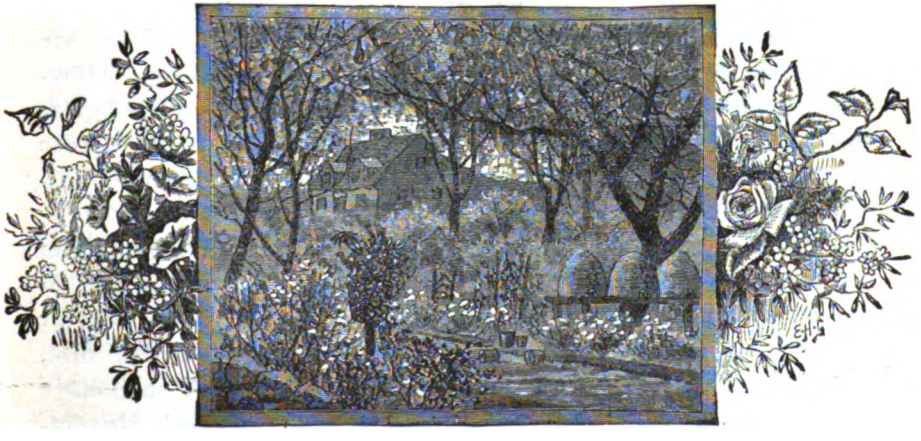
blighted career; most sadly of all, to Father Martin, whose vigil before the Tabernacle is alike racking to human heart and priestly soul! Knowing that his judgment was just, yet its responsibility was a cross prostrating him. Fulfilled duty does not always bear mortal recompense; and marriage obligatory in the moral sense, yet may wreck human happiness. What if the issue of his justice to Pearl should bring ruin to Joyce, driving him to deeper sin, baser dishonor?

Ah, priest of Christ, in your stress of soul, in your strain of heart torn between earth and heaven,—from the toils of your doubt, from your dark dread of error, your Divine Master hastes to deliver you! Already His Providence sets in motion the wheels of Nature that shall lift the burden of human destiny from your hands! Not in vain, Father Martin, your vigil whose impetration consummates the maternal watch! The priest-prayer, the mother-tears, these have conquered!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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Views and Reviews.

1.—In the May Bulletin of the Department of Labor* the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission publishes its official report to the President. The commission was appointed by President Roosevelt on the 16th of October, 1902, "to inquire into, consider, and pass upon the questions in controversy in connection with the strike in the anthracite regions." It began its work October 24, by summoning to Washington the representatives of the mine operators and workingmen. There they entered into a contract to reopen the mines and to abide by the decision of the committee for a term of at least three years.

The first part of the report is taken up with a history of the appointment of the commission, a detailed account of the conditions in the anthracite region, and a review of the causes leading to and the principal incidents in the strike of 1902. The committee then states its awards, which, in regard to the four principal demands of the miners, may be summarized as follows:

The first demand was for an increase of twenty per cent. upon the prices paid during the year 1902 to employees performing contract or piece work. The committee finds that the conditions of life of mine-workers do not justify the contention of the workingmen that the annual earnings of the miners are insufficient to maintain the American standard of living. However, in view of the interruptions incident to mine-operating, as well as the increased cost of living and the hazardous nature of the work, the committee awards an increase of ten per cent. over and above the rates paid in the month of April, 1902.

The second demand filed by the miners was for a reduction of twenty per cent. in the hours of labor without any reduction of earnings for all employees paid by the hour, day, or week. In regard to this demand the committee awards: first, that all engineers employed in the hoisting of water shall have an increase of ten per cent. on their earnings between November 1, 1902, and April 1, 1903, and, during the life of the award, they shall have eight-hour shifts with no reduction in pay from what they received in April, 1902; second, all other

* *The Report of the Anthracite Coal Commission.* (Being the May issue of the Bulletin of the Department of Labor.) Washington: Government-Printing-Office.

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engineers and pump men shall have an increase of five per cent. on the rate of wages, and shall be relieved from duty on Sunday without loss of pay; third, all employees or company men not mentioned above shall be paid on the basis of a nine-hour day, receiving the same wages as paid for a ten-hour day in April, 1902.

The third demand of the miners was for the adoption of a system by which the coal shall be paid for by weight, the minimum rate to be 60 cents for a legal ton of 2,240 pounds. To this demand the committee adjudges that the present system shall be adhered to, unless changed by mutual agreement.

The fourth demand, and the one which many of the miners considered the most important, was for a recognition of the union. This the committee adjudges to be outside its jurisdiction. The commission was appointed to determine the questions at issue between the operators and their employees, whether they were union men or not. Nevertheless, the committee states that if an independent union of the anthracite mine-workers were organized with some of the objectionable features removed, and if it were within the jurisdiction of the committee, the fourth demand would be granted.

Aside from these principal demands of the workingmen the committee adjudges that there shall be a "sliding scale" for the increase of the wages of the employee; that no person shall in any way be discriminated against by employer or employee because of membership or non-membership in a labor union; that the amount due the laborers shall be paid, by the company, not to the contract miner but to the laborers themselves; that the awards of the committee shall continue in force until March 31, 1906; and that any disagreement arising under these awards shall be referred for settlement to a board of conciliation appointed as prescribed in the committee's report.

Further than this the committee recommends a more rigid enforcement of the laws in regard to the employment of children and the protection of property. It is opposed to compulsory arbitration, but endorses a bill providing for official investigation on the application of either contestant. The awards throughout are characterized by the fairness and sound judgment that the personnel of the committee led the public to expect, and the report is without doubt a most important document in economic literature.

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2.—We gladly welcome any writings that tend to inspire devotion to the Holy Spirit. In the present volume * the author, in a simple and devotional style, introduces the reader to the august doctrine of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. He reviews the special work of the Holy Ghost in the sanctification of man's soul, and shows His intimate relations with mankind. The book is intended to furnish matter for meditation in the hope of increasing devotion to the Holy Spirit, and we note with satisfaction that the author places the truest devotion to Him, and the best sort of worship, in obedience to His inspirations. In treating of this difficult matter, however, this work is vastly inferior to Father Baker's *Sancta Sophia*—that unrivalled guide to the worship which is in spirit and in truth. To our deep regret we must notice in Father Meschler an unpardonable fault. Surely in a book like this it was unwise to drag in, by violence, an acrimonious and abandoned controversy. In a foot-note we are told: "The opinion that there is a certain interior guidance of the Holy Ghost which makes the exterior teaching of the church unnecessary or superfluous, was condemned in the Encyclical of Leo XIII. on so-called Americanism or Heckerism." To associate thus the holy name of Father Hecker with a palpable and outrageous heresy is poor business indeed for a writer on the God of charity. The very foundation of Father Hecker's spiritual doctrine was the Catholic Church's infallible authority. The very first criterion which he constantly puts forward for estimating the value of interior inspirations is that these should absolutely conform to the voice of the teaching church. Yet here, by a stroke of the pen, a man who has certainly never read Father Hecker at all, blackens him with the pitch of heresy, all for the greater glory of God the Holy Ghost. Indeed, it is disheartening and contemptible; and in the name not of fair play, which of itself can hardly be allowed a place in such controversies, but in the name of supernatural and priestly charity, we protest against it out of a sorely-tried and long-suffering patience.

3.—Père Sortais, professor of philosophy in the College of the Immaculate Conception at Paris, known to the reading

* *The Gift of Pentecost.* Meditations on the Holy Ghost. By Father Meschler, S.J. Translated from the German by Lady Amabel Kerr. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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world already by various articles in the *Études* and by two or three æsthetic works, has published a philosophical text-book adapted to the needs of candidates for the classical baccalaureate.* The first volume is entitled *Psychologie Expérimentale* and the second deals with Logic, Ethics, Æsthetics, and Metaphysics. The reader, however, must not conclude that the first volume is devoted to what we would call in English "Experimental Psychology"; for Empirical Psychology would be the term really descriptive of this treatise. The present name has been chosen—somewhat inconsistently—for the reason that the treatment of Rational Psychology is relegated to the Book on Special Metaphysics. Regarding the method properly called "experimental," our author remarks, not unjustly, that it labors under a great number of limitations; but he appears to entertain no illusion as to his ability to prophesy concerning its possible value in the future, after it shall have enjoyed an opportunity of growing during some six or seven hundred years.

Having professed a dislike for the too prevalent custom of wrapping philosophy up in rhetoric, Père Sortais dares, nevertheless, to draw largely upon his literary and classical learning for illustrations and quotations—and succeeds in illustrating his points very happily sometimes. But clearly his forte is analysis and division; and as affording a ready view of the whole subject commonly discussed under the rubric "Philosophy" his work is particularly successful. He arranges and classifies and subdivides with admirable lucidity; his indices especially betraying the clear mind and careful method of their maker.

The physiological summarizing in the Psychology appears to have been done rather hastily. Sometimes brevity interferes with thoroughness and confidence begets a dogmatic tone. Moreover, in certain places the arguments presented are deficient without any appearance of their author's having been conscious of that fact. Again, it seems strange that he should define sensation as "an agreeable or painful phenomenon of consciousness preceded by a nervous impression transmitted to the brain," and follow up this definition with a discussion of the question whether or not any sensations lack the pain-pleasure element. But on the whole the book deserves consideration, and, especially by its good mapping out of the field, will benefit students who remember that it is a text-book. The chapter dealing with the

* *Traité de Philosophie.* Par le P. Gaston Sortais, S.J. Two vols. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

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relations of the physical and the moral status are outspoken and enlightened.

4.—The Rev. Charles Bodington contributes to the Oxford Library of Practical Theology a volume on *Books of Devotion.** It aims at making the reader acquainted with the various holy thoughts that may be gathered in the fields of devotional literature, attention being given almost exclusively to works in English. A prominent defect of the book is its lack of thoroughness; a great medley of writers is referred to and an immense variety of tendencies is represented; yet no line of thought or subject of study is treated exhaustively. This is rather disappointing to readers given to reflection, or accustomed to scholarly methods. It might be supposed that few others would take up and enjoy a volume like the present; this, however, is a mistake. Any serious-minded person will find the book an instructive one to dip into for an occasional visit to the land of good spiritual literature.

The author contents himself for the most part with summaries of the books before him, refraining from comment or criticism—consequently he has put the kernel of a great many fine works at the reader's disposal. But, as was said above, the absence of a principle of selection seems to be responsible for a generally unsatisfying impression which the book is apt to leave. Most of the writers quoted from are Anglicans; Catholic authors when used are treated with all consideration. A strong plea is made for the legitimacy of Invocation to the Saints and other Catholic practices, but the line is drawn at Scaramelli's presentation.

5.—All who are interested in the question of social reform will gladly welcome this second volume† by Mr. Woods and his associates in the South End Settlement House of Boston. As their first volume, *The City of Wilderness*, which was published about four years ago, was a description of the conditions in the South End, so this book is a detailed study of the peoples and their environment in the two principal immigrant districts of that city, known as the North and West Ends.

* *Books of Devotion.* By the Rev. Charles Bodington. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Americans in Process.* Edited by Robert A. Woods. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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The writers have gone among the inhabitants of these sections, noted carefully the traits peculiar to the different nationalities, and estimated their value from the view-point of American citizenship. They point out many existing evils which, though differing in detail, are much the same as those which obtain in every city having a large immigrant population.

The principal suggestions offered are a better organization, trade unions, and a more far-sighted municipal policy. This would mean better care of the streets, more rigid building laws, more opportunities for fresh air and personal cleanliness; the erecting in each district of a hall where good books and good music may be had, and especially the establishing of technical training schools. The facts related in the book and the suggestions offered deserve serious consideration, not only by the people of Boston but also by all who are interested in the future of our American cities.

Mr. Woods admits the great influence for good which the Catholic Church exerts upon her immigrant children, but finds fault with particular aspects of her belief and practice. He seems to account it a great loss that scepticism has had so little effect among Catholics, and that the church holds to-day to the creed she has professed from the beginning. Mr. Woods can scarcely find ground for his complaint, if we inform him that the teachings of Catholicity are the utterances of the Most High, who knows no vicissitude nor shadow of change. A strange thing, this non-Catholic inability to understand that there may be in the world a religion not made by men but revealed by God, and consequently no more subject to revision than the divine veracity can be subject to delusion.

6.—Murder, sensuality, lying, the horrible Inquisition, wily Jesuits, misguided women—what is this? A yellow, paper-bound volume published many years ago by the firm of Little, Known, and Co.? No, indeed; it is an ornamented, cloth-bound book,* printed on good paper, with excellent typography, in the year of Christian civilization 1903, by the reputable firm of The Macmillan Company.

After reading it one wonders at the reason of the title, but that lack of appropriateness is soon forgotten amid the great mass of glaring inconsistencies and errors. The author's pur-

* *The Pagan at the Shrine.* By Paul Gwynne. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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pose, to be brief, is to show that the Catholic religion is merely a matter of emotion without a real, rational basis, carried on as a humbugging scheme by dishonest priests, accepted only by the ignorant and by the intelligent ones who would make capital out of this ignorance. The hero of the book is a man who gives up Catholicism for atheism, and of course he is the only character that has a spark of virtue. He is noble, honest, sincere, and pure. All the Catholics and the Catholic population of the country—Spain—are immoral, or very close to it, and to the diseased ear of the author all things of God's creation, even the peaceful zephyr of evening, brings a message of sensuality. To the evil-minded all things are evil. The author has a remarkable power in coloring his scenes well and depicting his characters with many an artistic detail. More's the pity that he should thus prostitute it after the manner of a Gautier or a Zola, and that his labors, for he certainly has labored, should go to the service of evil and his own disgrace, rather than to God's glory and his own. No matter that he should misrepresent and vilify the greatest institution of souls upon earth; that his ignorance or his maliciousness should lead him to insult a country whose peasantry is one of the purest on earth; caricature the administration of the Sacraments, lie about confession, outstrip even the notorious Llorente in the matter of the Inquisition, picture general flirtations among the Catholics in church, insult religious orders, and make priests ridiculous—all this he does, and then with equal effrontery presents his work to an intelligent public through one of our most reputable publishing houses.

We had almost believed that the day had past when a leading publishing firm would father such a grievous, public offence against truth and morality.

7.—*The Rise of Ruderick Clowd** is the interesting life-story of a criminal told by Mr. Josiah Flynt, whose writings on the methods and habits of the world of "graft" are now quite well known. Ruderick Clowd even from his birth has the marks upon him of an outcast and a rebel against honest society. An illegitimate child, he is shunned by all until he wins recognition by his physical powers. His mother's advice is not heeded. He begins to pick pockets, then to go after larger

* *The Rise of Ruderick Clowd.* By Josiah Flynt. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

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"jobs," and finally has the proud name of being one of the most successful "crooks" in the country. Mr. Flynt throughout gives us the criminal's point of view. His account of reform schools is a very sorry one, and he would seem to give no room for amendment or repentance in prison life. The book is rich in pictures of the Under World, full of the professional vocabulary of the "crooks," and abounds in detailed descriptions of their methods, whether working alone or in gangs on big "jobs." But Mr. Flynt must have a hero in his book, and at the end Ruderick becomes very much of a one; yet he is not the least sorry for his years of sin, has no word of regret for them, and his transition from a "crooked" to a "straight" life is stated but not justified, which is, to say the least, inartistic.

8.—This small volume* of the series of Little Novels by Favorite Authors is a story of student days at Harvard. All who enjoyed Mr. Wister's classic story of Western life in the *Virginian* will find an agreeable half-hour in reading *Philosophy 4*. There are two heroes who, boldly undertaking the course in philosophy, attend but few of the lectures, and consequently have to "plug" continuously for a few days before the exams, under the guidance of a tutor. In spite of a wild time in the country the day before, they succeed with remarkable credit to themselves. Mr. Wister represents his heroes as not being serious students, but the language he puts into their mouths contradicts all that, else they never could have uttered the many bright criticisms that demolish conceptualism and that do credit to Mr. Wister himself. And after all, in spite of the author's sarcasm, a man would be just as successful in life and do just as much good to himself and to his fellow-men, and most probably much more, even if he were only a book-reviewer on the *Evening Post*, and not the treasurer of the New Amsterdam Trust Company.

9.—To read of lives wasted away in struggling to preserve the only true religion in a land where religious liberty was denied, is at times a tonic to our lethargic spirituality.

We have such a reinvigorator in this *Catholic London Missions*.† It is a collection of the fragmentary accounts that have

* *Philosophy 4*. By Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *Catholic London Missions*. By Johanna H. Harting. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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filtered through years of penal laws and ages of persecution concerning the establishment, maintenance, and preservation of the chapels in which the faithful few and tried Catholics in and about London worshipped between the years 1625 and 1833. A "Mission Chapel" in such times often meant an old, out-of-the-way building or private house, rather than the cozy, pretty little chapel that stands out boldly in the cities of this present day of religious toleration. The pastor of the flock that secretly gathered in these mission chapels on days given to worship was often a poor Capuchin or Franciscan monk who took his life in his hands when he conducted services. Sometimes the buildings were insecure, and instances are related of floors falling through during services, causing frightful loss of life. Such accounts as these make us cherish our faith more closely because given us in a time when priests are not proscribed nor the faithful layman hunted. The volume contains but a simple narration of facts compiled with much labor and is very pleasant reading. Father Tyrrell, S.J., has written the preface.

10.—Pedagogical literature is genuinely enriched by Mr. Brown's history of "Our Middle Schools." Indeed, the entire province of American history is indebted to the volume.* For it is an almost entirely historical study, and what nation that has ever existed has had its schools so intimately bound up with its political development as our own? Important as was the work of those first strong settlers of Massachusetts in reclaiming an inhospitable soil from savagery and in building thereon the foundations of a new state, perhaps of deeper value were their passion and their endeavor for education. The Puritan had his share of human limitations and infirmities. He was not a genial creature. He had rigid ideas about his predestined election to grace and glory, and from the days of ancient Israel those are ideas which are but a step removed from fierce intolerance. But the Puritan has deeply engraven on the heart of this Republic the necessity of godliness and of an education which shall lead to godliness. His schools, established as soon as ever a forest clearing made room for the four humble walls, re-echoed the teaching of his meeting-

* *The Making of our Middle Schools.* An Account of the Development of Secondary Education in the United States. By Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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house. To learn to read was for the purpose of conning well the Scriptures; for, so declares the quaint Massachusetts Charter of 1647, it is "one cheife piect of yt ould deluder Satan, to keepe men from the knowledge of ye Scriptures." Accordingly, as early as 1642 the selectmen of all the towns in the Bay Colony were charged with the duty of seeing that parents provided for the religious, patriotic, and practical training of their children.

This training was a very strenuous affair, too. For according to the rules governing the town school of Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1645, school hours were fixed as follows: From March 1 to September 30, from seven in the morning to five in the afternoon; for the remainder of the year from eight o'clock till four. Another regulation declares that "because the rod of correction is an ordinance of God necessary sometimes to be dispensed unto children, the schoolmaster shall have authority to minister correction without respect of persons." But good fruit grew from this stern soil. How respectable an education must have been given in those early secondary schools we can discover from the following summary of requirements for admission into Harvard in 1734: "Whoever upon examination by the president, and two at least of the tutors, shall be found able *extempore* to read, construe, and parse Tully, Virgil, or such like common classical Latin authors, and to write true Latin in prose, and to be skilled in making Latin verse, or at least in the rules of Prosodia, and to read, construe, and parse ordinary Greek, as in the New Testament, Isocrates, or such like, and decline the paradigms of Greek nouns and verbs, having withal good testimony of his past blameless behavior, shall be looked upon as qualified for admission into Harvard College." About the same time was passed another law, now, alas! obsolete, to the effect that "no Blockhead or lazy Fellow in his Studies be elected."

How the characteristically American zeal for learning passed from New England through all the other Colonies, and how, as it travelled on, it acquired new perfections, Mr. Brown tells us, with grace and erudition. The rise and growth of academies and high schools, their courses of study, their discipline, their results; how religious control of education was gradually transformed to civil, and how, in consequence, a system of strictly denominational schools arose—these are some

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of the topics treated, along with the various problems which they suggest. There is a very kindly account of Catholic education in the United States. It is brief, naturally, but occupies a duly proportionate space. And in connection with this, Mr. Brown deserves our thanks for his perfect fairness, and for his application to reliable sources for his treatment of Catholic schools. Like every other thoughtful man, our author is a strong supporter of religious training as an integral part of the education of the young. Just how this training is to be given so as to be acceptable to all, he frankly does not pretend to decide, though he is hopeful of a happy issue of the problem. In conclusion we must again commend this work as one of unusual merit. May we soon have from a Catholic pen a volume, equally thorough, on the church's historic efforts to educate mankind!

11—Spencer Jones's remarkable book* has appeared in a second edition. It will be recalled that this extraordinary work from the pen of a Ritualistic clergyman advocates practically everything in Catholic doctrine and discipline, and pleads for England's submission to the See of Rome, as her sole hope of spiritual salvation. Thousands of Anglicans have read it, and, in the words of Lord Halifax's preface, have been thereby brought nearer "that reunion of the Church of England with the Apostolic See which is so necessary for the maintenance of the Faith, for the vindication of ecclesiastical authority, for the welfare of Christ's religion, and the spread of the Kingdom of God upon earth." One thing unhappily remains as an obstacle in the minds of Anglicans thus far advanced, and that is that they seem not to see the obligation to enter the Catholic Church which rests upon every individual who acknowledges her claims. They remain out of the Church, thinking thereby, and thinking sincerely, to lead a movement toward Rome. Nothing short of a corporate conversion, a national submission, seems to enter into their designs. But souls are saved singly and alone, and surely the Great Judge will not ask us how many we have induced to perform their duty, but, rather, how perfectly we have performed our own. Pity it is that these leaders of Anglicanism do not perceive that by entering the

*_England and the Holy See._ An Essay towards Reunion. By Spencer Jones. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1902.

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Church themselves they would conduct multitudes with them who now hesitate because their chieftains waver.

12.—Mr. Abbott's narrative of his tour in Macedonia* is one of the most fascinating books of travel we have ever read. The author is a scholar of the University of Cambridge, and writes with that large-spirited humanity, philosophic tolerance of human limitations, and keenness in taking in a situation, which are scarcely possible to any but a deep and genial student. He is altogether delightful. Whether he is cheated by a piratical official of the Sublime Porte, or starved in a villanous Turkish hamlet, or kept awake by the multitudinous din and the still more energetic odors wafted from a neighboring Ghetto, he is imperturbable and cheerful, and casts about to see if there be not in his misfortune matter for a jest. If humor smiled upon his journey as it smiles upon his account of it, he had a holiday jaunt indeed of pleasure unmixed with care. From the point of view of actual interest, too, this volume is valuable. The world's eyes are turning to Macedonia just now, and once more civilized men are putting to themselves the question: Ought not the unspeakable Turk to be driven from the soil of Europe as soon as ever honorable force can do it? Mr. Abbott has positive convictions on the point. Turkey, he declares, is corrupt and decadent past the possibility of cure. Its hideous fanaticism, unilluminated ignorance, and ridiculous ineptitude for progressive government, make it a reproach to modern times. Very likely in such a conclusion he has the support of the vast majority of intelligent men. In the description of the monks of Mt. Athos, a description which is in general very kindly, there will be some readers who will see a narrow view of the monastic vocation; but nothing is said in bitterness, and we can hardly bring ourselves into line with any severe strictures under this head. For a delightful entertainment of a born *voyageur*, we know of no book that surpasses this.

13.—Mr. Willard C. Selleck is a devout deist, and his forecast† of religion naturally takes for granted the downfall of dogma and the establishment of a faith incapable of verbal

**The Tale of a Tour in Macedonia.* By G. F. Abbott. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

†*The Spiritual Outlook.* By Willard Chamberlain Selleck. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1902.

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formulation. His view of Catholicity is in the main kindly; he admits many great services done for humanity by the church, and he recognizes many an excellent feature in her spirit and organization. But she insists on doctrinal precision, on the supernatural, on the mysterious and the miraculous, and hence is doomed, he tells us. So, he adds, is all religion doomed save only that creedless faith which urges men to love God and one another. A creedless faith is impossible. Men must express their ideas of the God they worship in propositions, and these propositions are a creed. And apart from abstractions, there is historic Christianity, there is the life of Christ, with its definite statements and precepts of belief and worship. If those definite statements form a doctrinal system established upon miracle, and established upon nineteen centuries of world-renovating beneficence, they demand that we cease *à priori* judgments on the necessity of creedlessness, and see whether or not we have not here the truths vouchsafed to us by the Son of God. If a man approaches in a spirit of honest criticism the life and words of Christ, he will discover how baseless is the fascinating delusion that the Lord delivered only lovely ethical lessons. He will learn that the mission of Christ is inexplicable without dogma—dogma as to the Person of Christ, the meaning of His life and death, the Kingdom of God and the means of sanctity prescribed for citizenship therein. And once clear, precise doctrine is seen to be essential to the Christian scheme, and once it is further seen that the Christian scheme is divine, the Catholic embodiment of Christianity stands squarely in the pathway of the sincere mind. In concluding our notice of Mr. Selleck's volume, we again testify with pleasure to his manifest desire to be fair and to his deeply religious spirit.

14 —These letters* of the Abbé Snell cut into Protestantism at its weakest point. They are almost entirely taken up with proving the necessity of an infallible teacher, and in demonstrating the insufficiency of private interpretation as a rule of faith. The author shows keenly that if we are bound to believe God's word because God spoke it, we must be infallibly certified that what we are believing is the true, genuine utterance of the Most High. If we are not infallibly sure that such and

* *Lettres à un Protestant.* Par l'Abbé Snell. Paris: Ancienne Maison Charles Douniol.

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such teachings are God's own, then we cannot hold them with infallible security, and if we do not believe with infallible security, then the motive of our faith cannot be the veracity of God. And a faith whose motive is not divine truthfulness, but trust in our own powers, is not divine supernatural saving faith, but feeble, error-beset, and purely human confidence. No true act of faith is possible, then, without an infallible oracle to tell us what is the word of God. Are the Scriptures privately interpreted such an oracle? The Abbé Snell calls up the classical arguments to show that they are not. They do not attest their own sufficiency, and cannot; they were not the rule of belief by which the world was converted, and while they contain the revelation of God, they may be subjected by private judgment to an analysis which extracts from them a thousand contradictory and consequently false interpretations. As there is no faith in God without an infallible teacher of revelation, so is there no such infallible teacher save the Catholic Church. The argument is invincible, and Abbé Snell has done religion a service in restating it. Unfortunately the number of Protestants to whom the book would appeal is constantly diminishing. Only those who hold to the strict, old-fashioned notions of faith, revelation, and the authority of Scripture, will be touched by the argument. But to the thousands upon thousands of non-Catholics who have thrown aside the Bible and smile at the supernatural, we speak an unknown tongue when we assume the need of infallible faith in God. Books of modern controversy would do well to start out with a demonstration of the necessity of supernatural religion, and of the inadmissibility of pure rationalism. Still, this little volume has a legitimate place and fills it creditably. A fresh interest attaches to these letters from the fact that their author is a convert. Cardinal Perraud's preface gives an admirable summary of the argument of the entire book.

15.—This little work of Dr. De Costa* is a timely critique of Ritualistic Anglicanism. It is a fond delusion of thousands within the Episcopalian body that they may cling to the beliefs and devotions of Catholic antiquity without entering into the one fold which is the historic legatee of antiquity. They

* *The Failure of Ritualism.* By B. F. De Costa. New York: Christian Press Association. 1902.

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would have Catholicity, but not the organized faith which has preserved and still teaches Catholicity. As well might a man in Siberia who had read himself into enthusiasm for the American Constitution, say, "I am in America." The hallucination might last for a few academic moments, but when confronted with the actualities—tyranny, suffering, and all wretchedness—it would have to vanish, and the poor exile would find that he was not in an earthly paradise, but in an abode of desolation and despair. Thus Dr. De Costa gently lifts the veil from the doctrinal contradictions of Anglicanism, from its permitted apostasies, its Low-Church denials and its Broad-Church deism, and asks his Ritualistic friends if they can imagine this to be the city of ancient peace, the unblemished Spouse of Christ, the Catholic faith of immemorial history. It is an effective method, and as it has done good in the past, so in this attractive presentation will it do good again.

16.—Father Gerard has done a genuine service to Catholic controversy by this admirable compilation.* *The Antidote* consists of brief answers to anti-Catholic calumnies; answers which have appeared from time to time in Catholic periodicals, and which would be lost to the greater number of readers if they remained shut up in the files of magazines. The field covered by these bits of controversy is very wide. Indulgences, Sin Tariffs, the Iron Virgin, Mariana the Teacher of Regicide, the *Monita Secreta*, and many other disputed points are touched upon. The treatment is always brief, sometimes unsatisfactory, but generally keen and decisive. A brochure of this kind is often more serviceable for ready reference and aptness of matter than great tomes and famous tractates.

17—Father Zurbonsen† is a pleasant narrator of the romance of travel. Without giving us much of deep historical or geographical interest, he chats entertainingly of the places he saw and the people he met; and his little book will while away a pleasant hour for those whose fancy finds delight in roaming over foreign lands.

18—A year ago Archbishop Merry del Val was drawn

* *The Antidote.* Edited by the Rev. John Gerard, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

† *Rambles through Europe, the Holy Land, and Egypt.* By Rev. A. Zurbonsen. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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into controversy with a Reverend Mr. Oxenham of the Anglican Church, and in the course of the contention delivered in Rome a series of conferences on the Papacy which have now appeared in book-form.* In lively style and pointed argumentation the right reverend author states the Scriptural and the historical proofs of the Roman Pontiff's primacy and infallibility, and disposes of the objections of Mr. Oxenham—who seems to have been, by the way, an antagonist of but mediocre capacity. The little volume forms a convenient reference of Papal controversy, and contains a valuable digest of patristic testimony as to St. Peter's office and prerogatives. We regret that the original texts of these citations have not been given as well as the translation.

19.—The books before us belong to a series of verse translations from the Greek dramatic poets, with commentaries and explanatory essays, for English readers. Uniform with this volume† there have been published the poems of Æschylus as the first of the set. The translator of Euripides says his object is to put before English readers a translation of some very beautiful poetry, and to give some description of a remarkable artist and thinker. He has taken two plays of Euripides, the "Hippolytus" and "The Bacchæ"—chosen partly for their beauty, partly because they are very characteristic of the poet. Different as they are, both are peculiarly imbued with his special atmosphere and purpose. Next, he has selected the chief ancient criticism of Euripides, a satire penetrating, brilliant, and, though preposterously unfair, still exceedingly helpful to any student who does not choose to put himself at its mercy. Mr. Murray gives a very valid reason why he has placed the hostile burlesque of "The Frogs" of Aristophanes in juxtaposition to the wonderful plays of Euripides. As to the method of these translations, it is odd but interesting and serviceable. The translator's aim was to build up something as like the original as possible in the form, and likewise (what is more daring and inventive) to take hold of the "spirit" beneath the letter. His scruple and fear are that

* *The Truth of Papal Claims.* By Raphael Merry del Val, D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder. 1902.

†*Euripides.* Translated into English Rhyming Verse by Gilbert Murray, M.A., LL.D. *Sophocles.* Translated and Explained by John Swinnerton Phillimore, M.A. With Illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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the scholars may differ as to what the "spirit" of Euripides really is. We must await their discussion and judgments. In the meantime we are pleased to be able to say that the present volumes will always be of value and interest to students of these immortal productions.

Not the least merit of Mr. Phillimore's book is the analytic introduction to the consideration of the tragedies of "Ædipus Tyrannus," "Ædipus Coloneus," and "Antigone." Sophocles, although more difficult, is better known and more widely translated. This, however, does not take anything from the fact that Mr. Phillimore's translation is a substantial contribution to the already abundant literature concerning the dramas of Sophocles the incomparable.

20.—A new and improved version of the treatise of the celebrated Venetian centenarian, Louis Cornaro, has just been published.* Cornaro lived from 1464–1566. A descendant of the illustrious family, through the dishonest intrigues of relatives he was deprived of honors and privileges that belonged to him, retired from public life, and spent almost all his time at Padua. This injustice was after all a blessing, for it forced his philosophic mind to change, as it were, the course of his life and resulted in his giving to us the treatise on *The Temperate Life* that has made his name famous.

He was born with a very delicate constitution, and further endangered his health by intemperate habits. Seeing that death was very close if he continued, he changed his manner of life. At the age of ninety-five Cornaro wrote: "I am certain I too should live to that age (one hundred and twenty) had it been my good fortune to receive a similar blessing (a perfect constitution) at my birth; but because I was born with a poor constitution I fear I shall not live much beyond a hundred years." Again he writes: "I never knew the world was beautiful until I reached old age." A famous portrait of Cornaro by Tintoretto hangs in the Pitti Palace of Florence. A copy of it forms the frontispiece of the present volume.

The first edition of *The Temperate Life* was published at Padua in the year 1558. It has been translated into Latin and several other languages. It is divided into four discourses,

* *The Art of Living Long.* By Louis Cornaro. Milwaukee: William F. Butler.

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written severally at the ages of eighty-three, eighty-six, ninety-one, and ninety-five.

In the first the author speaks of the three abuses of his day—adulation, heresy (the Reformation had just extended into some parts of Italy), and intemperance. The first has impaired the social life, the second the soul's life, and the third the life of the body. Cornaro's philosophy may be reduced to the phrase, "Be temperate in all things," and the work is an exposition of the practical following out of that adage. This subject is developed more at length in the second discourse; in the third a law of life is stated, in which he writes: "The awful thought of death does not trouble me in the least, although I realize on account of my many years that I am nigh to it; for I reflect that I was born to die, and that many others have departed this life at a much younger age than mine. Nor am I disturbed by that other thought, a companion of the foregoing one, namely, the thought of the punishment which after death must be suffered for sins committed in this life. For I am a good Christian, and as such I am bound to believe that I shall be delivered from that punishment by virtue of the most Sacred Blood of Christ, which He shed in order to free us, His faithful servants, from those pains."

The fourth discourse is a loving exhortation in which, by the authority of his own experience, the aged author would persuade all mankind to take up the same orderly life. Selections from Bacon's *History of Life and Death* and from Temple's *Health and Long Life* follow, and also a history of the Cornaro family.

The volume is tastefully gotten up, with some very fine illustrations. It is interesting reading and forms something of a classic on the subject. It is most important in showing that he who runs against nature's law brings destruction upon himself both in this world and in the world to come. And is also of value to those who wish to live a particularly long time on this earth. We are bound, of course, to protect our health—not to endanger life; but some of us may not be over-anxious to live here too long. At any rate the writing of Cornaro—a good Catholic with thoroughly Catholic principles—is of value in this: that he shows us how to lead a good life. And that is what we should yearn for. Not a short life nor a long life—but whatsoever God may wish it—at least a *good* life.

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21.—The details and the lessons of the life of St. Margaret of Cortona are set forth in the present issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE by the able pen of Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. A new life of St. Margaret has just been published.*

Perhaps nothing will do so much to show forth the value of the spirit of penance, and arouse our souls to it in these days of spiritual inactivity and of material comfort, than such reading as this. The present work, if it does that even to the smallest extent, will have fulfilled its mission.

The most authoritative biographer of St. Margaret is Father Bevegnati. He was the confessor of St. Margaret in the days of her change of life—in her journey up the hill of perfection, her director and her guide through all her wonderful career, and finally gave her the last rites for her journey to the All-Perfect One Himself. Being thus the confidant of all the secrets of her own soul and of the personal, intimate manifestations that God made to St. Margaret, Father Bevegnati was well suited to write her life. But perhaps he was too enraptured with that part of her days that he knew best and longest. At least he omits anything like a scientific, chronological arrangement, and fails in picturing the details of those years that make St. Margaret's sanctity shine all the clearer and brighter—the days of her sinful wanderings. Perhaps he is to be excused from this, for Father Bevegnati's main purpose was not to give a full historical biography, but only to show forth the holiness of the subject that the claims for her canonization might be justified.

The events of St. Margaret's early life are familiar to most Catholics, or at least can be found in the pages of our current number. Mr. O'Connor, the translator also, by the way, of *St. Francis of Assisi*, has done his best in a historical way to supply details of incidents and of arrangement that were wanting in Father Bevegnati's work. He opens with a statement of the condition of Italy in the second half of the thirteenth century, from which arose a providential mission for St. Margaret somewhat after the manner of that of St. Catherine of Siena. The unhappy years of childhood are then pictured, together with the fall and the great sin. Then comes the account of

* *St. Margaret of Cortona, the Magdalen of the Seraphic Order.* By Rev. Leopold De Chérancé, O.S.F.C. Sole authorized Translation, by R. T. O'Connor. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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her conversion, her penance, and her religious vocation. These are followed by many chapters on her interior life. A list of the hagiographical sources consulted by the author is added. The book has many illustrations. Mr. O'Connor has done his work well, and merits much praise, but he has allowed his English to suffer at times by a too close adherence to the original French. With the Life of St. Francis already published and the Life of St. Clare of Assisi, which is in preparation by the same translator, the present volume will help to complete a hagiographical trilogy illustrative of the Franciscan spirit and action in the middle ages.

22.—We regret that this volume, *The Girlhood of Our Lady*,* did not arrive in time for a notice at the most appropriate time for it, the month of May.

Miss Brunowe has taken up the birth, the early incidents, and the marriage of the Virgin Mary, pictured them with her best power of taste and expression, added here and there an adornment of her own making, or a flower from some story of tradition, and called the whole "The Girlhood of Mary." The book is, as we have said, well written, illustrated with a wealth of good half-tones, and with its detailed coloring of Scriptural scenes and places, will go far towards giving a knowledge of Mary's early days and surroundings, to the young folks particularly. Both because of its mechanical make-up and this exceptionally attractive presentation of Mary's girlhood, it will, we are sure, find a welcome among the children of Mary.

Yet we cannot but wish that in some cases stories that have no foundation save in the fancies of some over-zealous imaginations, were separated with greater care from the absolute Scriptural truth. Pretty and attractive in themselves, these tales oftentimes make us lose, if not entirely, at least in some measure, the force of the simple account of the Gospels. For example, if Mary was accustomed from her earliest years to read the seventh chapter of the Book of Wisdom, and to understand it most wonderfully, and to feel the invisible presence of angels, surely then the message of the Archangel would not have begotten that complete surprise "*troubling*" the soul of the Virgin who, simply because she believed

* *The Girlhood of Our Lady.* By Marion J. Brunowe. New York: The Cathedral Library Association.

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she was not worthy to be the mother of the Messias, chose a life of virginity. It was this humility that God regarded. Of course in the case of older readers this criticism would be unjust, for they would do what the author wants them to do—separate fiction from truth. But we look for the book to do good work among the young particularly, and without a teacher they could not always make this distinction.

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD'S LATEST NOVEL.*

Lady Rose was an Englishwoman who left her husband for no other reason than his dull, unresponsive nature, which irritated her own vain, frivolous temperament. She eloped with an artist of socialist tendencies, one of the type so common in these days of exaggerated ideas of the mission of democracy; aptly described by the authoress in the picture given of the home they fled to near Brussels, where on the wall there hung "photographs or newspaper portraits of modern men and women representing all possible revolt against authority, political, religious, even scientific, the everlasting NO of an untiring and ubiquitous dissent!" Of course their fine-spun sophistries of self-justification on the ground of genius and temperament being above the law for the common herd, did not change the usual result of such unlawful violations of the marriage bond, the destruction of which the world outside the Catholic Church never will learn means also the slaughter of society. They died in ostracism and poverty, raging at an unfeeling world, whose banishment they deliberately invited.

One child was the sole earthly remnant of that unholy union. She, under the name of Julie Le Breton, is the heroine of the story. She is described as mysteriously beautiful, not actually so, tall, hair luxuriant, black as night, which against the pallor of face, and linked with eyes of marvellous expression, makes up the mystical witchery of personality which certain authors like to conjure with. The characters in the book move at the will of this wondrous creature—the most of them vexed at themselves for doing so. She is lawless, unconventional, on the point once in the book of doing irrepar-

* *Lady Rose's Daughter.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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able folly as serious as her mother's—the excuse for which is plausibly blamed by the authoress on her origin and training. She is in the end watched over and saved and finally married to Jacob Delafield, the hero who is supposed to properly domesticate this beautiful wild animal.

From the stand-point of a Catholic the book is pernicious. The heroine is a Catholic who is said to be too clever for the nuns who taught her. When she dallied none too discreetly with the affections of a man who was about to be married to another woman, the authoress apologizes by saying that she had been brought up among the Latin races, who habitually hold light views of married people's love affairs with others. Again, the authoress compares disparagingly the Catholic idea of "Recollection," as implying in the life of the religious "fetters and self-suppressions," compared with Jacob Delafield's "Recollection," "living in the eye of the Eternal, possessed by the passion of the Spiritual ideal; in love with charity, purity, simplicity of life." The hero is a mystic, an ascetic. Upon his enthusiastic fervor, his creedless religion, all the admiration of the authoress is bestowed. She almost infers that this man's visions were supernatural, and Julie's cold Catholic training yields finally to his absorbing, trance-like spiritual devotions. The authoress even dares to say that after one of these seasons of prayer Julie was "afraid" of this man—evidently referring to the fear as like the Apostles' fear of our Lord in his supernatural moods; else why does she put the word "afraid" in quotations?

Religiously the book is trash, of a common sort, unhappily, in these days of sermons from penny journals; authority in religion is ignored and creedless love of the unknown God is put on a pedestal to be adored. As a study of the frivolous life of ignoble people in high life in England it is interesting and at times powerful, though far from edifying. The sole relief from a dark background of worldliness is the religious hero, who to the instructed Catholic is pitifully benighted.

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Library Table.

The Tablet (4 April): Roman Correspondent denies the truth of the rumor that Abbé Loisy has been called to Rome, and that his book would be examined by the Biblical Commission and probably condemned. Mentions a pamphlet criticising Abbé Loisy's book by Fr. Palmieri, on which the *Civiltà Cattolica* comments favorably. The *Civiltà* declares that Abbé Loisy has violated a cardinal principle of Catholic apologetics in his well-intentioned desire to confute Harnack.

(11 April): E. C. Butler writes a letter in which he says that *Tablet* readers who know Loisy's book only through its columns will wonder why the book is not going on the Index. If it were judged by the standard of absolute Catholic faith, Loisy himself would concur in some of Fr. Palmieri's strictures. He himself warns his readers that judged by this standard his book is "very defective and incomplete, notably in what concerns the divinity of Christ and the authority of the Church." Loisy's method is to take the Gospels, etc., exactly as Harnack does—*i.e.*, as merely human documents—and to test whether Harnack's conception of essential Christianity and his rejection of Catholicism really issue from his own premises, interpreted by his own methods. The picture drawn under those limitations, though by a master hand, is but a barest outline; yet it is the outline of nothing else than traditional Catholicism. It is vain to present to those against whom the abbé writes the treatises *De Incarnatione*, for they do not see such a Christ in the Gospels. The book is apologetic, and apologetics, like tongues, are for unbelievers, not believers. A statement of Catholicism may be true from the critic's historical stand-point, and yet theologically inadequate; but it is important, in face of current modes of thought, to have an expression of Catholicism in the bare language of severely critical history.

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Fr. Kent, O.S.C., on the same subject, says that in view of Abbé Loisy's submission, it seems neither just nor generous to publish a crude list of his alleged errors. Taken by themselves they present a false impression of a book which in the main is a powerful argument for Catholicism. Why preserve the errors so that all who run may read them, if the book is to be kept from the public? Suppose the Roman Correspondent's list of errors is true, they may bear a different meaning in the context. No candid reader can accept it as accurate, and Fr. Kent characterizes the list as a grotesque perversion of Abbé Loisy's meaning.

Fr. Vincent McNab, O.P., asks hagiographers if there is any historical foundation for the astounding, not to say scandalous, promise of final perseverance contained in the twelfth promise to Blessed Margaret Mary, viz.: "To those who communicate on the first Friday of the month for nine consecutive months, *I promise the grace of final repentance; they shall not die in my disfavor*," etc. Assuredly there is no theological justification for it.

(18 April): Wilfrid Ward quotes Cardinal Newman to support Fr. Butler and Fr. Kent in reference to the censures recently passed on Loisy's book: ". . . Every human writer is open to just criticism. Make him shut up his portfolio, and then perhaps you lose what on the whole and in spite of incidental mistakes would have been one of the ablest defences of Revealed Truth ever given to the world." "I do not know what Catholic would not hold the name of Malebranche in veneration, but he may have accidentally come into collision with theologians or made temerarious statements notwithstanding. The practical question is whether he had not much better written as he has written than not have written at all" (*Idea of a University*, p. 477). Mr. Ward says the general principle is of tenfold importance at a time like the present.

Roman Correspondent writes that he simply puts readers in possession of public and weighty expression of opinion in Rome on actual questions of the day, and not his own personal opinions.

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Theodore A. Metcalf, J. G., C. C. Fernensis, Cuthbert Robinsim write on the twelfth promise to Blessed Margaret Mary. Fr. Thurston says that the leaflet quoted by Fr. McNab does not give her utterance accurately. The essentially conditional character of all such promises should be insisted upon. The *Hand-book of the Apostleship of Prayer* does this, and from it it appears that Bl. Margaret Mary herself believed our Lord to have promised "the grace of final repentance" to those who made the nine Fridays, and this belief was no bar to her beatification. A writer quotes these words of the Bishop of Aberdeen: "Far be it from a bishop to say anything to curb or check one's devotion. Far be it from us to say that it is not a good thing, for example, to go to Holy Communion on nine consecutive First Fridays in nine consecutive months. It is an excellent practice, but it would be better to go on ten, and better still on eleven or twelve. But this we will say, that it is not a good thing if these first consecutive Fridays will interfere with Communions on Sundays and Holydays of Obligation."

(25 April): Frs. McNab and O'Hare, *Evangelist*, and *Confessor*, continue the discussion on the twelfth promise.

Le Correspondant (April 10): Continuing his study of the war of 1870 M. Lamy presents an estimate of the resources remaining to France after the capitulation of Sedan. M. Pierre de la Gorge *(Études d'histoire contemporaine)* reviews the origin of the candidature of the Prussian prince for the Spanish throne. A highly appreciative criticism of the Polish Countess Zamorska's little volume on education is contributed by Cardinal Perraud. The story illustrative of what may be expected as the results of the divorce laws *(La Loi Nouvelle)* is continued (M. Leroux Cesbron).

(April 25): The second paper of M. Lamy on the Franco-Prussian war treats of the anarchical character of the defence made by the subsidiary forces after the fall of Napoleon III. M. Pierre de la Gorge *(La France et la Prusse avant la Guerre)* gives a very detailed account of the march of events from the third of July till the eleventh, when Prince Anthony withdrew his son's can-

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didature. Marie André has a lively sketch of the curious epistolary friendship which existed between the two dreamers, Frederick William IV. of Prussia and Madame D'Arnim. M. Paul Thureau-Dangan *(La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au dix-neuvieme siècle)* has a review of the position of Pusey and Wilberforce after the conversion of Manning. *La Loi Nouvelle* is continued.

La Quinzaine (May 1): Severely arraigning the bitter animosity of Michiels towards Sainte-Beuve, M. Michaud introduces six unpublished letters of a very friendly tenor from Sainte-Beuve to the younger critic. M. I. Delaporte contributes an interesting paper, drawn from the disclosures made by the Grand Duke of Baden, on the methods pursued by the Prussian Chancellor and his helpers for the establishment of the German Empire. M. Fonsegrive continues his discussion of matrimonial institutions; he takes a historical *aperçu* of the ethnic estimate of the marriage contract.

Civiltà Cattolica (2 May): Contains an article on Loisy's *L'Évangile et l'Église*, declaring that Harnack's book was the pretext rather than the occasion of Loisy's writing; that the latter errs through lack of sound criticism and of full and exact acquaintance with the Gospel and with Catholic Christianity; that P. Palmieri has traced Loisy's mistakes to a holding back from the mind and the historical tradition of the church; that PP. Grandmaison, S.J., and Bouvier, S.J., have confuted Loisy successfully; that P. Lagrange has denounced Loisy's critical theories, and that if Father Kent had studied Loisy's book he would not have censured its critics, including the *Civiltà* (evidently without having read it), in his letter to the London *Tablet*.

Discusses "a new way of writing the lives of the saints," giving special attention to the Joly series (Lecoffre), and in particular criticising the recently published life of St. Gaëtan by R. De Maulde La Clavière, whose work is declared to make the saint out as much more prone to human weakness than is compatible with his real character and with his canonization by the church.

Razón y Fe (May): P. Ruiz Amado writes at some length on

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the education of youth as being a divine vocation rather than an industry, and tells how, at great sacrifice, religious congregations set up establishments and devote their lives and means to the work of teaching. P. Ugarte discusses the present situation in Psychology and finds four tendencies—Neo-Kantism, Evolutionary Positivism, Cellular Psychology, and Scholastic Psychology. He concludes his discussion of the "Back to Kant" movement with a dilemma: If Kant is not in the rear, how go back? if he is, how go back, without retrograding. P. Cirera discusses Clerk Maxwell's theories on the nature of electricity and their corroboration by later experiments.

Revue des Questions Scientifiques (April): Dr. Hector Lebrun, in an article entitled "The Study of the Biological Sciences in the United States," maintains that Belgium in the construction of her projected maritime laboratories should seek enlightenment in America rather than copy the institutions and methods of the Zoölogical Station at Naples, which has for so long served as a model for almost all similar institutions in Europe. He treats of the status of the science of Biology in the United States, and gives a lengthy description of the laboratories of Wood's Holl and Cold Spring Arbor, both of which he found to be excellent institutions, but the former he believes, on account of its admirable location and thorough equipment, offers advantages for original research in the study of maritime fauna and flora nowhere surpassed.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (21 April): The storm which Prof. Delitzsch has caused by his lectures on "Babel and the Bible" is still raging; and this in spite of the adverse criticism of several eminent Assyriologists. Shouts of triumph from the far North to Sicily among free-thinkers, clamors from orthodox Protestants, meetings of protest among the Jews, criticisms without end from the ranks of scholars, still continue. P. Kugler, S.J., thinks that the disturbance is mainly due to the fact that the "ruling intelligence" of Germany—the Emperor with his consort, and their retinue—attended the lectures. Harnack attributes Delitzsch's success to "favorable circumstances." The first lecture was delivered in Berlin, Jan. 13, 1902,

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and repeated in the royal palace a few weeks later. Some of the views expressed in it concerning the Old Testament were far from "conservative." The introduction to the address of last January was a statement of what Assyriology has done for the Bible. "But soon," says Fr. Kugler, "the professor roams into the land of fancy, to the home of the Bedouins, where the grandeur of the world of stars and the intense heat which broods over endless deserts, produce in the mind wonderful pictures which startle even sober, northern minds." How astonished we are to hear that the Babylonians ascribed a marvellous power to the spittle. In a prayer to the god of Babylon we read: "O Morduk, thine is the spittle of life." "Does not this suggest certain narratives in the New Testament," says Delitzsch—"*e. g.*, when Jesus took the deaf and dumb man aside, put his finger into his ear, and touched his tongue with spittle? And as for raising the dead to life, even to-day, an Oriental physician who could not wake (!) the dead, would not dare appear in public." After his audience had been prepared for the worst, the professor said: "Revelation! One could scarcely imagine a greater aberration of the human mind than that which, for centuries, supposed the invaluable remnants of Hebrew literature to be a religious canon, a book of revealed religion."

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Comment on Current Topics.

A Most Important Decision

In the widespread discussion, both civil and ecclesiastical, which is now being carried on over the matter of marriage and divorce, two decisions of the United States Supreme Court, rendered during its present session, have not received the attention which their importance demands. Heretofore it has been customary for those anxious to be free from the obligation of marriage to betake themselves to some State where the divorce laws are not exacting, give their consciences into that State's keeping, employ its laws, and return home, as they believe, free men and women, and often, alas! to be received into society as reputable persons. But against such a practice, which has grown to be a national disgrace, the highest court of the land has put a stop. In both decisions of which we speak, the Supreme Court affirmed the decisions of the State courts which declared invalid, in the one case a Dakota, and in the other an Oklahoma divorce.

The opinion in the former case, written by Justice White, makes very interesting and instructive reading. "Marriage," he writes, "is something more than a mere contract. The consent of the parties is of course essential to its existence, but when the contract to marry is executed by the marriage, a relation between the parties is created which they cannot change. Other contracts may be modified, restricted or enlarged, or entirely released upon the consent of the parties. Not so with marriage. The relation once formed, the law steps in and holds the parties to various obligations and liabilities. It is an institution, in the maintenance of which in its purity the public is deeply interested, for it is the foundation of society, without which there would be neither civilization nor progress."

The decision of the Supreme Court lays down the principle that any State may pass a statute which renders invalid a divorce obtained legally in another State by one of its own citizens, in which the applicant took up his residence for a time merely for the purpose of obtaining a divorce. In this particular case Massachusetts refused to recognize a Dakota divorce, and the Massachusetts court was upheld. After the

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same manner South Carolina, for example, might refuse to recognize any divorce wherever obtained. It has generally been assumed that a divorce obtained anywhere according to the law of the State, would be recognized throughout the Union on the general principle that a divorce legal where granted is legal everywhere, and under the provision of the Federal Constitution that "full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other." But the Supreme Court holds that this applies only to a bona fide residence, not one undertaken *in fraudem legis.*

The Supreme Court states that it could not maintain that this action of the Massachusetts Court was a violation of this article of the Constitution "without saying that the States must, in the nature of things, always possess the power to legislate for the preservation of the morals of society, but that they need not have the continued authority to save society from destruction."

Hereafter, if dissatisfied husbands and wives get a Dakota divorce, they risk the danger of having that divorce declared void by the courts of their own State. The decision will be something of a check to the growing evil of divorce. Giving the States a knowledge of their power, may it also lead them to express their respect for that which, in the words of Justice White, is the only safeguard of society and the only warrant of progress.

It shows at least the miserably chaotic condition of our divorce laws, and makes ridiculous the editorial remark of the New York *Churchman* in criticising Father Coppen's article on marriage, "that the whole question (of marriage) is simplified and clarified if marriage is regarded as a civil contract subject to regulation by the state, to which the church gives her blessing when conditions would not make that blessing vain."

Medical Ethics.

The most important action of the American Medical Association in their convention, held early in May at New Orleans, was the adoption of a code of medical ethics. It is argued that the adoption of this code will bring the members of the profession into perfect harmony, doing away with every reason for discord and difference. The code bespeaks a high standard indeed, in which the sense of morality and of charity are well blended.

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But it is none too high for that profession which of all secular ones we believe to be the most dignified, the most important, and the most responsible. The code is quite exhaustive. It defines the duties of physicians to their patients; the services of physicians to one another; and their duties to the public. With regard to the first point, physicians must not disclose any of the private affairs of the patient, and timely notice should be given of dangerous manifestations to the friends of the patient and to the patient himself, if necessary. This is most important from a Catholic point of view. The patient must not be abandoned if found incurable.

Physicians must be temperate in all things; must not employ public or private advertisements, and must not boast of cures and remedies, nor accept rebates on prescriptions.

Physicians should not treat themselves or their families, nor charge for services given to a brother physician or a member of his immediate family. They must not pay commission to any one who recommends them, nor desert their post in cases of pestilence.

Tenement Houses

The report of the Tenement House Department of New York printed in the May issue of *Charities* gives more than abundant—yes, even horrifying proof of the warranted protest against the attempt of certain inhuman beings who sought during the latest session of the New York Legislature to break down the wholesome Tenement House Laws. These laws were themselves enacted at the suggestion of an expert commission. And it is most fortunate for the poor and for the name of New York State that the bill introduced under the supervision of Mr. De Forest has become a law.

The report given in *Charities* tells of the pitiable conditions that prevail among the tenements of the East Side of New York City. Pigs and goats were found living in the cellars of bakeries. "On rainy days the maccaroni was dried in the room with the goats. The pig-stye opened directly into a bakery. The plumbing and sewerage were often in a condition that made certain the breeding of disease and death." The work of this report covers 82,000 tenement houses. The department has found 325,000 sleeping rooms with absolutely no ventilation or light save from the door.

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Surely if we are unable to do the work of humanity abroad for other nations, which we are so nobly anxious to do, we might do a little more of it at our very doors.

A Change of Name. The Episcopal Church is again agitating for a change of name. So far the movement seems to be in favor only with the clergy. Of ten conventions held recently to discuss the matter only one—Florida—voted for a change, and that by a large majority; but the name of American Catholic Church was carried by a small majority. In the conventions the lay element was decidedly against the change, and many who voted for change did not know what change they wanted.

But, alas! to give a child a new name does not change the circumstances of its birth.

Charity Work. We have endeavored from time to time to give some idea of the extent of the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. During the summer months the Society makes special efforts to relieve, in some measure at least, the distress of the crowded, poor children of the city. This work has been carried on successfully for the past four years in the old Furman mansion at Baychester. The Society has now secured a new property and a larger Fresh-air Home, which will be opened in June. Last year the New York Society gave a two-weeks' free outing to nearly one thousand children of the tenements. The new purchase of the Rockland County farm will enable it to double its work this year. It is a work which in the best sense of the word deserves the support and encouragement of those who love the poor.

WE have received for review the new volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. These volumes constitute, in combination with the existing volumes of the ninth edition, the tenth edition of the *Britannica*, and form in themselves an independent library of reference, dealing with the most recent events in the world and their developments. A review of the volumes will appear in our pages.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

FOR twenty-five years the Gaelic Society of New York has maintained a heroic struggle to provide facilities for the study of the language in which St. Patrick preached the doctrines of the Catholic Church in Ireland. To commemorate this event an excellent programme was arranged for the annual Feis Ceoil Agus Seanachas, held in Carnegie Hall. Showing the progress of the movement, the following statement was given in a neat pamphlet: The Commissioner of Education in Ireland for the year 1877 refused to recognize Irish as the vernacular of the country—to-day the language is taught in more than 1,600 schools as a living speech during school hours. In 1880 two sticks of Irish appeared once a week in an out-of-the-way corner of the Dublin *Freeman;* to-day the Gaelic League publishes a monthly magazine and a weekly newspaper in Irish, three private weekly ventures are propagating the principles of the Gaelic Revival, and nearly every magazine or periodical of standing has its font of Irish type and prints from a column to a page.

In 1880 the superb creations of the Bards of Gaelic Ireland were scarcely known at Irish concerts or gatherings; to-day there is no Irish concert deserving the name at which their genius is not represented and the glowing influence of their song felt. Better yet, the evidence of the growth of a school of composers worthy their great predecessors is manifest.

In 1882 a congress in the interest of the Irish language was held in Dublin; less than fifty persons attended, but excited no special interest; in 1897 the ancient Irish institutions of the Oireachtas was revived in Dublin; in 1902 it lasted for a week, with more than 600 entries for the literary and musical competitions, and thousands of visitors in attendance from every part of Ireland and Britain—from which centre radiates every effort directed to the moral, literary, artistic, and economic betterment of Ireland. The branches affiliated to the Gaelic League in Dublin number 475, with a membership of fifty thousand.

In 1880 there were 750,000 Irish speakers in a population of 5,450,000. In 1902, though the population had dwindled to 4,500,000 and the loss by emigration fell largely on Irish-speaking districts, there were still left more than 700,000 Irish speakers throughout Ireland.

The objects of the New York Gaelic Society are to promote and foster the study of the language, literature, music, and art of Ireland.

To encourage the study of Irish history and of Irish civilization and ideals, and to extend an acquaintance with the history of the Irish race in America, and its contributions towards the creation and development of the American Republic.

To assist the movement in Ireland for the revival of the national language, music, art, and industries.

Classes in the Irish language are held every Wednesday evening throughout the year from 8 o'clock until 10; classes for the study of Irish music and Irish history are held during the spring, autumn, and winter. Lectures on

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various subjects within the scope of the society's work are delivered frequently, and many of the ancient Irish festivals are duly commemorated by appropriate musical and literary exercises.

There is no charge for admission to any of the classes or lectures. To enable it to continue and extend this work, the society earnestly appeals to all sympathizers for active support.

The society is non-political and non-sectarian.

Information as to membership can be had upon application to the secretary, No. 47 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

* * *

Under the direction of Dr. Richard Morse Hodge, lecturer in Bible study, and Professor Frank M. McMurry, of the department of elementary education, a Sunday-school has been started at Teachers' College, New York City, to instruct teachers in a branch of work which, for the most part, has received little scientific educational attention. In respect to this phase of the Teachers' College work, Dean Russell recently said:

We may deplore the wretched work of our Sunday-schools, but nothing better can be expected until better teachers are available. The endowment of a single professorship is all that is needed to begin a work which, so far as I know, has never yet been attempted, but which is greatly needed for the education of the American children.

Evidently Dean Russell is not fully cognizant of all the facts in this matter. During ten years past the Catholic Summer-School at Cliff Haven, N. Y., on Lake Champlain, has provided at each session a course of instruction by specialists in Sunday-school work, who are also quite at home in the domain of pedagogy. Under the auspices of the Paulist Fathers, a Child Study Congress was held in the year 1897, at Columbus Hall, New York City, chiefly to discuss the laws of spiritual growth and to foster the study of religious knowledge among children. For over twenty years a very high standard of excellence has been maintained in the Sunday-school connected with the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, corner Sixtieth Street and Columbus Avenue, where the average attendance is rarely below sixteen hundred. About two years ago a normal training class for catechists was established by Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, in conjunction with the managers of St. Rose's Settlement, No. 323 East Sixty-fifth Street. From October, 1902, to May, 1903, these Catechists and others attended the course of free lectures at the hall of St. Vincent Ferrer, Sixty-sixth Street and Lexington Avenue, indicated in the following list:

The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine and its Saints. Rev. James N. Connolly.

Attendance at Catechism. Rev. Dennis J. McMahon, D.D.

Sunday-school Discipline. Rev. Michael J. Lavelle.

Devices for Securing Interest. Rev. Michael J. Considine.

The Art of Questioning. Rev. Thomas L. Kinkead.

The Sunday-school and the Spiritual Life. Rev. Henry A. Brann.

Bible Study in the Sunday-school. Rev. Joseph H. McMahon. Ph.D.

The Sunday-school as a Social Factor. Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S.J.

Sunday-school Music. Rev. Richard O. Hughes.

The Children's Mass. Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P.

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Teacher and Parent. Rev. Charles H. Colton.

The Teacher as Missionary. Rev. Clement M. Thuente, O.P.

Has Controversy a Place in the Sunday-school? Rev. Thomas J. Cullen, C.S.P.

The Instruction of Ignorant Adults. Rev. S. R. Brockbank, O.P.

* * *

A Reading Circle Manual, by Humphrey J. Desmond, editor of the *Catholic Citizen*, Milwaukee, contains many useful suggestions and lines of reading gathered from some of the best workers. It deserves a large circulation, and will be found of special value to beginners seeking for guidance in the choice of books. On page 43 due credit is given to *The Columbian Reading Union* department of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, established June, 1889, but there is no mention of the fact that the Ozanam Reading Circle was formed in 1886 among the graduates of St. Paul's Sunday-school, New York City. Another important point omitted is, that the discussion of the need of a general movement for courses of reading after graduation was begun in the department "With Readers and Correspondents" of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE for December, 1888. The first unsigned communication was written in Milwaukee, Wis., by Miss Julie E. Perkins. Further particulars regarding her valuable personal service in awakening latent forces for the practical realization of her plan, may be found in the Tribute of Praise, published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, August, 1894, shortly after her lamented death. She had very strong convictions that the Catholic people of high position in social life were in many cases allowing the intellectual opportunities of the present age to be monopolized by shallow, self-constituted leaders. Her efforts to make known the enduring claims of Catholic authors deserve perpetual remembrance.

The request for a discussion of the plans submitted by Miss Perkins was answered by numerous letters from readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, showing that in the United States, in Canada, in Australia, and throughout the immense area of the English-speaking world there was need of a wider diffusion of the best Catholic literature. From reliable sources of information it was estimated that thousands of dollars were annually spent by Catholics, especially in the rural districts, for ponderous subscription books. Unscrupulous agents grossly misrepresented the value of such publications, while enemies of the church were enabled to point the finger of derision at the vulgar display of shocking bad taste in printing, binding, and caricature photographs of distinguished ecclesiastics. Proofs were abundant that avaricious publishers had engaged in the nefarious work of deceiving simple people, seeking to establish the impression that the sale of these books in some way procured revenue for the church. A vast field of activity for intelligent Catholics having wealth, leisure, and zeal was thus brought into public view. The intellectual defence of the truth under existing conditions required an organized movement to secure the best books of Catholic leaders in literature, and banish from Catholic homes the clumsy volume kept on a marble-top table.

* * *

By request of A S. D. the back numbers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE have been examined to find an article contrasting George Eliot and

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Mrs. Craven. September, 1873, was the date when the article appeared, and it was written by the late John McCarthy, formerly assistant editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, who is best known as the author of an excellent short History of the World still for sale in Barclay Street.

* * *

The young man who wrote to inquire about the difference of opinion between Catholics and Socialists will find much information in an erudite article by Wilfrid Ward published in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, January, 1903—Philadelphia, 211 South Sixth Street. It contains an outline of the Catholic Social Movement in France, Switzerland, Germany, and Austria, together with a statement of principles and the events that brought the discussion to the attention of Pope Leo XIII. A small volume entitled *The Pope and the People* contains an admirable condensation of Pope Leo's teaching on many subjects relating to the welfare of society. It is to be hoped that Wilfrid Ward's article will be republished in pamphlet form. Labor leaders would derive much wisdom from the account given of Count de Mun, M. Leon Harmel, Bishop Von Ketteler, and other distinguished workers for the people.

* * *

The Light Behind is the title of a new novel by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, which has been highly praised by some critics not given to partiality in regard to books by Catholic authors. It is not generally known that Mrs. Ward is the daughter of the late James Robert Hoe Scott, who inherited Abbotsford, the famous seat of Sir Walter Scott. Her mother, Lady Victoria Howard, was daughter of the late Duke of Norfolk. Her husband, Wilfrid Ward, was the son of Mr. George Ward, the friend of Cardinal Newman. Mr. Ward is the historian of the Oxford Movement and the Catholic Revival, and is the author of the life of his father, and also of *The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman.*

Many were repelled from reading Mrs. Ward's first novel by the title—*One Poor Scruple*—published a short time ago by Longmans, Green & Co., although it is a most interesting story of modern English life. Various types of characters are introduced, such as the chivalrous old Roman Catholic Squire; his daughter, who rides straight to hounds, but who begs her father to allow her to give up her position as heiress and become a Sister of Mercy; a literary man of infinitely varied sympathies, but with no convictions; and Cecilia, a splendid pagan creature, who is unscrupulous in her self-indulgence. The story is principally concerned with a young widow, Madge Riversdale, and the title is explained by the difficult position in which she finds herself placed in connection with a question of marriage.

* * *

A real sensation has been produced by the editorial writer of a very yellow journal presuming to enter the field against Hamilton W. Mabie and other truly good critics. This ardent defender of yellow journalism feels constrained to condemn Mrs. Humphry Ward in these words:

A girl opens *Lady Rose's Daughter.* It is written by a woman of serious and established literary reputation—the female William Dean Howells of England. Therefore she speaks with authority to the girl reader, who, if

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puzzled or shocked by what she peruses, is apt to decide that the fault must be with her own smaller and less experienced mind. Mrs. Ward introduces her to the very best English society, and introduces her well. The first half of the book is excellently written. The people have the air of reality. The girl reader meets, on terms of pleasant intimacy, dukes and lords and baronets and their ladies. The heroine, Mademoiselle Julie Le Breton, is flashed upon the girl as a wonderful creature who, besides being possessed of extraordinary social gifts, is perfectly at home as an intellectual equal with the Premier of England, wise old generals, and clear-headed, able men of the world in general. The girl reader never herself saw a young woman like that, so miraculously clever and fascinating and politically powerful, but she attributes this fact to her ignorance of life and feels humble accordingly. Mrs. Ward loves her heroine and admires her and caresses her. The girl reader is expected to share this admiration and liking and sympathy.

Yet Mrs. Ward causes this heroine, in a crisis of her life, to act in a manner that proves her to be without chastity and destitute of womanly shame. And after the heroine has been so revealed, Mrs. Ward continues to admire and caress her, and apparently takes it for granted that the reader will be equally fond and admiring. And in the end the heroine is rewarded by being made a duchess.

To the extent that the girl reader is betrayed into sympathy with a young woman capable of acting as Julie Le Breton is represented as acting, she is corrupted in mind, heart, and character. It is a dangerous book for idle and foolish women as well as for girls. Its intention is not gross, of course; but none the less, so far as its influence goes, it helps to weaken standards of conduct, departures from which must be terribly punished if human society is not to rot.

* * *

The New York State Teachers' Association will meet July 1, 2, 3, in the Auditorium of the Champlain Summer-School at Cliff Haven, N. Y. During this annual meeting many of the real leaders in educational advancement will be in attendance, and they will find a most congenial environment for their discussions.

Members of Reading Circles should arrange their plans to be at Cliff Haven August 23–29 for the lectures by the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy. Reports should be ready August 28, Reading Circle Day. The Sunday-School Conferences are assigned for August 17, 18, 19.

M. C. M.

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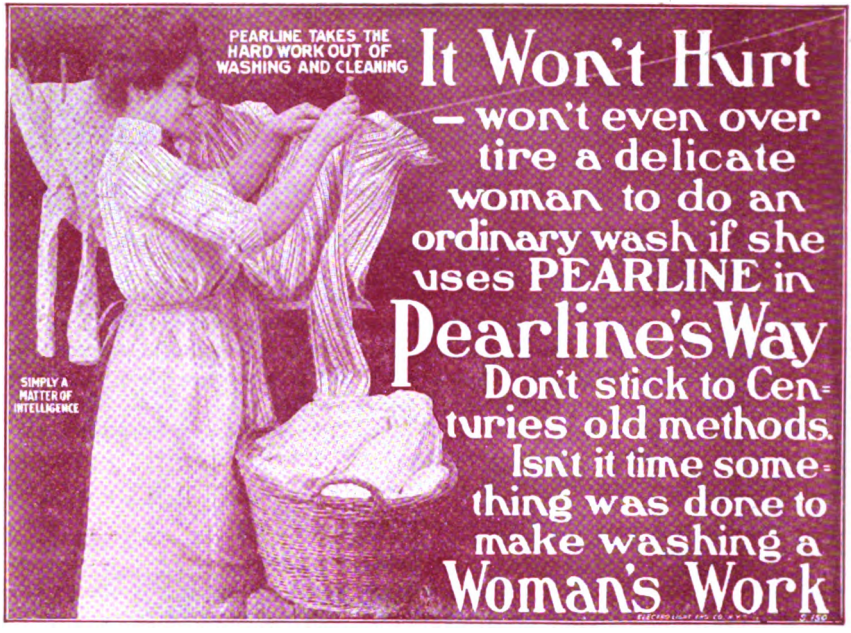
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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
JUN 29 1903
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GERMANY AND RUSSIA AT THE VATICAN.

BY J. T. MURPHY.

THE most remarkable jubilee tribute to Leo XIII., in the year in which he has completed the twenty-fifth of his pontificate, is unquestionably the acknowledgment by the powers of the world that his is the greatest political influence on earth.

Historians will deal with this acknowledgment. They will give the fact far greater accentuation than it receives in the turmoil and confusion of passing events of the present day. They will note even the attempt to minimize it, which is only an additional proof of its importance.

The King of England, traditional friend of Italy, goes to pay his homage to the Pontiff. The German Emperor, Italy's ally, visits the Vatican with a pomp and circumstance that are markedly absent when he visits the Quirinal. The Italian government, through its official press, profusely protests that these tributes to the Pope cause it no chagrin, but its pique and concern are allowed to leak out in an attempt to cast mild ridicule on the Kaiser's insistence on complete and detailed etiquette and lordly courtesy in his progress to the Papal palace. And while the press of the world is still commenting on the facts and significance of the bowing down of the Protestant King and the Protestant Emperor to the head of the

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1903

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Catholic Church, the Czar of Russia and the President of the French Republic hasten to announce early visits to the Holy See.

At the same time comes from Vienna a denial of a Roman rumor to the effect that the Emperor of Austria would, during the present year, betake himself to the Italian capital. The Catholic Franz Josef pays his tribute by staying away. He persists in committing a breach of kingly politeness in not returning an Italian King's visit, but his motive is frankly admitted; he will not visit an Italian King enthroned in a Papal palace forcibly taken from the Pope. Carlos, Catholic King of Portugal, for a like reason abandons a project of visiting his relatives in Rome; while the King of Servia, the Prince Regent of Sweden and Norway, and other potentates, who, not being Catholics, are not bound by a similar obligation, hasten to tell of coming visits to the Pope.

Thirty-odd years ago the Cavours and the Bismarcks spoke of the Papacy as an institution of the past. Depretis thought it henceforth a negligible quantity in the world's diplomacy.

Francesco Crispi some twenty years ago openly discussed the question of offering to Leo XIII. one of the small islands off the Italian coast for his abode and his dominion. What poor prophets and what short-visioned statesmen the irony of events has proved these famous men to be!

Leo XIII. to-day, at ninety-three, is the cynosure of monarchs and of governments, is the chief and almost natural object of visit of potentates who travel forth from their own domain, is the power whom the great nations in a moment of crisis vie with each other in conciliating, is the one man whose opinion the world at large loves to learn on all matters of universal concern in whatever clime. A frail old man is the most gigantic figure among living beings.

Of what transpired at the interview between King Edward and the Pope the following account is from the most reliable newspaper source in England: "The conversation turned chiefly on the health of the King, the Pope and the English Roman Catholics, without, however, any political character whatever." Concerning the Kaiser's visit to the Holy Father the ordinarily reliable American newspapers published this information: "During the interview Emperor William brought up the subject of Biblical studies and historical works. The Pope remarked that

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he had opened the Vatican Library to German scholars, because, he said, 'Science is what unites Rome and Germany in brotherly relationship.' The conversation then turned to the work of German missionaries, who number about 1,200, in addition to 300 nuns. Emperor William said these missionaries would always find the protection of their country wherever they might wander, and the Pontiff declared that the work of missionaries influenced the prestige of Germany."

Such nonsensical puerilities are turned out for foreign consumption by Italian correspondents eager, in the interests of the government that owns them body and soul, to minimize all great happenings at the Vatican, out of touch completely with Vatican diplomacy and ridiculously ignorant of the great diplomatic struggles of the other nations of Europe. And when the Czar and the President of the French Republic shall have paid their visits to the Pope these same correspondents, from their rendezvous in the Sala della Stampa at the telegraph department of the General Post-Office in Rome, will glibly relate the conversations that occurred, in cable messages, filed—if one may judge the future by the past—before the interviews have taken place, and released for transmission the moment the telephone announces that the visits are over. The wonder is that the American editor, usually so discriminating in the judgment of news, creates a market for such offensive "copy" by publishing it.

The King of England's visit was merely a notable incident in the policy which the British government has for some time past been pursuing of conciliating to itself the good will of the Sovereign Pontiff. The visit of Kaiser Wilhelm was admittedly an important event motived by important happenings.

The imaginative correspondent was strangely wide of the mark in putting into the Emperor's mouth the declaration that the German missionaries "would always find the protection of their country wherever they might wander," though it is a declaration which his Majesty would probably like to be able to make. A non-Catholic organ of American publicity, which is uniformly judicious in its comments on passing events, elaborates the "protectorate" theory to explain the Kaiser's continual overtures toward the Vatican.

Germany has many interesting Catholic problems of a domestic character: the return of the Jesuits, the school and

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university questions, and others; but it is for the nation's vast colonial schemes and for the prestige of Germany in the Orient that the Kaiser chiefly invokes the Pope's aid. He is bent on supplanting France as the titular protector of the Catholic Church in the East. The government campaign against the religious orders in France has caused strained relations with the Vatican. The occasion might consequently seem propitious to urge the Pontiff to break with a republic that has shown itself so ungrateful for Leo XIII.'s help in consolidating its power at home, and at least to refuse it the honor of posing longer as the official defender of the Catholic faith in the Orient. Here, then, is the Kaiser anxious to offer the services of Germany at a time when, as he said in one of his speeches in Palestine, "the German Empire and the German name have now acquired throughout the Empire of the Osmanli a higher reputation than ever before." The Holy Father, besides, has reminded France of the incalculable boon the protectorate privilege has been to the Republic in extending "the name, the language, and the prestige of France throughout the world."

There is probably a part of the truth in this theory of the German Protestant potentate seeking to assume a protectorate over Catholic interests. But when the suggestion is made that it is rivalry with France that is the motive in the case, the element of error probably enters. It is not France any longer but Russia that is Germany's great competitor in expansion schemes in the Orient, and it is not so much with France as with Russia that Germany has now to cross diplomatic swords for the acquisition of the Pope's friendship and assistance.

Russia has recently put herself on record as disclaiming in the most formal way any exclusive commercial designs on China. The demands attributed to her, it has been remarked, were such as to excite opposition precisely in those quarters which one would suppose Russian diplomacy has particular interest to conciliate. Granted the maintenance of the open door and the freedom of the Treaty Ports, no one is likely to question the ultimate domination of Russia in the province of Manchuria, if only because, with the Trans-Siberian railway practically completed, no one is in a position to contest it. Other countries have committed far more objectionable land-grabbing offences, and it may be noted as something of a palliation of Russia's acts that she has shown herself a great and capable colonizer,

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especially in the Far East, where the bureaucratic control of St. Petersburg is least able to make itself felt and the existing Chinese government is not such as to call for much sympathy from any Christian nation. Without a great regeneration of the yellow races, nothing short of a universal alliance of the other European powers could jeopardize Russia's occupation. And even this experiment, which is practically certain never to be tried in such an issue, might fail. Manchuria, it may be said without any undue efforts at prophecy, is Russia's for good. The flurry of excitement at Washington was caused by a surmise that the alleged Russian claims on China were accurate, and meant the violation of the open door and the abolition of the freedom of the Treaty Ports.

The formal concurrence of the Vatican in Russia's occupation of Manchuria would be of small moment, and, besides, could certainly not be obtained. But what would be almost priceless for colonizing and civilizing purposes would be the co-operation of the Catholic missionaries. France's succeeding infidel governments, which have long made it a point to vie with each other in harrying the Catholic clergy at home, have invariably meted out the most flattering treatment to the Catholic missionaries in China, and Bishop Favier in Peking has always been allowed by the government of his native country to be a bigger man than the French minister accredited to the Chinese court.

The honors almost ostentatiously showered on Catholic bishops and priests by the Russian officials during the last few months, and which have formed the subject of wondering comment even in the press of the United States, were, without question, part of a conciliatory tribute to the venerable occupant of the chair of Peter. Plans that are afoot for the establishment of a new Catholic seminary near Odessa have met with the hearty approval of the governor-general of the province. The surmise has been put forth that the authorities in St. Petersburg look eagerly for the day when the young levites of this seminary will be ready for the missionary field, to replace the priests of the French Missions Étrangères in Manchuria. The same authorities can harbor no doubt that the supervision and protection of Catholic interests in Manchuria would then promptly be transferred from France to Russia, and the extremely desirable result obtained of the Vatican recognizing

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Russia as a species of ally in a foreign field, a recognition from which France has for years drawn for herself so much moral and material advantage and a recognition for which Germany has been striving for the best part of a decade.

Russia's real or alleged designs on Persia, with the immediate prospect of establishing a naval base on the Persian Gulf or Indian Ocean, have also been a matter of the deepest concern to the chancelleries of Europe. Here again France is already established, and here also she has offered all sorts of inducements to her Catholic missionaries to put forth their Christianizing zeal. There is little doubt that Russia would be very willing to take a leaf from her ally's note-book of diplomatic wisdom. That Russia's domination will in time extend at least over northern Persia is believed by many to be inevitable, but for the moment it is probable that other competing nations, and particularly England, have shown undue alarm on the subject. It has been pointed out that Teheran is almost as near to Liverpool, as far as cost and facility of transport go, as it is to Moscow or the other commercial centres of Russia. Russia's recent business development in Persia has been remarkable, but it is said that all advantages gained in this respect over other European rivals have been acquired through a system of premiums and state encouragement of trade. England, of course, has it in her power to adopt measures that, at least in some degree, will counteract the Russian system of direct state assistance to trade. There is much talk of the British government encouraging railway building in southern Persia and even co-operating with Germany in the construction of the Euphrates Valley Railway, the main purpose of which is to restore to Mesopotamia the extraordinary fertility which it once possessed. Lord Lansdowne, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, has recently gone to the extreme of formulating a species of Monroe Doctrine with reference to the Persian Gulf, announcing in solemn manner that Great Britain would regard the establishment by any other European power of a naval station on that gulf as an unfriendly act that would be resisted by all means in her power.

Under all the circumstances there seems no likelihood of Russia risking war for the development of her commercial or military status in Persia; but again, in the eventuality of war talk by other susceptible nations of Europe, it is certain that

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Russia, instead of being persistently forced to withdraw when unprepared to force her claims, would be glad to find a tribunal where her claims and designs might be impartially decided upon. Such a tribunal the Czar and his counsellors hoped to create when the former convoked the now memorable Peace Conference at the Hague. But although the tribunal established by the conference is undoubtedly an excellent court for the sifting of petty international disputes in money and boundary matters, it is from its very complexion wholly inadequate for the adjudication of charges of unjust aggrandizement that may be brought against a nation.

The Pope alone stands forth as an adequate judge and arbitrator of world disputes, the sole potentate whose interest is equally intense in all lands and whose judgments can be dictated by justice alone. When Russia's zealous explaining away of situations that offend the susceptibilities of other countries shall have failed to satisfy those to whom it is addressed, as may be the case at any hour under present circumstances, there is reason to believe that she will seek to refer the contentions to the Pope. This much is clearly inferred from repeated declarations published in a French periodical which is known to have official inspiration from St. Petersburg. No courtesy or flattery, of course, could beforehand influence any decision that the Pope might have to render between nations, but it is an ordinary weakness on the part of nations, as of individuals, to desire to stand well with those who may have occasion to render momentous decisions.

Already Russia has maintained for years a legation in Rome specially accredited to the Pope, but of late this legation has assumed a new importance by the development of its official and social functions in a way to call attention to its increased prestige. A similar state of affairs, remarkably enough, is to be noted at the Prussian legation to the Pope. There is distinct emulation between these two legations in the Eternal City, and the motive in one case is probably the motive in the other. Russia and Germany are at last resort the great factors in the determining of the Balkan question as a whole, and in this question the Pope's influence is all-important and would be most acceptable to either side. The Balkan question is believed likely to develop into a struggle between Pan-Slavic and Pan-Germanic ambitions. The Czar is supposed to aim at

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the acquisition of Constantinople and domination of the Levant, while it is said that the Kaiser dreams of seeing in his own day the spread of his empire in a great belt across Europe from the Hague to Salonica, Austria as well as Holland being gathered into the great consolidation.

British prestige has declined in Turkey, and Great Britain certainly would not now fire a shot to keep Russia out of Constantinople. German influence has replaced that of England, and the Sultan looks up to the Kaiser as his best friend and as the coming arbiter of events. The game is being bitterly contested, but it is a slow game for the moment, each side seemingly eager to forecast the other's moves and to learn who, of the lookers-on or possible participators, is to be friend or foe. And in it all, at intervals, appears the gigantic power of the Catholic Church, and the mighty influence of Leo XIII.

The Sultan sends troops and an aide-de-camp as personal representative to the Catholic processions held in the neighborhood of the Catholic churches of Constantinople, processions which, by a strange irony of events, would be impossible today in Paris or Marseilles. And the Sultan makes every possible concession to the French priests of the Assumption, to the French nuns who educate the Christian and Moslem young, and to the delegate extraordinary whom the Pope sends at intervals to Constantinople to deal with the Catholic situation. All this placatory attitude of the Turk towards the Pope may be only in accordance with advice from Berlin, but it is highly significant. The Kaiser freely admits that the near East is a field where the influence of the Holy Father is of the first magnitude. It was as much in the endeavor to acquire for himself in Turkey in Asia the prerogative which France enjoyed as recognized protector of Catholic interests that the Emperor William sent Cardinal Kopp, Archbishop of Breslau, on a memorable mission five years ago to Rome, as it was to secure a mandate from the Pope for the Chinese mission field, with something that would serve as a pretext to cover Germany's future action in the Shantung province.

Mighty indeed must be the brain that can unravel all the meshes of these diplomatic webs in which nations separately and as combinations strive to entangle for their own purposes the head of the Catholic Church. Fortunately Leo XIII. has long ago let it be understood that only lucid dealings and

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straightforward principles will find favor in his eyes, so that diplomatic errors by the Vatican are practically eliminated from the field of possibilities.

The menace of the hour to the world's peace is believed in Europe to lie in the Titanic contentions between the Russian and the German Empires. In the storm and stress of the dispute, however, there is one tower of strength, one pillar of light, one angel of peace, a man nearly one hundred years old. But that man is Leo XIII., the Vicar of Christ on earth.

THE RELIGIOUS SOUL.

BY M. S. PINE.

THYSELF hast raised me to this eminence
Seated upon Thy fair right hand, a spouse,—
As if a shepherdess 'neath rural boughs
A mighty king had met and led her thence,
A monument of his benevolence,
To his own palace, sealed love's holy vows,
Robed her in ermine, diademed her brows,
And looked but for her love's sweet frankincense.

Poor little one! how doth she languish, pine
For ampler heart-space, that its passionate deeps
Might fill, as from an ocean fathomless,
Her lover's meed with love's delicious wine!
Mine own Beloved! my soul within me weeps
For broader, higher, deeper love than this.

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THE RATTLESNAKE.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

WE believe that no creature on earth is so loathsome as the snake. It glides so noiselessly out of sight in the grass or the bushes; it lies so quietly in hiding until its prey comes near enough for it to strike; and even the innocent Black snake—one of the commonest of our North American snakes—is destroyed by the foolish farmer, who does not know how useful it is in killing rats and mice and moles.

But if the black snake, which is a constrictor, has no venom, America may boast of one species of venomous snake which is found in no other part of the globe, namely, the Crotalus, or rattlesnake.

And we have often thought how much more terrifying this reptile would be if it had legs as all snakes once had, and if it could run after us instead of being awkwardly pushed along the ground by a movement of its ribs. Here let us observe that in the snake family the limbs have entirely disappeared except in the Boas, and in them we discover only the rudiments of the hind limbs. And Cope, in *Primary Factors of Organic Evolution*, page 218, tells us that this disappearance of the limbs is a case of degeneracy, for he has traced the snakes back to reptiles of the Permian epoch, whose limbs were well developed. We do not, of course, know how the limbs of all snakes except the boas have come to disappear, nor by what steps the hind limbs of the boas have been degraded to their present useless condition. But undoubtedly the rudiments of hind limbs in the boas point to a former condition of things; and Darwin, in chapter xiv. of *The Origin of Species*, says: "It appears probable that disuse has been the main agent in rendering organs rudimentary."

And in *The Cambridge Natural History* (by Hans Gadow), pp. 496-7, we read: "Burrowing and living in sand are often correlated with a partial or complete reduction or loss of the limbs. . . . This loss of limbs is as a rule correlated with

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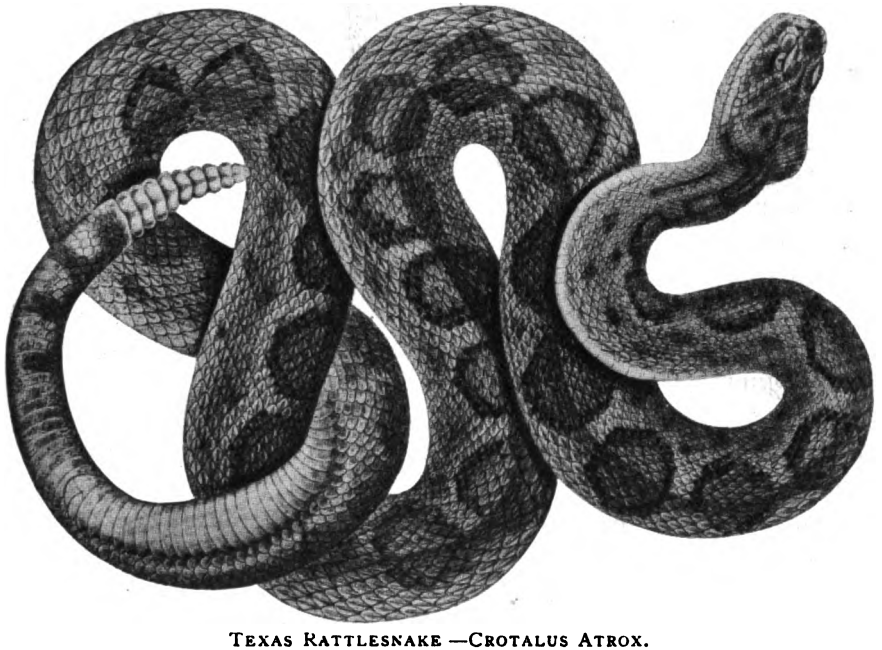
an elongation of the trunk. . . . In most cases of reduction the fore limbs disappear before . . . the hind limbs." But to come back to the rattlesnake, let us say that it belongs to the family known as Pit-vipers, which are distinguished by a



TEXAS RATTLESNAKE —CROTALUS ATROX.

pit between the nose and the eye. But it differs from the other pit-vipers (Copperheads and Moccasins) by an organ which is unique and possessed by no other snake, namely, a rattle at the end of its tail. This highly specialized instrument is composed of a number of horny coverings or buttons, which fit into each other, and it is a development of the original cone-shaped tail-cap which we find at the end of every snake's tail. Whenever the rattlesnake moults or sheds its skin, the youngest horny covering is loosened and would drop off with the rest of the skin, if it were not held in place by a newly developed button; and by this process of one button holding in place another button, there is formed a number of loosely jointed buttons, which, when the snake shakes its tail, sound not unlike a rattle.

The rattlesnake, of which there are ten species, ranges from British Columbia to the Argentine Republic, South America. But it is not found in the West Indies. Naturalists do not

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know the object of the pit or hole between the eye and the nose in the pit-vipers, and Professor Leydig believed that it might be the organ of a sixth sense. And might not this sixth sense be a sense of direction? A very needful sense to this low-lying, crawling reptile, for it would tell it in what direction its home was. The poison apparatus of the rattlesnake is an interesting study. In the forepart of the upper jaw are two perforated fangs, which curve inward. These sharp, curved poison fangs are said to be perforated. But this expression is misleading, for the microscope shows that the so called perforation is merely a groove whose anterior walls have closed over it. Here we quote from Professor Leonhard Stejneger's excellent work, *The Poisonous Snakes of North America*, page 368: "This structure of the fang may be easily understood by comparing it to a leaf curling up in drying, the edges meeting and overlapping in the middle, leaving an upper and a lower opening. By making sections of growing and full-grown fangs of the same individual, the evolution of the grooved fang into the 'perforated' fang is easily traced, and the inexactness of the latter term clearly demonstrated." On each side of the upper jaw may be counted eight to ten reserve fangs lying one behind the other and growing smaller and smaller as they recede toward the far end of the jaw, and they are meant to replace the functional fangs should these be torn out. But it requires several weeks for the next fangs to be firm enough in their place to be of any real use to the snake. And just as the hollow poison tooth is developed from the canal-shaped tooth and the canal-shaped tooth is developed from the solid tooth, so by a specialization of the yellow portion of the ordinary saliva gland is finally developed the two poison glands, which lie a little below and back of the eyes.

It is interesting to know that the rattlesnake cannot without great difficulty be forced to give out any poison against its will, for the poison is made to flow by a contraction of the anterior temporal muscles which press upon the poison glands, and the reptile knows too well the value of its venom to allow any of it to be wasted, even when we press very hard upon these glands. But when the snake is dead or chloroformed we may easily cause the poison to flow through the fangs. Here let us observe that the poison apparatus may be viewed as an hypodermic syringe. But naturalists are not agreed in their

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DIAMOND RATTLESNAKE.—CROTALUS ADAMANTEUS.
(From a cast in the U. S. National Museum.)

description of just how the syringe works. Some tell us that when the snake is coiled and sounding its rattle and preparing to strike, it has its mouth wide open. Others say that the jaws are not opened until the very moment the snake strikes, and then the deadly machine suddenly flies apart at an angle of almost 180 degrees. Be this as it may, to our eye—and we speak from a little experience—a rattlesnake which is making ready to spring is an exceedingly graceful object. Look at its head raised about four inches above the body and bent slightly backward so as to bring the points of the fangs in a proper position for the fatal thrust; see the long, black tongue flashing in and out; look at the tail elevated high above the centre of the coil and vibrating with inconceivable rapidity. Is it any wonder that some naturalists believe that birds may become hypnotized at the sight of this wonderful reptile?

Then when the favorable moment has come the snake darts forward—but never more than one half its length—and instantly the lower jaw closes upon the bitten animal and the venom, which is squeezed out of the poison glands, is driven deep into the flesh. But just here an accident may occur and all may not go well with the snake, for it has to disentangle itself from

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its victim, and it sometimes happens that the teeth of the lower jaw are so caught in the victim's skin that the snake cannot at once retreat. When this occurs the reptile tries to free itself by violently shaking its head. But if the animal which is bitten is a strong animal it may drag the snake after it until the fangs are torn out. Here let us observe that if the snake's glands are well filled with venom when it strikes, and if the reptile misses its object, which sometimes happens, the venom may be thrown with such force as to fly six feet away. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell in the *Century Magazine* for August, 1889, says: "The nervous mechanism which controls the act of striking seems to be in the spinal cord, for if we cut off the snake's head and then pinch its tail, the stump of the neck returns and with some accuracy hits the hand of the experimenter, if he has the nerve to hold it." And Professor Brewer, of Yale, when in California many years ago, relates that having killed a rattlesnake by cutting off its head, he was about to measure its length, when, "Quick as an electric shock that headless snake brought the bloody stump over and struck a hard blow upon the back of my hand. I knew that his head was off and that he could not poison me, but that quick and hard blow of the rattler made my hair stand on end." *

In 1842 rattlesnakes were common in many parts of the State of New York. De Kay (*Zoöl. N. Y.* iii. p. 57) says: "They abound along the shores of Lakes Champlain and George. . . . In Warren County two men in three days killed 1,104 rattlesnakes on the east side of Tongue Mountain, in the town of Bolton. . . . They were killed for their oil or grease, which is said to be very valuable." And as late as 1854 Professor Baird tells us, in his *Serpents of New York*: " . . . It seems to be most abundant on the shores of Lake George and Lake Champlain. . . . It is a little remarkable that the rattlesnake does not occur in the Adirondack regions of New York. . . ."

We should not call the rattlesnake an aggressive reptile, and Professor Stejneger, in his work already mentioned, says, p. 432: "The late General Kirby Smith once told me of an incident which illustrates the amount of provocation a rattlesnake will pass unnoticed under certain circumstances. General Smith's home in Tennessee was located on a high plateau, and

* Quoted by Leonhard Stejneger in *The Poisonous Snakes of North America.*

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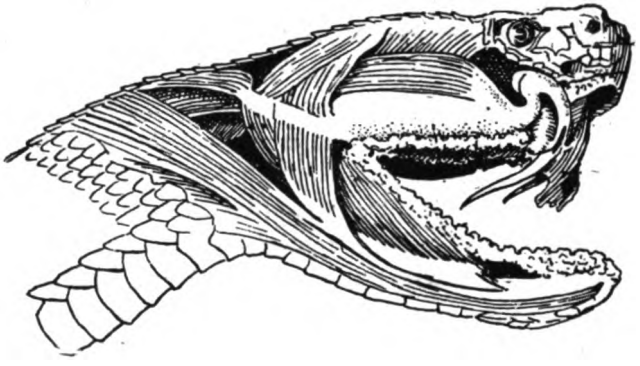
a narrow path led from the house to the small railway station in the valley below. One day a party of ladies went down the path in Indian file, the general in the lead, and the rear being brought up by a barefooted lad carrying a valise. Suddenly the latter shouted. A rattlesnake was lying coiled in the path, and he had just discovered it in stepping over it without touch-



POISON APPARATUS OF RATTLESNAKE; VENOM GLAND AND MUSCLES.

ing it. By the merest chance they had all avoided stepping upon it, though it seemed almost impossible that the ladies' dresses should not have touched it. General Smith said he felt like sparing the snake's life." It is believed by persons who have not carefully studied the habits of the rattlesnake, that it dwells in the holes of the prairie dog through friendship for this rodent. Well, it does indeed abound around the homes of the prairie dogs during the season when the prairie dogs are breeding; but there is no doubt that the rattlers feed upon the young offspring of the prairie dogs, who have so many little ones that a few are not missed.

Why does the rattlesnake rattle? is a question to which naturalists do not all give the same answer. St. George Mivart maintained that the rattle must be a disadvantage to the snake since it must warn its prey to keep away, and that it must also let an enemy know the very spot where it is concealed and thus lead to its more easy destruction. Dr. Mivart was not aware of the fact that the snake does not sound its rattle when a rat or a young rabbit is coming towards it. It rattles only when there is danger; when an enemy is approaching. But then it does rattle—you might think an alarm clock was ringing in the bushes, and as a very general rule the enemy

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does not care to come any nearer. We admit, however, that the rattle *has been* a disadvantage to the snake in the more thickly inhabited parts of the country; for man being so much more intelligent than the lower animals, has known how to attack this reptile with comparatively little danger. But we should bear in mind that the rattle was developed thousands of years before man appeared on the scene. Here we again quote Leonhard Stejneger in *The Poisonous Snakes of North America*, p. 389: "The history of evolution is full of similar examples of animals having acquired an advantageous character which, when new animals appeared, was turned against the owner because it could not be undone or modified to suit the new conditions, thus leading directly to its extermination."

Darwin also says in the *Origin of Species*, chap. vi.: "It is admitted that the rattlesnake has a poison fang for its own defence and for the destruction of its prey; but some authors suppose that at the same time it is furnished with a rattle for its own injury, namely, to warn its prey. I would almost as soon believe that the cat curls the end of its tail when preparing to spring, in order to warn the doomed mouse. It is a much more probable view that the rattlesnake uses its rattle . . . in order to alarm the many birds and beasts which are known to attack even the most venomous species. . . . Natural selection will never produce in a being any structure more injurious than beneficial to that being, for natural selection acts solely by and for the good of each." The distinguished geologist, Professor Shaler, of Harvard University, has receded from the position he once held, namely, that the rattlesnake's rattle was not to be explained on the doctrine of natural selection, inasmuch as it could in no way be an advantage to the snake. He now believes that the object of the rattle—so like the sound of a locust and a grasshopper—is to decoy insect-eating birds within range of the snake. Other naturalists believe that the true function of the rattle is to call the sexes together, and the experience of Professor Samuel Aughey would seem to render this view not improbable.* But although the various explanations may all be partly true, the rattle must certainly be beneficial to the snake, as—by warning an enemy not to come near—it prevents an unnecessary waste of venom, and to-day the majority of naturalists look upon it as a most ef-

* *American Naturalist*, vii. 1873.

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fective means of self-protection. The snake does not rattle until it believes an enemy is coming towards it; it is a warning sound which says: "Beware! I am here."

In regard to rattlesnake venom, organic chemistry has of late years thrown a good deal of light upon it. Prince Lucien Bonaparte was the first to analyze the poison of vipers, and he concluded that it was albuminoid in its nature. This was in 1843. Since then Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's experiments on the poison of the rattlesnake (he kept one hundred of them alive in his laboratory) have confirmed Prince Bonaparte's analysis. And it is interesting to note that Dr. S. Weir Mitchell found that the poisonous saliva does not lose its toxic qualities even when boiled. When it first drops from the reptile's mouth it is a somewhat yellowish, sticky fluid. But if it be excluded from the air it gets to look like gum or varnish, and it retains its dangerous properties for as much as twenty-two years. The best way to obtain the venom from a live rattlesnake is to catch the reptile by the neck with a pair of tongs, then force a saucer between its jaws, and in its vicious bites on the saucer a good quantity of the deadly fluid is ejected.

In treating of the symptoms of rattlesnake poison Charles J. Martin says:* "The painful wound is speedily discolored and swollen. Constitutional symptoms appear as a rule in less than fifteen minutes: prostration, staggering, cold sweats, vomiting, feeble and quick pulse, dilatation of the pupil, and slight mental disturbance. In this state the patient may die in about twelve hours."

For the very latest investigations on the venom of the rattlesnake we refer the reader to the volume entitled *Researches upon the Venoms of Poisonous Snakes*, published by the Smithsonian Institution, 1886. In this volume Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and Dr. E. T. Reichert tell us that death from rattlesnake poison is due to paralysis of the respiratory centres. And in seeking for an antidote, a physiological antagonist to this poison, these investigators believed that alcohol might prove useful. But it should be borne in mind that this remedy—which has no direct action on the venom—merely works as a stimulant and must never be adopted in excess; too much alcohol depresses the vital functions in place of stimulating them, and intoxication actually helps the poison.

* Clifford Allbutt's *System of Medicine*, vol. ii. p. 809.

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The very latest specific antidote, one which has been successful in a great many cases not only of rattlesnake poison but also of Cobra poison, is itself a terrible poison, namely, strychnine. Where strychnine has been administered in heroic doses (20 to 25 minims of liq. strychniæ) * very many lives have been saved. Here the poison of the snake and the poison of the drug are in deadly war one against the other, and unless enough strychnine be injected to rouse the vaso motor nerve centres, the venom of the reptile—which is attacking the same nerve centres to paralyze them—will conquer. The discovery of strychnine as an almost certain antidote to all snake poison is due to Dr. A. Mueller, of Victoria, Australia. But he warns us that this most valuable remedy may fail unless it be subcutaneously injected within twenty-four hours after the bite. We conclude by saying that it is not unreasonable to believe that by continued inoculation of exceedingly small doses of modified snake poison, a man may at length be made proof against even otherwise fatal quantities of it. But time and further experiments alone will show whether this result (very useful indeed to persons living in the tropics) can be accomplished. And now as a very last word let us say that we know of no more interesting work on the subject of American snakes than the work entitled *The Poisonous Snakes of North America*, by Professor Leonhard Stejneger, Curator United States National Museum.

* 1 grain to every 100 minims.

THE RATTLE.

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY APOSTLE OF THE LITTLE ONES.

BY E. UHLRICH.

WHEN one man in his lifetime has cared for, trained, and sent out into the world, as useful and law-abiding citizens, ten million children, then the attention of people may well be drawn to him again and again, for it is the lives of such men that keep the heart of the world from despair.

He who was to have such wonderful sympathy and even more wonderful influence on neglected and unfortunate childhood and youth, began his life as a poor, hardworking boy, even as St. Vincent de Paul did in his day. Giovanni Bosco was his name, and he was the son of humble peasants and herded his father's sheep until he was fifteen years old. Then a kindly priest discovered the boy's unusual gifts of mind and heart, and taught him the elements of Latin and Greek. After that Giovanni was sent to the seminary at Chieri, where he was ordained to the priesthood in 1841. Full of zeal to fit himself for his work as a shepherd of souls, he went to Turin and entered an institute for the training of priests in practical work.

It is notable that his first experience was in visiting prisons. Here his heart and mind were touched by the spectacle of the many youthful criminals he met, and he was constantly thinking how to reclaim them and, even more important, how to prevent them from entering upon criminal ways at all.

It was on the 8th of December, in 1841, that Don Bosco found, in a most humble occurrence, the occasion which showed him the mission for which God had destined him. It was, as so often happens, but a simple thing; but, when we are open to the guidance of the Divine Will, the simplest things may have the greatest import. There was no boy to serve his Mass, and a street-boy, who happened to look into the sacristy, was asked by the sexton to do so.

"I do not know how," said the boy.

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"Never mind," said the sexton; "I 'll show you what to do."

"But I never was at Mass before."

"Stupid creature!" said the sexton, angry now, "what are you doing here then?" And he boxed the boy's ears so hard that the little fellow went off crying. At this Don Bosco turned around and reproved the astonished sexton for his crossness.

"But what difference does that make to your reverence?"

"It makes a great deal of difference to me, for that boy is my friend. Call him back at once; I must talk to him."

The sexton did so and the poor boy came back; Don Bosco asked him kindly if he had never heard Mass before, and he said "No."

"Then," said Don Bosco, "stay for this Mass which I am going to celebrate, and when it is over I shall talk to you a little while, if you will wait."

The boy, whose heart had been won by Don Bosco's kindly manner, gladly agreed to stay.

After Mass, Don Bosco said to him: "What is your name, my little friend?"

"Bartolomeo Garelli."

"Where are you from?"

"Asti."

"Is your father still living?"

"No, he is dead."

"And your mother?"

"She is dead too."

"How old are you?"

"I am fifteen years old."

"Can you read and write?"

"I don't know anything at all."

"Did you make your first Communion?"

"No, not yet."

"Did you ever go to confession?"

"I did when I was very little."

"Why don't you go to Sunday-school?"

"I am ashamed because the other boys are all younger than I am and know so much more, and I always have such old clothes."

"If I were to teach you all by yourself, would you like to come?"

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"Oh I would be very glad to come, if no one would box my ears for coming."

"You need not be afraid of any one. You are my friend now; no one else will have anything to say to you. When shall we begin?"

"Whenever it pleases you, father."

"Very well, we will begin at once."

Don Bosco found that the boy did not even know how to make the sign of the cross. Yet this poor, untaught child of the street became the corner-stone, so to say, of Don Bosco's life-work. In a little while Bartolomeo brought friends of his along, and they in turn brought their friends. By the 25th of March, in 1842, there were thirty members of Don Bosco's class. Some of them were apprentices to the different trades, some were street vagabonds, and some of them grown men. The next year there were three hundred of them. Don Bosco had to find a place of meeting larger than his little sacristy; but, alas! no sooner was he well established in his new quarters than notice was given him to move.

People insisted that they did not want him and his noisy, disreputable vagabonds in their own respectable neighborhood. When, at last, there seemed no hope of finding a suitable meeting place in the city for his boys he did not despair. For two months, each Sunday he led them out into the suburbs of Turin, said Mass for them in some church, then taught them under the open sky. Afterwards he let them play games and amuse themselves, and in the evening the whole crowd went back into the city, singing hymns as they went.

In 1844, with the help of some kindly priests, Don Bosco opened the first night schools, teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic. These schools were soon imitated all over Italy.

Don Bosco, however, continued to meet with trials and tribulations in his work, as seems true in every good cause. His plans were so novel and so large that he was even accused of being crazy. A crazy man, however, ought to be out of harm's way, and so it was quietly arranged that Don Bosco should be taken to an insane asylum. Two prominent gentlemen of Turin were to manage his transfer to the asylum. They hired a closed carriage and drove to Don Bosco's house. He received them very kindly, and soon was talking to them enthusiastically about the oratorium and the great church he

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wanted to build, the schools and the workshops which would be grouped around this centre. He spoke so glowingly that one could have thought he saw the whole thing before his eyes. The gentlemen looked at each other knowingly, as if to say: "It is plain that he is out of his mind."

"A little fresh air will be good for you, Don Bosco," one of them ventured. "We have a carriage outside. You might drive a little way with us."

Don Bosco smiled and went out with the two gentlemen. They stepped back in order to let him enter first, but he begged them to precede him. They did so and then Don Bosco hastily shut the carriage door and called out to the driver, "Ready."

The driver had been instructed to drive to the asylum as fast as the horses could go, and not to mind any possible protests or resistance. So he started off at a gallop at Don Bosco's word.

When the carriage arrived at the asylum, the gentlemen inside were in such a rage that the superintendent ordered them put into separate cells at once, and, if necessary, in straitjackets. Luckily for them, the chaplain of the asylum knew them, and they were let go about their business. However, they at least were convinced that Don Bosco was saner than some people thought him, and did not wish to be the agents of any more forced cures for him.

Don Bosco's trials now took another form. The police of Turin began to take note of his boys and to suspect in them potential socialists. Indeed, the very existence of the work was threatened, when King Charles Albert, then King of Sardinia, took personal action in behalf of "Don Bosco's young rogues," as he put it, and even sent sixty dollars to help the work along. With that the worst storms were over. Don Bosco organized his Oratorium of St. Francis of Sales, as he called his meeting place, for he had a special devotion to St. Francis. He chose the name "Oratorium" because the earliest meetings were in the chapel in which he met that first, pitifully ignorant street boy.

In the spring of 1846, however, he was homeless once more—put out again for the sake of his boys. Thereupon he leased a piece of enclosed land outside of the city. Here, in the open air, under the free sky, the Sunday meetings were

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again held undisturbed. Early in the morning Don Bosco was there, seated on a grassy mound and hearing confessions. Some of the boys were kneeling near by, waiting their turn, others were saying their prayers, and still others, farther away, were quietly playing. At nine o'clock Don Bosco called his boys together. He had no bell, so one of the boys beat on an ancient drum as a signal. Then he separated them into little divisions, and sent each division into a particular church to hear Mass. Later they returned, and there was Sunday-school, games, and singing.

After awhile a little shed near by was rented and arranged for a chapel. In the fall of 1846 he added a few rooms, and thus he began his first school. To be sure the boys' dormitory was nothing but a hayloft pressed into service, while the housekeeper was Don Bosco's sturdy peasant mother, who had come to the city to help on the work of her beloved son.

In 1851 he was able to build a church dedicated to St. Francis de Sales, and two new houses.

Now there is a magnificent group of buildings on this same land. The church is in the centre; two imposing wings are the "Oratorium," of which Don Bosco had dreamed and talked so enthusiastically that once people even thought him crazy. The dream has more than come true. There is a little town in itself here. All about are buildings representing various kinds of trades and activity. There is a great printing establishment with ten presses, a book bindery, a large locksmith shop, a carpentering shop, a shoe factory, and a tailoring establishment. There are, moreover, libraries, study-rooms, class-rooms, dormitories, gardens, and playgrounds. Over one thousand people live here and follow their various employments.

Don Bosco is dead; he died on January 31, 1888. But his work went on under Don Michelle Rua, who was himself an orphan, raised and trained by Don Bosco. Here, in the mother house, are some thirty Salesian priests, as the members of the congregation founded by Don Bosco, at the suggestion of Minister Ratazzi, are called; nearly two hundred Salesian brothers, who are the master workmen, and four hundred students. In addition to the resident pupils that are being trained and cared for, about five hundred boys and apprentices spend their Sundays and recreation hours at the institution, something in the way in which children in this coun-

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try go to the Settlements that have been established here and there in the large cities.

More than one hundred and fifty of these institutions were founded by Don Bosco in Italy, France, Spain, the Tyrol, and England. He also founded a sisterhood, so as to be able to take care of young girls as well as of boys, and to help in the missions which he established in South America, especially in Patagonia, where fourteen thousand savages were baptized by his missionaries before Don Bosco's death. Latterly the sisterhood he founded has been working among the neglected Italians in this country too, especially in New Orleans, and there are Salesian Fathers of Don Bosco in New York City. This special missionary work, however, was not counted in the general estimate of the ten million children saved by Don Bosco.

Every year eighteen thousand apprentices leave his institutions and go out to work, trained in body and mind for contact with the world.

As a means of maintaining his work, Don Bosco founded a third society to which men and women, lay or clerical, can belong, their object being to help provide means for this great work, and the Holy Father himself belongs to this third society.

In appearance Don Bosco, the simple country boy, who was destined to do this great work in this day and age, and to show the world one true way of helping to solve the problems of labor and capital and government that disturb the nations of the earth so much now, was a tall man of very pleasing features and manner. He was not very eloquent as a talker, but his heart was filled with a heavenly love for poor and unhappy childhood. Few of us are so limited in means, or in opportunity, but we can follow him a little way. Even the young children who go to Sunday-school often know, or could easily learn, of some neglected child that has perhaps no parents, or has parents who have no faith, and which therefore hears nothing of religion and of right. Like Garelli, Don Bosco's first pupil and follower, regular Sunday-school children could take such a child to their own Sunday-school. The children of the Paulist Sunday-school in New York City, for instance, are constantly encouraged to bring with them any child they know which does not go to Sunday-school in any other place. If, in addition to its spiritual neglect, the child is

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in bodily want, bringing it to Sunday-school attracts the attention of older people who are able, on occasion, to give it material as well as spiritual help.

To those of us who are older, surely there can be no greater appeal than that of childhood for love and instruction. To withhold these is a more bitter injustice even than to withhold food and clothing. The one causes the body to suffer, but the other may mean the death of the soul, and delivers the body to the lawlessness and to the excesses that lead to untimely death in one generation and help on that lamentable degeneration—physically, morally, and mentally—in the succeeding generations which is, to-day, one of the most discouraging questions in the dark problems of the great cities.

And it must always be remembered that among the poor and the unfortunate the inspiration for better things must come from those who have more than they of means, of time, of intelligence, and, above all, of devotion.

In every age God seems to have raised up men with a genius for holiness, to speak to the people according to the needs of their day. And thus, in a century in which the powers of darkness were directed towards destroying childhood and youth by godless teaching, and by lack of any teaching at all, either sacred or profane, the providence of Divine Love raised up the humble peasant priest of Turin as an apostle to youth and a bulwark against its enemies.

There is a vast margin for the following and the extension of his example right here among us. We have with us always, not only the unfortunate and neglected little ones of every race and color on the earth, but, even more pitiable, those little ones who, by nature and inheritance, would be with us, as a matter of course, were it not for the careless drifting of their parents on the easy and pleasant current of indifference, that spiritual sluggishness in some ways more reprehensible and certainly less respectable than honest doubt or definite unbelief.

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ITALY IN CHICAGO.

BY KATE GERTRUDE PRINDIVILLE.

THERE are parts of Chicago which are not Chicago. There are certain sections of territory lying well within the limits of her generous circumference which are not really local territory at all. Semicircling the little strip of north and south and west side life which typifies to the world the hurry and bustle, the push and daring, the aggressive adhesiveness and bombastic assertion, the concentrated effort and loudly vaunted success contained in the name Chicago, lie Greece and Syria and Palestine and Italy; lie Germany and Holland, Russia, France, and Ireland; lie China and Japan, and a thin paring of Africa. Chicago stretches along the lake, but back from the river are Europe and the Orient.

And yet these seething, bubbling, polyglot communities are all Chicago too. They are part of the complexity of her government, of the diversity of her character, of the picturesque aspect of her life. The foreign elements are slowly assimilating the diet of the American town, while in return the native craftsman is learning something from the alien. Each is giving and each receiving—one teaching the value of material prowess, one teaching the value of tradition enshrined in the splendor that was Athens and the glory that was Rome. More than any other agency, it is the Catholic priest who is surely fusing these hostile races into the component elements of republican citizenship. With the sanctity of his apostolic authority, teaching freely among the nations bound together within the limits of the heterogeneous town on the edge of Lake Michigan, the priest rejects, retains, and amalgamates the old customs and the old laws and makes them part of the vital essence of the new existence. Temporally as well as spiritually, sociologically as well as psychologically, the Catholic priest is the guardian angel of the immigrant in Chicago. He finds him shelter and food and clothes for his body. He teaches him cleanliness and sobriety, and control of the passionate instincts

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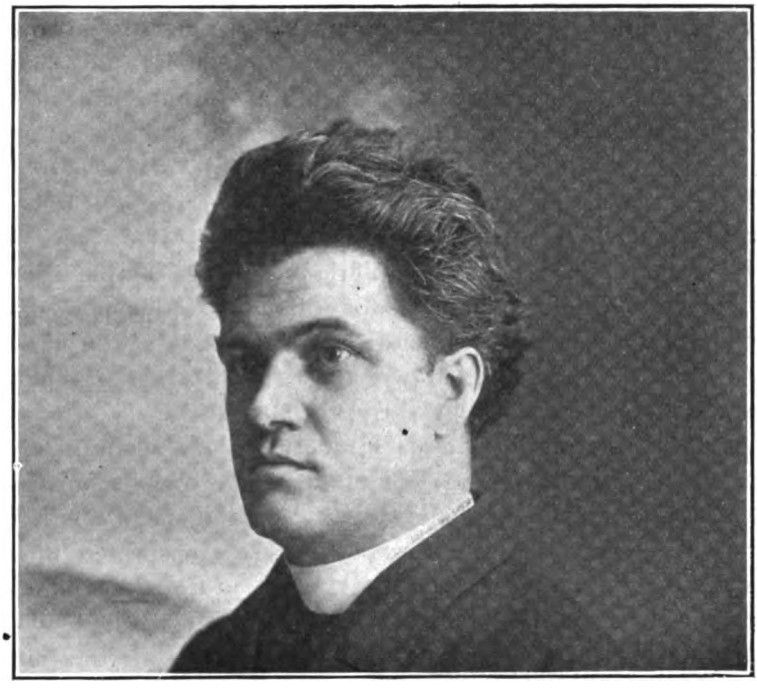

THE REVEREND EDWARD M. DUNNE, D.D.

instilled in him as a climatic result of the tropical life across the sea. He educates his tongue in the new language, and his mind in the new laws and requirements of the new land. He helps his hands to find sustenance and his heart to vivify the glow of the embers of his faith by a knowledge of the reasons on which that faith is based. In his efforts to save souls, the priest is forming members of the civic community who will eventually enhance its credit among neighboring peoples. He is welding the international diversity into a national unit.

Such is the service to which Dr. Edward M. Dunne, of Chicago, is devoting his life, his enthusiasm, and the scope and variety of his intellectual attainments. Such is the immigrant parish of the Holy Guardian Angels, a parish made up of people from the hills and towns of Italy. Immigration statistics of the last few years have demonstrated to students of ethnology the preponderating influx of the Italian race. Formerly it was Germany and Ireland which headed the list of representation among incoming residents; but the condition of the farming lands in the Italian peninsula, coupled with the rate of

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taxation imposed by the government, has placed the figures of Italy considerably in the lead. New York alone is in danger of partial inundation because of the numbers of swarthy southerners who have established their Lares and Penates everywhere they could obtain a foothold throughout her congested districts.

In the same way, if not to the same degree, as Italy has overrun New York, it has invaded Chicago. But Chicago is less compactly built than New York. There is ample room in each of its separate divisions for distinct settlements of the picturesque Latin immigrants without encroaching on the environs of alien neighbors, or wresting from other transplanted races the territorial privileges acquired by virtue of prior possession. As matter of fact, each of the triple sections of the town has its own Italian community, its own schools and houses, its own church, mellow with the soft tints of Roman altar scarfs and the warm glow of the sun transmitted through glass replicas of the art treasures of its forefathers—the art treasury of the world.

The parish of the Holy Guardian Angels is the newest Italian mission in Chicago. In its present housing, it is scarcely more than three years old; in its entirety, it is a little less than five years. It is situated on the west side on Forquer Street, a narrow thoroughfare, jutting east from the cosmopolitan noise and rush and manifold interests of South Halsted Street. Forquer Street is all Italy—Italy in the liquid cadences of its language, in the glowing depths of large, dark eyes, in the southern bronze of olive skins, in the name of the great poet emblazoned over the doors of the red school-house, in the rounded arches of its church and the tender lines of the Madonna on its walls.

About five years ago, at the conclusion of a retreat given for ladies of the world at the Academy of the Sacred Heart on West Taylor Street, a number of the participants discussed the imperative need of establishing a Catholic mission in the midst of the Italian colony thronging the vicinity of Hull House. A visit of appeal was made to Archbishop Feehan, who gave the project his hearty approbation, and requested the ladies to ask Dr. Edward Dunne, then a curate at St. Columbkill's Church on the west side, to conduct the exercises of the Sunday mission. The young priest was especially fitted for

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the work from his knowledge of the Italian language, life, and character, acquired in the years of his student work in Rome.

Dr. Dunne instantly welcomed this extra opportunity of laboring in the vineyard of souls, and added it to the already plentiful measure of his curate duties at St. Columbkill's. Two rooms in a school-house on Forquer Street were secured for the Sunday Mass and catechism instruction, but in a little while the space became totally inadequate to accommodate the throngs of children and adults who filed through the doors on Sunday morning. The need of a permanent church became paramount. On the death of the pastor of St. Columbkill's, Dr. Dunne resigned his curateship and devoted the whole of his strenuous energy to the direction of his foreign flock. Appeal to the generous men and women who from the inception of the mission had stood shoulder to shoulder with him in his endeavor to benefit the Italians, resulted in the proffer of sufficient financial aid to begin the erection of the church. The corner-stone was laid with impressive ritual by Archbishop Feehan, in the presence of Mayor Harrison, a number of civic dignitaries and prominent residents from each section of the city, and a multitude of enthusiastic parishioners, who welcomed the promise of the new edifice with fireworks and acclamations of delight.

The pretty church, dedicated to the honor of the angels, stands on Forquer Street, with its façade facing the north. Outside and in it is reminiscent of Italy. The straight, tall front recalls many of the minor churches of Rome, and behind the doors are the rounded arches of Roman building. The three altars are draped in Roman coloring, and the windows send the memory of the spectator over the sea to the galleries of Rome, while his lips murmur the great names of Italy. The old life and the old rural existence, and the old soft tints of sea and sky and field and flower, and the old associations of friend and environment, are revived once more for the members of the mission church on Forquer Street, in the tender watchfulness of a Raphael Madonna, in the appealing innocence of a Raphael Child. Before the acquisition of the pews even the floor suggested Italy, for old and young, infirm and strong, knelt humbly without support as they kneel in the vast edifices of the papal land—crowding close to the mysteries of the altar, an eager throng trustfully submissive at the feet of the padre.

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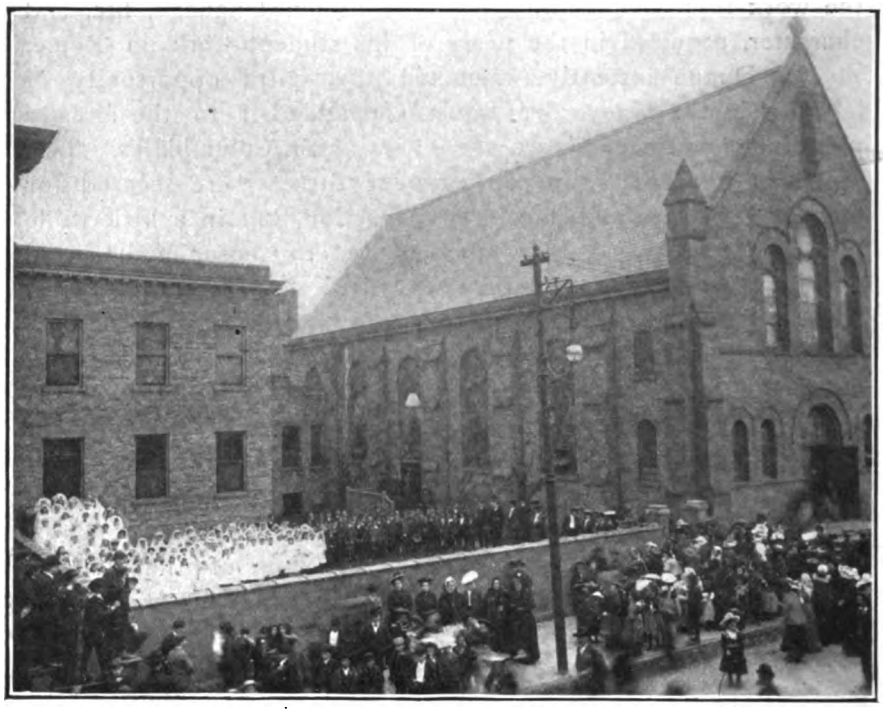

FIRST COMMUNION SUNDAY AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY GUARDIAN ANGELS.

The congregation of the Holy Guardian Angels parish has outgrown even the generous dimensions of the new church. Dr. Dunne first thought, at the conclusion of the initial Sunday service in the broad temple, that he had built his edifice too large, and that his mind was busy with future needs instead of present requirements. But to-day the pastor realizes he builded better than he knew. It is scarcely four years since its opening, and the future forecast is already a problem of to-day. Every Sunday morning five Masses are said or sung, and at each service pews, aisles, choir-loft, and altar-steps are filled with a devout multitude of men, women, and children. From an estimated attendance of 400 at the commencement of the mission in the small school-house, the parish now registers 1,000 families, while the latest counting of the children in the Sunday-school numbered 1,433.

The Sunday-school at Holy Guardian Angels is one of the most remarkable evidences of the good accomplished by the work of the west side mission. The Mass for the children is at nine o'clock, at which the pastor delivers a practical little

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talk in English to his small charges. During the services the children alternate the singing of hymns with the recital of prayers appropriate to the part of the Mass then being celebrated, Every inch of space in the church is filled with the body of a child. They press against the walls. They overflow the pews. They throng the aisle space. They line—row after row—the altar-steps and approaches. They fill the benches of the choir gallery. What before seemed the conventional precision of architectural design has been dissolved into the fluid crowding of a swarm of dark-skinned, dark-eyed, liquid-speaking Italian children. But it is an orderly gathering in spite of the disorder of too-contracted boundary walls. Lines have been obliterated, but conduct and manner emphasize the knowledge that God is there upon the altar, and that his eye is all-seeing and his mind all-knowing.

After the children's Mass comes the children's Sunday-school. It is held in the body of the church, in the organ-loft, on the altar-steps, in the rectory, in every room in the basement of both church and parish-house—even in the laundry and furnace-room. Wherever there is an available space, there children are gathered together in His name and the name of His faith. Classes range from the tots who are lisping the English syllables of their first prayers to the advanced Catechism and Bible History course, while boys are taught to care for the altar and serve the priest at Mass. There are over 125 teachers who are actively engaged in instructing the members of the Sunday-school, besides a general assistant and a number of subordinate general helpers. Both men and women labor valiantly in the mission work among the children at that early hour on Sunday morning. They come from every quarter of the extended city territory—from the suburbs far to the north and south and west. They give their time, their ingenuity, their enthusiasm, their knowledge, and their talents. They stand steadfastly close to Dr. Dunne in unbaffled effort to educate the ignorant and reclaim the erring, to benefit the body and save the soul, to form good Catholics and good citizens, to bring all under the loving care of the One Shepherd, within the safe confines of the One Fold.

Many of the catechism teachers of Sunday morning are the sewing teachers of Saturday morning. It is the endeavor of the Holy Guardian Angels mission that industrial accomplishment should follow thriftily in the path of spiritual advance-

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ment, and that an education which keeps the hands out of mischief is the wisest co-operative of the education of a soul. Girls are not only taught to sew, but they are taught to like their sewing, and to do it carefully and neatly, by the remembrance of the fact that the garments they are fashioning are to become their own personal property, to take home with them and to wear, and it is a matter of pride and emulation that stitches should be small and gores carefully matched. The sewing-school numbers about 350 children.

In connection with the Sunday-school the Holy Guardian Angels parish maintains its own library for the pleasure of the more advanced scholars. Although as yet little more than the germ of a project, the shelves contain several hundred volumes, the donations of friends who have watched the almost unprecedented growth of the Italian parish on the west side with eyes that see its needs as well as its accomplishments; that mark its struggles as well as its victories; that find inspiration to go and do likewise in the courageous figure of its heroic priest, whose mind is ever active, whose hands are ever outstretched, whose heart is ever open to feed his flock like a shepherd and in his arms to bear them up.

Every child and every adult within the confines of the parish of the Holy Guardian Angels is under the constant supervision of the pastor and his corps of devoted lay assistants. When a boy or girl fails to be present at a single session of the Sunday-school, a teacher at once visits his home to discover the cause of his absence—finding out incidentally if all the members of the family go regularly to church and to confession, and if they are in need of sustenance or clothing or physician's advice. These reports are invariably the means of making men and women frequent the sacraments who have not approached the holy table in many years.

Music is one of the important factors of the work of character-development in the Italian mission on Forquer Street. Dr. Dunne is an accomplished musician himself. He plays the organ during the children's Mass, and leads the singing with contagious zeal. The choir of youthful voices is remarkably tuneful. The choruses ring through the crowded church, and out into the sunshine and air of the world beyond the doors, the words of the English hymns which the tiny immigrants from Italy are learning to consider their own. The choir promises even better performance than it has displayed

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hitherto. A music class has been added lately to the multiple interests of the mission, and the new organization is in charge of a competent instructor who freely offers time and service to help the work inaugurated by Dr. Dunne.

The pastor of Holy Guardian Angels is a very remarkable man. He is about thirty-eight years old, of medium height, with broad, square shoulders which look as if they would not bend under a burden. His head and face are staunch and rugged. The chin is determined, the eyes benevolent, the forehead broadly intellectual. Its contour is strikingly Italian, and when, clothed in his priestly vestments, he stands at the altar to preach in Italian, it requires a vivid effort of memory to realize that the speaker under the Raphael window is not a wanderer from the shores of the Mediterranean but a citizen of Chicago by birth as well as by residence. Dr. Edward Dunne is the only son of Mr. Maurice Dunne, of the south side. He was educated in Chicago at the Jesuit college, going from there to the seminary at Niagara Falls, thence to the university at Louvain, finally terminating his education, after a course of lengthened instruction, at Rome. Dr. Dunne is an accomplished linguist, speaking and preaching German and French as fluently as Italian. He has a natural aptitude for languages, and a veritable genius for gaining the confidence of alien races. The curateship at St. Columbkill's was the first work of the young priest on his return to America, and Chicago, his present parish, the second. Dr. Dunne is certainly all things to all men and all children of the congregation of the Holy Guardian Angels. His mission is as diversified as the necessities of his people. He wakes to labor and lies down with the conviction that the hours of the day are all too short to finish the allotment of work accumulated within twenty-four hours. He is pastor, father, consoler, exhorter, denouncer, sympathizer, helper—helper always. He is without priestly assistant. He preaches four times on Sunday morning, three times in Italian, once—to the children—in English. He says two of the five Masses. He plays the organ, leads the choir, teaches catechism, instructs afternoon and evening First Communion classes, hears confessions, visits the sick, buries the dead, organizes sodalities and clubs, blesses marriage vows, and is the centre of enthusiasm at the manifold festive gatherings of this manifold festive race huddled up and down the sidewalks of Forquer Street. He is the Doctor of Law of his

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A PUBLIC PROCESSION OF THE ITALIANS.

congregation as well as the Doctor of Divinity. To save his unsophisticated people from falling victim to the wiles of justices of the peace when they journeyed down to the court-house for marriage licenses—the foreigners readily crediting the tale of the necessity of a civil ceremony first, remembering the obligation in Italy—Dr. Dunne took out the papers of a notary public and sees to the procuring of the licenses himself.

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The pastor of the Holy Guardian Angels at the present time is educating four Italian boys of the neighborhood to be priests. So for the future, therefore, there is promise of assistance; but ever since the establishment of the mission, Dr. Dunne has performed his clerical work alone. He has borne the burden and the heat of the day. He has built his church and his house, and is now endeavoring to raise funds to purchase a building for a school. There is dire need of funds. The people are very poor and can offer little aid, and there are past debts to be paid and future debts to be incurred. The congregation is growing, growing, growing—like the magical vine which multiplied its leaves as one looked. Its development is bewildering, its advancement under the control of Dr. Dunne stupendous.

Sunday morning at the Italian mission is the pastor's strenuous time. From the commencement of the six o'clock Mass, said for the laborers, to the conclusion of the Benediction which follows High Mass, he is constantly and actively exercising one of his priestly powers. Five times the church is filled and emptied. Four and five funerals, four and five weddings, are so frequently the auxiliary of the Sunday morning services that they excite but little comment. Yet this magnitude of work is all performed by a single man—a single priest laboring valiantly in the name of God and the blessing of the Trinity.

It is Italy outside the church on Forquer Street on Sunday morning, as it is within. The sky is blue and the sun is shining. The air is filled with the music of sodality bands brought to the new land of promise from the famine of the old. Fireworks are stretched along the curbing, and at the tingle of a bell the crash of igniting powder proclaims to the reverent watchers on galleries and sidewalk the solemn moment of the consecration of the Host.

It is Italy within as it is without. The touch of Rome has cast its spell. It gleams in the colors of the windows, in the tints of the altar drapery; in the figures on the floor, in the face turned to them from the sanctuary. It shifts from the vision of the noble-hearted pastor to the memory of the indomitable spirit shut up in the frail, bent body of the prisoner at the Vatican. For it is Rome everywhere where priest and people proclaim their share in the heritage of the Apostles. "For thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church. . . . Going therefore, teach ye all nations."

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REFLECTIONS FOR ORDINARY CHRISTIANS.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.

OUR LADY.

THERE is a name so blessed even blasphemers scarcely dare to mishandle it. Of words wholly human, if we may call it that, it shines throughout the ages the purest, fairest, tenderest, and most undefiled. To lisp it brings even to lips of sin a tinge of shame, to sorrow a hint of hope, to faith a sense of grace—to all, a sound of Heaven, and a benediction. —Let us say it here; the name of Mary, Our Lady.

The saints have so exhausted language in her praise, it would seem that we ordinary Christians can have nothing left to say. And yet as sinners we have perhaps the more at stake to make amends for what our lives fail to say for us of acknowledgment, service, and love.

Looking back over the course of the civilization of which we boast, can we overestimate the share and force which that name has had in refining, uplifting, and gentle-making humanity; —in making life sweeter, cleaner, and purer both for man and woman. No man can say that name often and thoughtfully without being a little more pure for it; no woman without being a little sweeter; both, without being more gentle, spiritual, compassionate, and reverential of each other's dignity and nobility of birthright.

Such has been the work and such is the unseen force and grace of that humble Jewish maiden who called herself simply the handmaid of the Lord. Oh! wondrous scene in which she said it. We are Christians, Catholics, if ordinary ones, but we are such after all only because of that event. And the whole meaning and ways as well as manners of humanity became transformed not only by what occurred from it, but from her share in it. Throughout the ages God waited for that audience. Amongst all the children of men He sought out to whom to send His embassy of the greatest message which Heaven itself could conceive to send to earth.

"And the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of

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Galilee called Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the royal house of David.

"And the Virgin's name was Mary."

How can we who have learnt the message ever forget the Virgin to whom it was sent, the Virgin whose name was Mary? What did she ever later do of undeserving in our regard whom God deemed so deserving? Say, all ye sects, ye men of all varieties who fail reverentially to repeat: "Hail Mary."

"Hail, full of grace." It was an angel who said it, and he spoke in God's name. Spoken in the light of God's infinite knowledge and truth, is there one else in all humanity to whom we dare dream such words addressed? They make us shudder when we realize all that they mean; I mean of contrast to ourselves. They make us thrill with reverential awe when we think of her to whom they were addressed.

Do we wonder that the church has ever held a special worship for her—something apart and beyond that given to all the saints? Are we not rather ashamed and alarmed if with all Catholic lips we do not often say: "Hail Mary, full of grace"?

But that was only the beginning of wonders. Her *fiat* made God man; and she became the Mother of God. So that she could truly say to Christ those tremendous words which God the Father alone could speak: "Thou art my Son: to-day have I engendered thee." As St. Augustine says, the flesh of Christ is the flesh of Mary; and perhaps more marvellous, as he says again, she conceived Him by grace before she conceived Him in the flesh.

But these themes are too sublime, although so familiar to Catholic ears, to repeat here the rapturous exclamations of the saints. Enough to rekindle the light of our faith at the flash of Mary's name. What perhaps does lie upon our poor lips to utter and in our poor thoughts to ponder over is that dearest appellation in which the genius of Christianity, the inspiration of ages she helped to make gentler—in which all that is chivalrous in man, pure and devoted in woman, has consecrated its homage to her—the title of "Our Lady."

Let us lovingly keep it fresh before our eyes, in our

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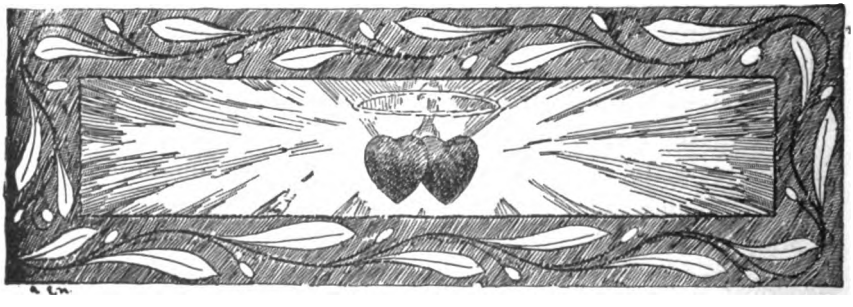
speech, our practice, and our life. There is no aspect of that modern life for which we have so pleased and vain a complacency, but that has grown by and glows with memories of the grace she inspired. Is it Art? How many a heart has been moved and saved even by painted and sculptured Madonnas. How many impurities the world has been saved from—both the artist who tried to picture her, and the myriad eyes that gazed upon his imaginings of her. And who will number the hearts whitened or kept pure at the shrines of Our Lady?

Our Lady! Where is the sermon on purity with a tithe of the grace of those two words? Our Lady!—in saying it, the spirit within us seems to receive a guerdon of knighthood, a patent of nobility. Our Lady! Where is the hope in all the world for us poor sinners like that we feel as by saying these words often, thinking them, loving them, we almost dare to claim with truth and confidence that she is indeed "*Our Lady*"?

—O Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now, and at the hour of our death.



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THE HISTORICAL REVIVAL IN SIENESE TREASURES.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY F. W. PARSONS.

PART I.

THE learned Sienese archivist, Cavaliére Alessandro Lisini, ably assisted by Signor Casanova, has lately arranged an entirely new collection of rare specimens from the archives of Siena, and the opening up of this new display of the treasures of the past would seem to furnish a fitting occasion to call general attention to that which will be a delight to all to whom the archives have hitherto been unknown, and a new pleasure to those who have already observed their intense interest and historic worth.

The Sienese archives constitute a wonderful treasure-house of original materials for the study of mediæval biography and history, of social and political life, during centuries of fierce struggle between Guelphs and Ghibellines, of which Tuscany was the battle-ground and in which the republic of Siena was largely a factor.

Besides invaluable letters and documents, contemporary with the first beginnings of civic, communal, and republican life, and extending down to our own times, there are manuscripts, records, and accounts which, in their material and illustration, as well as in their covers and bindings, are unique and unrivalled, as illustrative of the minor arts.

It is more particularly under this latter aspect that the archives will be considered here. It is not, however, possible to pass over in silence the immense fund of interest to every student and scholar, poet, artist, or historian, that is to be found among fifty-five thousand documents, one hundred and ten thousand letters, touching every phase of that picturesque and many-sided life of the middle ages.

Scattered through this vast mass of documentary material and correspondence, or running through many thousand manuscript books and records, lie threads that would amply furnish

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the woof and weft of vivid pictures of men and women, sung by Petrarch and Dante, or otherwise famous in song and story. Portraits of some of them have come down to us in quaint miniatures and panel pictures, or on frescoed walls of church, or castle, public palace and oratory.

The diplomi, or documentary archives, range in date from the eighth to the nineteenth century, inclusive, and are drawn from sixty-nine different sources. They bear upon every phase of the civil, political, and religious life of the city, commune, and republic of Siena, in peace and in war; internecine strife at home, or conquest and disaster abroad. In conjunction with the magisterial correspondence and records of governmental acts and decrees, they throw a flood of light upon the wide-spread international relations of the walled city on the Tuscan hills, financial and commercial, no less than political and military.

Documents, or letters, of famous popes, emperors, kings and queens, or other civil and military chieftains and leaders of men in church or state, even of captains of adventure, reveal in a wonderful way, by the will or act recorded, or in a characteristic turn of expression, the personality of each writer. Nor are these human documents limited to the truly great or infamous, as the standards of this world may decide their character. Four long shelves are devoted to original letters, documents, and data of the life and work of St. Catherine, including the bull of her canonization. The memory of that keen humorist, marvellous story-teller, and most successful preacher withal, St. Bernardino, is kept alive by sermons written with his own hand. His quaint figure and sweet face are happily preserved to us in Christian art, and the official estimate of his true sanctity is shown by the bull of his canonization, here treasured.

Among the Sienese archives are letters from many other men, whose holiness or zeal brought them into relations with officials or ecclesiastics of Siena. Thus, Brother Giovannino Torriani, general of the Order of Friars Preachers, writes to the rectors of the commune of Siena, announcing to them that he has commissioned Brother Girolamo Savonarola to visit their city for the purpose of infusing sterner discipline into the minds and hearts of his Dominican brethren of the convent of San Spirito. St. Francis de Sales seeks, by letter, the release of a prisoner of war. Brother Bernardino Ochino responds to the

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invitation of the republic of Siena to preach sermons, through Advent or Lent, in the Sienese country. Three years later, Brother Ambrogio Caterino addresses a letter to the government of Siena, announcing his publication of a brief treatise against the Socinian doctrines of the same Bernardino Ochino.

Among the original diplomi, or documents, anterior to the downfall of the republic, are two hundred and sixty-four imperial grants, decrees, or letters-patent, and this series presents a beautiful collection of seals of the emperors, including many Byzantine designs. The archives of Siena are particularly rich in official seals, as well as in numerous impressions, such as are attached to these imperial diplomi. The Sienese have ever shown solicitous care in providing intelligent custodians for their public documents and records, seals, weights and measures, and every other detail of official administration. This was the case as well in the times of the free commune as during the supremacy of the Medicis, who, in so far as the art of government is concerned, preserved the names and forms of the republican offices.

Many interesting and curious documents and letters attest the relations of Siena with military engineers, architects, sculptors, and painters, who served the republic, its citizens and guilds. Much of their work remains to us, and furnishes abundant evidence of that cultivation of the arts which would have rendered Siena a still more wonderful survival in mediæval architecture but for the factional fights and internal dissension that so largely contributed to the loss of independence. Contracts, receipts, letters, declarations of property-ownership, for purposes of taxation, and sometimes ingenious appeals for indirect assistance from the government, reveal the relative prosperity, or improvidence, that the character or circumstances of individual artists developed. The Sienese school of art was unique in Italy, in a distinct, mystic individuality, inspired by religious faith, and never vitiated by the paganizing element in the influence of the Renaissance. I mean to say that, in the treatment of religious subjects, the work of Sienese artists was never marred by that grossness (not to say sensuality) noticeable elsewhere in Italy, particularly at Venice. In the lesser arts Siena produced some remarkable work, as we shall presently see, since I desire, in this article, to call special attention to the rare beauty and variety of the specimens that remain to us.

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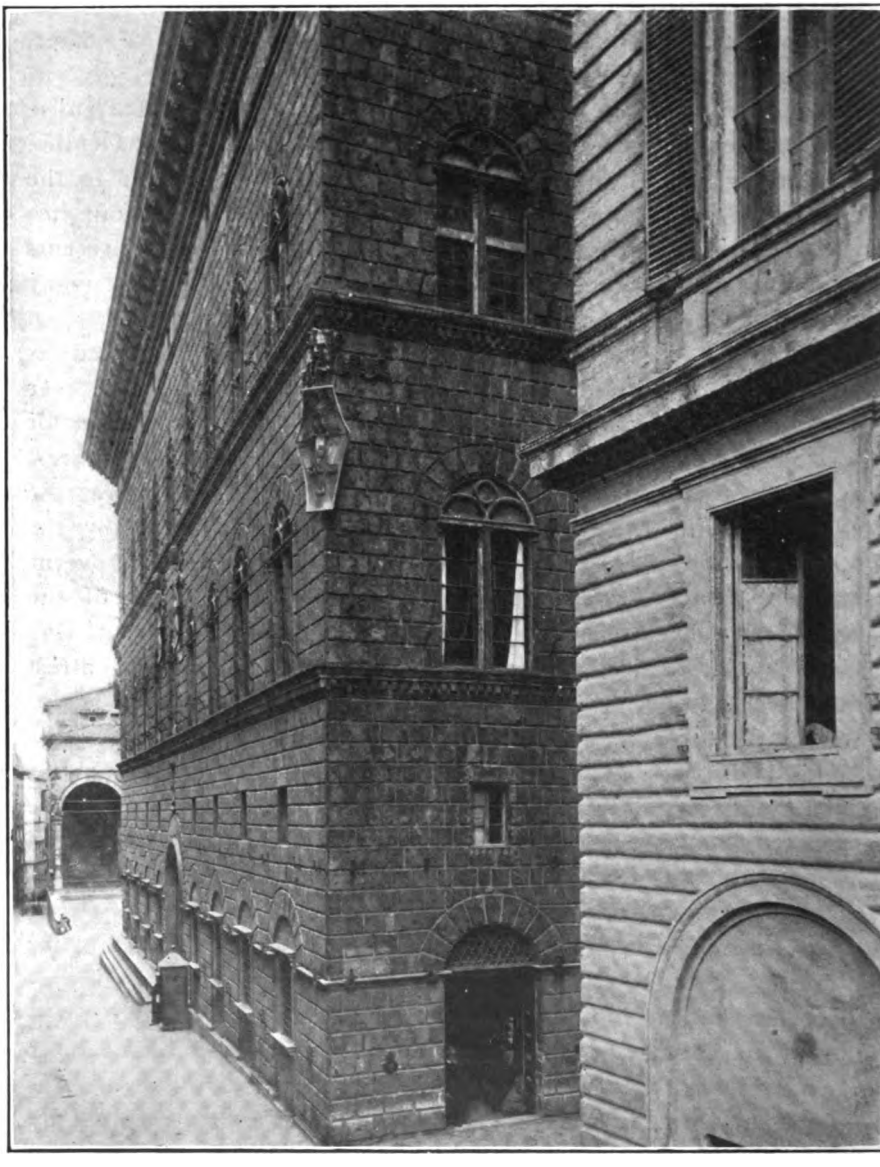

THE PICCOLOMINI PALACE.—PRESENT HOME OF THE ARCHIVES.

Before dwelling upon them it is well to note a series of Dantesque documents, forming original materials illustrative of those whom Dante has seen in vision. Those whose blessed souls the great poet has evoked from Heaven, or whose weird spirits he has conjured up in Purgatory, or Hell, can be viewed, in their true perspective, by a study of these documents, orig-

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inating with the very men whom Dante has crowned, or branded with infamy, largely as his prejudices, as a Florentine and a partisan, influenced him to do. This splendid collection would possess an intense human interest, even if not illumined by the genius of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, rare and early editions of which further enrich this assortment of documents, identified with his heroes and foes.

Besides a vast accumulation of documents and letters, arranged by centuries, years, months, and days, there are thousands of manuscript books of accounts, of vital statistics, of hospital administration, records of the General Council, registers of the great commercial houses and financial companies, or bankers, whose widespread international relations with various parts of Italy, France, England, Germany, and the Orient brought wealth and fame to Siena. There are the complete family records of old feudal lords and their descendants, for hundreds of years, and of the more practical nobility who devoted themselves to trade and finance. Here are hundreds of registers of extinct or suppressed monasteries and convents, once hives of industry, of spiritual life, or missionary effort, now in ruins, or confiscated, as the vicissitudes of time or spoliation by the government of United Italy may have determined the result.

Originally preserved in various localities, these historic archives of Siena now occupy forty-five large rooms of the second and third floors of the Piccolomini Palace, in the Via Ricasoli. This building is in itself a splendid memorial, in stone, of one of Siena's foremost men of the past, Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini (Pope Pius II.) This massive structure of the fifteenth century was erected by nephews of the great Pope, whose name it commemorates, from designs of Bernardo Rossellino. It is said that Martino di Giorgio da Varena, a Lombard master, was the first superintendent of works identified with its construction. In his recent History of Siena Mr. Langton Douglas states that Lorenzo di Mariano (known as Marrina), one of the greatest sculptors of that age, made the capitals of the columns of the courtyard of this Piccolomini Palace and other sculptured ornaments for the same building. Mr. Douglas attributes the building of this palace to Pietro Paolo Porrina of Casole, Francesco di Giorgio's rival, and he further says, with some justice: "This is the only Renaissance

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edifice in the city that affects the imagination in the same way as do some of the great Florentine palaces. Of an austere, stately beauty, it was a fitting dwelling-place for the heads of a great house that for generations had done noble service to the state." It now furnishes a home for the archives.

Zealous care has been exercised by the Sienese to preserve their many thousand parchment memorials of a glorious past, but there is little of date prior to the thirteenth century that is specially worthy of descriptive comment in a brief sketch that necessarily excludes biography and history, except by mere allusion. It is, nevertheless, interesting to note significant souvenirs of the plague, which ravaged Siena in 1348, 1361, and 1374, and to study the methods of disinfection then in use. Agnolo di Tura, who buried five of his children in one grave, dug by his own hands, in the awful visitation of 1348, estimated the deaths in Siena and its immediate vicinity at eighty thousand out of a total population of probably two hundred thousand souls. The picturesque remnants of what was ambitiously planned to be the largest and most magnificent cathedral in all Italy stand to-day a beautiful monument to the plague (or Black Death), as an important cause contributing to the abandonment of this plan and the substitution for it of the existing cathedral church.

Many officials died, and, to prevent the spread of contagion, thousands of these public documents were pierced with triangular apertures, to allow the air to pass through them, and the parchments and papers were fumigated with various scents and perfumes, with the same end in view.

Many of the documentary archives are embellished with illuminated headings, or border designs, by Guidoccio Cozzarelli and other painters and miniaturists. Manuscript books of record have, in several centuries, been richly and beautifully decorated by some of the best artists in miniature painting. Perhaps the most artistic and valuable miniature of the fourteenth century, certainly the best of the Sienese work, forms the frontispiece of a manuscript register entitled "Caleffo dell' Assunta" or "Instrumentario del Comune," compiled in the years 1334–1336. This wonderful painting is the only existing work known of Niccolò di Ser Sozzo Tagliacci. It illustrates the Catholic doctrine, or dogmatic fact, that "Mary was assumed into Heaven, high above the choirs of angels." The

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THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.—BY TAGLIACCI.

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Virgin Mother appears enthroned, surrounded by the angelic choirs. In exquisite delicacy and absolute finish this miniature stands unsurpassed. In his recent admirable History of Siena Mr. Langton Douglas justly claims for this miniature that "in the exquisite grace of its line, as well as in the flower-like beauty of its color, this painting is unrivalled by any similar Tuscan work of this period."

Simone Martini, a famous miniaturist and idealistic Sienese painter of the first half of the fourteenth century, endeared himself to Petrarch, whose friend he was, by depicting on vellum the face of Laura. The fifteenth century, however, was the golden age of miniature painting in Siena. In fact, a considerable school existed there at that time; and the indefatigable labor and artistic skill of Sano di Pietro have ranked him at the head of Sienese miniaturists in his day and generation. Rare specimens of his work are to be found among the choir-books of the Cathedral of Siena and at Chiusi. In the Opera del Duomo, or office of works of the Sienese Cathedral, and among these historic archives, to which this article is devoted, are evidences of his tireless energy and sustained skill. In the "Statuto dell' Arte di Mercanzia," compiled in 1472, is a most beautiful miniature, executed by Sano di Pietro at the age of sixty-six. It constitutes one of the most beautiful exhibits of the archives.

The whole subject of miniature painting is intimately associated with a remarkable series of decorated wooden covers of the financial books of record of Sienese treasury administration. From the earliest times the most important department of governmental control in Siena was that of finance. This administrative body, or commission, for the receipt and expenditure of public moneys, originated with the first beginnings of civic and communal liberty and continued to exist, in form at least, for about six hundred years, surviving many centuries after the downfall of the republic. This magistracy was composed of a camerlingo (a chancellor, or comptroller), and an elective body known as the "Four Provveditori," from the number (four) to which they were generally, though not always, limited. The camerlingo was assisted in a purely clerical capacity by a notary, and this whole commission of finance was popularly styled "the Biccherna," a term originating with the name of a parish building of the Church of San Pellegrino,

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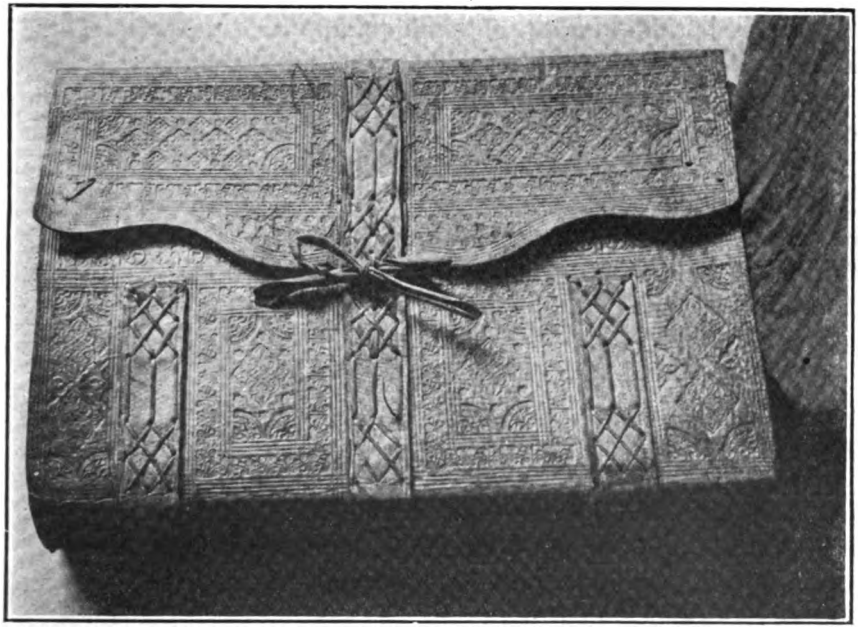
where this administrative commission first had offices. All that had to do with this office and its varied responsibilities was considered as of or in "Biccherna."

"Into the Biccherna were poured the customs, the *prestanze*, the fines, the taxes levied for concessions of privileges and monopolies, and whatever other assessments, imposts, or tributes went to make up the revenues of the state. Thither came



ONE OF THE OLD SIENESE BOOKS OF ACCOUNT.

the officials of the republic, the professors of the university, the ambassadors and the commissaries to draw their salaries; there the heads of the guilds, the artisans and the mechanics who were engaged upon the public works, the painters and architects in the employ of the commune, received their wages; there alms were distributed monthly to mendicant friars and to the poor; while there also the *berrovieri* of the podestà, the ministers of justice, and the mercenary troops who were hired by the government were paid for their services. In fact, in the office of Biccherna on every day of the year, except the festivals of Holy Church, a perpetual stream of persons of all ranks and ages was passing to and fro from morning till night, intent either to receive or to pay money." *

*William Heywood's *A Pictorial Chronicle of Siena*, pages 20, 21. Torrini, Siena, pub.

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"Thus the Books of Biccherna," decorated and adorned exteriorly, as we shall presently see, contained, as Mr. Heywood* cleverly describes, "entries of the most interesting and varied character; such, for example, as the amount expended for perches for the falcons wherewith the Emperor Frederick II. went a-hawking in the plains of Orgia; the price of the purple mantle which the ill-starred Corradino offered on the altar of Our Lady of Grace before he set forth to meet his doom at the hands of Charles of Anjou; and two years later the sums paid to Ventura, the painter, for emblazoning the arms of that same Charles upon the *Carroccio* (war-chariot) of the imperial city, and to Messer Deo Tolomei and the other Guelphs for destroying the tower and palace of Provenzano Salvani. Elsewhere are entered the wages earned by the officers of justice who burned the false-coiner Capocchio; the fines paid by Cecco Angiolieri and by the Florentine Casella, him whom Dante

"'woo'd to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory,'

both of them condemned for wandering about the streets at night after the curfew; the sums given as compensation to citizens whose houses had been destroyed or damaged by fire; the price of garments bestowed in charity upon an indigent feudal seignior whom the new order of things had reduced to beggary, the fee paid to a notary for rewriting a portion of the statutes which had been torn to pieces by a pet monkey of the podestà; the cost of the paper and parchment used in the public offices, and the money expended for ornamenting the covers of their books."

The pictorial covers of manuscript records of this office of Biccherna and the other financial magistracy of Gabella (for tax-gathering and the farming out of certain dues and imposts), and the later evolution in mediæval and Renaissance leather bindings, for these books of account, constitute a rare collection of panel pictures and artistic bindings alone worthy of a visit to Siena.

The incumbents of these two financial offices, of Biccherna and Gabella, were elected every six months. The camerlingo of each magistracy, or commission, at the expiration of the semi-annual term of office, made delivery of his manuscript

* *Ibid.*, pages 21, 22, and 23.

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books of account, there being two of Biccherna and one of Gabella. The first half of each book was consecrated to incoming revenues, and the second half to expenditures and outlays of every kind. The two parts were united, but unsewn, and enclosed between wooden boards, about fifteen inches long and some ten inches in width, connected by a leather thong or strap, nailed to the centre of the upper plank and carried around the board underneath, thus providing a strong, adjustable binding. At first the material of these manuscript books was parchment, but linen paper from Rimini was introduced in Siena in the thirteenth century. The language of entry in books of record, as of nearly all literature, in those times was Latin, a tongue common to all educated men, both lay and clerical, and every merchant, manufacturer, and banker, maintaining international commercial relations, knew Latin as part of the science of business and financial exchange. In fact, the vulgar tongue of the nations of Europe was in constant evolution, and the vernacular, first used in the Sienese archives, is said to have been a sort of patois, Italian with an admixture of French.

At first the planks, or tablets, encasing these manuscript records bore no decoration. In the first half of the thirteenth century, on the flat exterior of the upper cover, was placed the simple inscription: "This is the income" (*entrata*) "and the expenditure" (*uscita*) "of the Biccherna" (or "of the Gabella"), "of the Commune of Siena in the time of . . ." There followed the names of the camerlingo and of the administrators, the provveditori of Biccherna, or the esecutori of Gabella, and the indication of the commencement and ending of their half year's term of office, the date of the year, etc. This title, or inscription, was followed by the armorial bearings of the camerlingo and administrators, richly emblazoned in colors upon the upper half of the first tablet, or cover. Nailed to the centre of this decorated tavoletta, or cover of wood, was the encircling thong or strap of leather.

In the earliest times the camerlingo of the office of Biccherna was a layman. As suspicion, at least, of malfeasance in office was not unknown in Siena, in spite of ingenious checks upon unscrupulous administration, it was thought to obtain more assured probity, without nepotism, among the Cistercian monks of the famous abbey of San Galgano, and

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this office of camerlingo, both in Biccherna and in Gabella, was generally filled by a monk or friar. This system of drawing public officials from the religious orders was continued, with but little serious interruption, until publicly denounced by San Bernardino, in one of his characteristic but immensely popular sermons, in the Piazza del Campo of Siena.

Either through the esteem in which they were held by the community at large, or, possibly, through a harmless though unmonastic egotism, the practice originated of transmitting to posterity the portrait of the camerlingo on the cover of the book of his official acts and accounts. He was generally represented seated at a table, making calculations, counting money, reading a book, or in some other, usual attitude. This portrait and accompanying inscription occupied the upper half of the tavoletta. Sometimes the camerlingo appears alone, and, again, accompanied by his notary. These portraits occasionally give an excellent view of the office interior, with its partitions so arranged as to prevent more than one person at a time from approaching the camerlingo, the places provided for the administrators, and the great chests for money and documents.

This was in the period from the second half of the thirteenth century to the commencement of the fourteenth. The art evolution by which these book covers developed into a remarkable series of panel pictures, or miniatures, was synchronous with the most brilliant and successful period of Sienese political history, when at least the Sienese were more united amongst themselves and against the common foe, and prosperity shone upon union and concord.

"The Sienese school of painting, from Guido and Dietisalvi, contemporaries of Cimabue; from Duccio, Simone Martini, and Lorenzetti, contemporaries of Giotto, had become for a century and a half, with a particular sentiment of expression and color, the rival of the Florentine school, until the time when this last had a master such as Masaccio."* All this can be said, and I will go still farther and place the Sienese school of painting far in advance of Florence, until the advent of Masaccio. The Sienese painters did not manifest the same originality at a later date, though still illustrious, in Sano di Pietro, Lorenzo di Pietro (il Vecchietta), and others. But the history of their art during the time of prosperity will well repay some further study.

* A. Geffroy, *Tablettes Inédites of Les Mélanges d'Archéologie et d'Histoire, Paris et Rome.*

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THE STRANGERS WHO WERE WELCOMED.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

THE condition of the exchequer in the church at Maryville was a subject under serious consideration with the rector, the Rev. Father Regis Donovan. Indeed, at so low an ebb were the church's resources that his feelings bordered on desperation, or at least as near desperation as his stout heart, cheerful temper, and mind "set upon things above" would permit.

He was a man sorrowfully described by his classmates, with whom he had been a great favorite, as "buried way down in Missouri"; and socially, perhaps, this was true. There was little of what one could call the social whirl in Maryville. The "smart set" did n't pride itself upon exclusiveness. No one could possibly have belonged to it except Father Donovan, old Mr. Francis, who had "kep' the hotel since the wa'," and the new doctor, who had recently come there, and was doing an extensive if poorly paid practice, for miles around.

There was a good deal of sociability in Maryville, however, for the whole country was Catholic, and after the Sunday Mass some fifty or sixty people lingered in the quaint old church-yard; and where strawberry festivals, huskings, or any of the time-honored ways of making charity money were in vogue, the congregation readily responded to his Reverence's calls.

There were times when Father Donovan was lonely. He missed the genial company of his kind, and longed for music finer than that which Isa May Carter dispensed from the wheezy melodeon on Sundays. Even the birds' Magnificat seemed at times shrilly complaining, and he would close his eyes and hear, floating through dim cathedral aisles of pure Gothic beauty, the organ's mighty tones and the harmony of voices which seemed to lift his soul toward heaven. But he seldom indulged such thoughts, for his was an energetic soul and he loved his work. His bishop had known him as a boy and had sent him upon this mission wittingly, saying to himself: "He is young and strong enough physically and morally to rough it. Maryville needs him and he needs Maryville. A

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city parish, with its ease and flattery, would ruin him." So Father Donovan had come to Maryville, and had been there five years. It was a forlorn place, yet in the midst of scenery which in wild grandeur is equalled nowhere. Above it frowned the bald knobs of Taney County, with the Boston Mountains in the distance, while to the north meadows of wheat, corn, and cane stretched like soft green seas to the undulating blue sky-line.

It is a rich country, with fine farms and mines, and a prosperity before the war marked by schools where Latin and the classics were taught, and well taught, by college men, gentlemen of the old school. Until "Reconstruction" set her blighting foot upon a people who refused to be reconstructed, Taney County blossomed like the rose, but to-day Maryville boasted only some twenty houses, a blacksmith shop, and a "stoah" where was sold everything from shoe-strings to quinine pills, and where, for lack of ready money, "butter an' eggs" were largely accepted as circulating medium. It was just the typical little Missouri cross-roads town, a hamlet huddled about the "square" where the roads came together. Little attempt had been made to beautify the place, and save for the fresh neatness of the priest's lawn and a superb Baltimore Bell rose trained over the porch and outside steps of the "stoah," the houses were plain frame or log dwellings, the latter well chinked and all comfortable enough, if not beautiful.

The store was kept by John Sanders, at least the old sign over the door read

JoHN SaNDERs
GeNL SToRE

But John Sanders had been a helpless paralytic for years, and his daughter, a sad-looking widow with three children, had "run the business" ever since her husband was killed in the Betty Lee mine accident.

It will be readily imagined that not a great deal of money passed over the counters of the general store; and indeed there was very little to pass. If dollars had been as plentiful as children, Maryville would have compared favorably with wealthy cities, for the poorer the people grew the more industriously did they increase and multiply, and when all other crops failed, the crop of humanity waxed fruitful with increasing vigor. Father Donovan felt as though there were children to the right of him, children to the left of him, children in front of him,

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when he preached of a Sunday morning. Wherever he was they found him out, and his triumphal progress through the streets resembled much that of the Pied Piper of Hamlin town, though the only charm the priest used was the music of his pleasant voice and his ready smile.

From the children he learned much more of parish matters than he could have learned elsewhere, and their chatter often enabled him to quietly help those who would have scorned to tell of their troubles.

"If I could organize a 'Children's Crusade' I'd soon have that church debt paid," he said to his sister, who kept house for him. Miss Martha Donovan was a somewhat sharp-featured woman of forty. Cordially as she despised the discomforts of their existence, she would gladly have resided in Sahara's desert if she could thereby have insured her adored younger brother from the horrors of bread that was *sour*—a word she always used with a half-whispered vehemence—and other culinary abominations to which many of the inhabitants of Taney County were addicted.

"We will simply have to do something for the church debt before Christmas," said Father Donovan. "Have n't you some ideas, Patty?"

His sister gave a sniff of disdain.

"My ideas don't amount to much," she said; "besides, you can't get blood out of a turnip, and in my opinion you have bled these turnip-headed Missourians all you can. They have n't any more money, or they would give it to you. Mind, I say to *you*, not to our Lord. It 's shameful the idolatry these people show toward you. I don't see why you allow it. It is putting the creature before the Creator"; and she gazed at him indignantly over her spectacles. It was a theory of Miss Donovan's that she did not worship her brother, at least not unduly; but she was quick to see the fault in others to which her conscience told her she was most addicted, a failing not uncommon in her sex.

"You 'll have to send East for money," she said.

"The bishop has none to spare, and does n't like special appeals; he says they disorganize regular charities," said her brother. "I have n't the face to go to any of my old friends, for I have begged from them so often. The church needs painting this spring and the debt is assuming frightful proportions. If the interest is n't paid by Christmas, I 'm afraid the mortgage will be foreclosed and the Methodists will take the

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building. We must pray.—What's that?" as a sharp peal came at the door bell and his sister left the room.

"Sick call; make haste. A sick boy has been put off the through train, and they are taking him to the hotel. His mother is with him. They're strangers going East from Mexico. He'll die up at Francis'. Have him brought here at once," said his sister, all in a breath.

"You're a good girl, Patty," called Father Donovan over his shoulder, as he hurried down the path.

In half an hour the stranger was installed in the spare room at the rectory, and Dr. Ochiltree was in charge, for the boy was very ill with pneumonia. Then followed anxious days and nights of anguish, for, when sickness holds in thrall a loved one and death lurks behind the curtained window, the sunlit days are sad; but when dark night folds her curtain about the sick chamber apprehensions wax as certainties, and dread turns to horror and black despair.

A calm, sweet soul was the boy's mother; a woman whose widow's black and sad, dark eyes spoke eloquently of grief, while her sweet smile and placid brow showed that her "sorrow's crown of sorrow" had been nobly worn, and peace had come through pain.

Jeannie Maclean bore her anxiety well. She was too brave to whine, too much a gentlewoman to make others uncomfortable, and she had a cheerful word and a pleasant smile for those who helped her in her trouble.

"To think that such good Samaritans should lurk in a forsaken little town like Maryville!" she said. "I was nearly desperate on the train with Cyril so ill, and this the only stopping place for three hundred miles. I thought we had gotten off at the Desert of Sahara; and how could I know there was such an oasis of warmth and light here, with angelic beings walking around in black soutanes and calico aprons. Mixed metaphors? Yes, father, I know that; but never mind, you and your sister have been angels to me."

Father Donovan laughed genially. "There are many of your church, madam, who would consider an angel in the garb of a priest very much in disguise," he said; at which his sister sniffed audibly, but Mrs. Maclean only smiled as she left the room to go to her boy. Father Donovan shook his head and sighed, saying softly, as his sister glanced inquiringly at him, "The only son of his mother, and she a widow."

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In the days following even the bright spirit of the mother could not jest, and no one spoke save that Miss Donovan's lips moved as her thin hands passed up and down the beads she held, and in the sick room the watchers well-nigh held their breath, so near the end did Cyril seem. But the darkest night has its dawn, and though days of anxiety followed, there was hope. The turning point had been passed so imperceptibly that no one had realized it was such. Gradually the boy's fever lessened and he seemed creeping back to health, and so the days sped on till Christmas-time drew near, with all its blessed cheer and gladness. Yet the good priest's heart was heavy, for with the new year came the dreaded time of settlement, and he saw no loophole of escape.

He made an earnest appeal to his people the Sunday before Christmas, and from the eager faces which met his he hoped his words had sunk into the hearts of the people before him. He had time but to glance at the collection plate as he passed into the sacristy, but thought it fuller than usual, and rejoiced when making his thanksgiving.

As he rose from his knees a woman awaited him, and he saw it was Mrs. Overstreet, the sad-looking widow who kept the general store.

"What is it, Mrs. Overstreet?" he asked. "I hope your father is not worse."

"No, sir," she answered, "but I am in trouble. Yesterday the lady at your house paid me for her washing and gave me a ten-dollar gold-piece. I put it away toward the rent, which has been running for three months—times are so bad with us—and in looking in my purse I can't find it. Do you suppose that I could possibly have put it into the plate by mistake?" Her voice was trembling, her manner embarrassed, almost frightened.

"I will look," said the priest. "If there is a gold-piece there it should be yours, for no one else is likely to have one in this poor little parish"; and he turned to the handkerchief, tied at the four corners like a bag, wherein the sacristan had deposited the money. There lay the ten-dollar gold-piece, bright and shining, and the priest sighed inwardly as he thought how much that would help with the quarterly interest due on the church note. But he handed it to the widow, saying pleasantly, "That must be yours, Mrs. Overstreet. I hope it will bring you a blessing."

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She took it hesitatingly and looked at it with a strange expression, then drew out a quarter from her shabby little purse and said: "Here is what I meant to put in; it's little enough, but we have to count every penny. I can't bear to take that money. I feel as if I were"—she paused and burst into tears.

"Our Lord looks at the heart, my child," said Father Donovan gently. "The widow's mite was precious to Him, and your little piece of silver given with a willing, cheerful heart means more than the gold-piece given unwittingly. God bless you and give you peace."

As, still sobbing, she hurried away, the priest knit his brows and said to himself: "A strange mistake! She seemed unnatural, but she has much to worry her, poor weary soul!" Then he hurried home to the dinner which was his breakfast, and his sister's good-natured scoldings for being late.

"Of course some silly woman kept you standing in the draught when you were so tired and hot. Her little troubles were better aired to an empty stomach! If you were n't an angel instead of a man, you would have told her you were more sympathetic after you had had something to eat. Dinner is stone cold now. I wish the time would come when I did n't have to choose between serving you a Sunday dinner cold as charity or burned to a crisp in the endeavor to keep it hot. This chicken pie is hopelessly spoiled!"

If she had said nothing Father Donovan, like most men, would not have noticed that there was anything amiss with the food, had it been served with the piquant sauce of good cheer and that air of assurance which should always accompany a well-cooked dinner. He answered nothing to his sister's tirade; but as he ate his much-delayed repast he caught the twinkle in Mrs. Maclean's dark eye, and she laughed outright as she said: "Miss Martha, have n't you learned yet that it 's no use to lecture your brother? You see, he 's a very difficult combination to manage, for a man never takes care of himself and a priest always takes care of other people. Better give it up; he 'll never be amenable to reason when there is any poor forlorn around who needs him."

"Father," she continued, as Miss Donovan gave a short laugh, "I never felt meaner in my life than I felt this morning. You have a horrible talent for making people feel small, did you know it?"

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"No; what have I been doing now?" he asked.

"Miss Martha went to early Mass and stayed with Cyril to let me go to 10:30 church. I wanted to hear you preach, so I forsook my Methodist brethren—there's no meeting-house of my own kind here, you know—and went to St. Ignatius'. As a preacher you are fine, father; but I do think you have missed your vocation. You ought to have been a beggar by profession. I never heard any one so persuasive. The coins in my purse fairly jostled themselves in their eagerness to get to you, and I was ashamed to have only a small sum to put in. I had used up all my bills to pay my just debts yesterday, and I had only—well, I'm just ashamed to tell you what I put in the plate after your wonderful appeal. I hope no one saw me, but I am sure the woman who sat next to me did; she looked surprised."

"Never mind, Mrs. Maclean," said the priest, with his genial smile. "You can make up all your deficiencies next Sunday. If I begged to-day, I shall demand next week. You would better go prepared, or you will find yourself taking off your rings and breastpin like the Jewish women did for the Temple of old."

"Next Sunday is the time for a Christmas offering, is n't it?" she asked. "I think it's lovely when Christmas comes on Sunday. When I was a little girl I was always in terror for fear it would, for some one had told me that on a Sunday Christmas you could n't have any presents but Bibles and hymn books. When I was eight years old the dreaded time came, and lo! to my delight we had Christmas turkey three days in succession! One grandfather kept Saturday, another Monday, and we had our own turkey on Sunday. I nearly wept when they told me there would n't be another Sunday Christmas for eight years, and I often wondered if I should live to see the happy day. This year will be an especially happy time for me. I have so much to be thankful for in Cyril's recovery, and Dr. Ochiltree tells me that the boy will be quite himself in another week. What will you take as a thank-offering, father? A Christmas-tree for the children, a new soutane, books? Tell me what would most please this good man who has saved my boy, Miss Martha? Skilful and attentive as Dr. Ochiltree is, I know Cyril would have died without the comforts and kindness of your home. There is so much in nursing. What does your brother want most? 'Give him away,' as the boys say."

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"He never wants anything," said his sister; "he is the most aggravating creature to give a present to. Offer him a mitre, and he would say 'I have to pay the church debt first"!

"Is there a church debt? That's too bad. How much is it?" asked Mrs. Maclean, carelessly.

"Oh, more than will ever be paid. Eight hundred dollars and some interest. We hope to get enough from the Christmas collection to keep the interest up to date. If we don't, the mortgage will be foreclosed and the Methodists will get the building. I suppose then St. Ignatius' will be the 'Wesley Tabernacle,' or the 'Mt. Zion Methodist,' or the 'Grace M. E.'"; and Miss Martha sighed dismally.

Mrs. Maclean looked reflective. "I want to have a tree," she said at last. "Father, can't I give you a tree for the children? I have n't had any fun for a long time. Please let me."

"It will be very kind of you," he said; and it was arranged that the tree should be lighted at dusk on Christmas eve, and a supper should follow for the children of the congregation.

"That won't interfere with anything, will it, father?" asked Mrs. Maclean. "The children can go to confession early in the afternoon and tell their little childish sins, and the evening will be free for the older people. Confession is one thing I envy you Catholics," she added. "You always look so nice and rested when you 're through. It must give one morally the sort of nice, superior feeling that a woman has when she is dressed clean and neat and the other women are n't. Are you scandalized, Miss Martha? Don't be; I'm not half as frivolous as I sound, am I, father?"

"I'm not your confessor, so I can't say; and if I were, I would n't tell," he said, laughing.

It was Christmas morning and the sunlight fell on the listening souls at St. Ignatius' as the Mass was sung and Father Donovan preached.

"There was no room for Him at the inn—" how the powerful voice rang out in solemn, tender tones. It pierced to every heart; the worldly, the indifferent, awoke to thought, the weary to fresh exertion, the loving to greater tenderness for the homeless Wanderer of Judea. "No room for the Christ Child. Is there room for Him to-day?" the accusing voice went on, and in it was not the accusation of a severe judge but of a tender father. "Is there room in your hearts, dear

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friends? In the cold and snow of adverse circumstances, is there warmth of love for Him? Soon, without help, unless almost a miracle is performed among us, He will be homeless on our altar, His church will be His no longer. Make room, then, within your hearts for the Blessed Christ-Child this holy Christmas day.

"But He may not enter in where there is aught impure. No single sin must bar His presence, a thought unkind, a sin unatoned. Ah, my children, poor as we are, we can by penitence and prayer and praise make holy our hearts to house the Blessed Guest waiting for us to-day, the sweet Lord Christ who gave Himself for us that first Christmas at Bethlehem."

It was very still in the little church. The crisp December sun shone brilliantly in at the windows and clothed with cheer and beauty the plain little chapel, whose white walls and white windows would have seemed cheerless enough had there not been about the place that air of holiness which impresses even the careless, and the sanctity of that Real Presence which draws all eyes and all thoughts to the altar. The service seemed even more solemn than usual, and the priest's heart was full of devotion as he said the closing prayers.

Strong was his faith and fervent his devotion. All would come out right he was sure. God would not desert His people and His Church. "It has withstood the persecutions of ages, and it will stand, built upon the Rock, Petrus," he murmured as he made his thanksgiving, his soul calm and uplifted above earth's care and fret.

Two women were awaiting him in the sacristy, and Mrs. Maclean addressed him hurriedly as he stepped toward the door.

"I don't dare to keep you a minute, father. I'm afraid of Miss Martha, and don't want to keep the Christmas turkey waiting. I just want to give you my Christmas offering."

"But you gave the tree for the children, and my new soutane, and that dress for Martha—" She interrupted him:

"Oh, those weren't the real thing; just side shows," she laughed. "Those were for you, and this is for our Lord—I must make a thank-offering for Cyril, you know. He's all I have, and my heart is just running over with thankfulness that our Lord lets me keep him longer; so this"—she thrust a folded paper into his hands—"is part of my Christmas thank-offering, and I want you to let me have the church painted

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and frescoed, and stained glass windows put in, and Cyril wants to give you a pipe organ. You see we don't intend to let you forget us."

"But, my dear madam, the church is mortgaged," Father Donovan stammered.

"Was, not is—read the paper in your hand; but I can't stop to say another word; I can smell the turkey burning now. Just say a prayer for us heretics and sinners sometimes, father"; and with a bright smile she slipped out, followed by the priest's earnest "God bless you!"

It was with a light heart that he turned to his other visitor, Mrs. Overstreet, her shabby black looking shabbier in the bright sunlight.

"What can I do for you this morning?" he asked kindly.

"I came to bring you this," she said in a strained manner, as she held out the ten-dollar gold-piece of the week before.

"But I cannot take it," he said in surprise. "You are not able to give—" But she interrupted him vehemently:

"I'm not giving—it's not mine—I stole it; oh! how can I tell you how low I have sunk?" And she burst into tears.

Father Donovan was silent a moment, a deep pity written upon his face, and his lips moved as a swift prayer for guidance went up from his heart; then he spoke softly:

"You are afraid to tell me; tell our Lord about it."

"I cannot, I am afraid; He cannot forgive; it is the one unpardonable sin," she sobbed.

"No sin is unpardonable but the one unrepented," he said. "Tell me in confession if you wish, but let me help you bear the burden, if I can."

"No, no, not in confession. I must tell you now and bear the penalty," she said. "I stole the money from our Lord. I had to pay the rent or father and the children would be turned out of doors. I saw the rich lady whose son was sick put the gold-piece in the plate in church, and the devil whispered to me that no one would know if I said it was mine; and I yielded. I was going to give you the money after Mass to-day—I could n't keep it after your words this morning—when the rich lady pushed something into my hand and whispered that it was a Christmas present. It was a fifty-dollar bill, and, father, it burnt my hand; enough to pay the rent and get us clothes, and I had stolen from our Lord all for nothing. He would n't even let me have the chance to restore

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the money while I needed it; so I know there is no forgiveness for me now."

Her head sank in her hands and there was silence in the room for a moment; then the priest spoke, and he himself scarcely knew what he said, yet the words fell like dew upon the withered flower and healing balm upon the heart of the penitent. Soon she turned to go, and there was a holy calm upon her weary face as the priest's blessing and his quiet "Go in peace, my daughter," fell upon her ears.

"Of course you could n't even have Christmas dinner on time," said Miss Martha, as they sat down at the table half an hour later than usual on Sunday. "Well, I knew how it would be, so I ordered dinner for half-past twelve. I should think those people who were so busy wishing you 'Merry Christmas' might have remembered the inner man and let you get something to eat; but there is n't any use expecting women to have any sense."

Mrs. Maclean gave his Reverence a quiet look from her dancing eyes.

"Not a bit of use, is it, father?" she said merrily, and he only laughed in reply.

"Have you had a happy Christmas, father?" asked Cyril, who leaned back in his arm-chair, pale and worn.

"The happiest I have ever known," the priest replied softly.

"Was it the books, or the new soutane, or the setter puppy Farmer Jones' boy carried all the way in his arms, or the turkey, or the pumpkins, or the candy heart Baby Alice brought you in her sticky little paws?" asked Mrs. Maclean.

"All and yet none," he replied enigmatically. "It was happy because the snows of this Christmas-tide made pure and white a sinning soul."

A softened silence fell upon them and Jeannie Maclean's merry eyes grew gravely sweet as she murmured:

> "A saint of gentleness and kindness,
> Cheerful in precept and in penance winning,
> Gently leading from their shame and blindness
> Souls that are sinning."

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In the Summer Woods.

BY D. A. FABER.

HEAR the singing of the birds!
Sweeter far than honeyed words
From the fickle human herds,
Their song of love!
Oh, what melody they make!
How their sweet notes on us break,
And the sleeping echoes wake,
Of the wood.
Hark! the cock his clarion shrill,
Harshly joins with whip-poor-will,
And with widgeon's whistling trill,
From the cove.
Hear the emu's solemn rune,
And the plover's plaintive croon
Blend with raven's croaking tune,
From the grove!
When the hermit's joyous strain
Meets the nightingale's refrain,
From the bell-bird, hear again
His solemn chime!
Oh, ye brightly-feathered race,
Rich in beauty, rare in grace,
Build your homes about this place
For all time.
All ye gaudy songsters, sing!
Make the woods and welkin ring
With the melodies of spring,
Soon to go.
Sing your richest, sweetest lay,
Through the night and live-long day;
Thus to God the homage pay
Which you owe.
Let the skylark higher rise,
Sweeter sing in higher skies,
With the snipe and his allies
Wild careering.
Let the ruff on hillock dance,
Whilst his mate, with stealthy glance,
Fixes looks on him askance,
But endearing.

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Let the capercally perch
On his peak, and twist and lurch—
Strangely posing 'neath the birch,
For purpose plain.
Let the acrobatic rook
Tumble threat'ning toward the brook,
From his flights or lofty nook,
His mate to gain.
Let the bower-bird adorn,
From the break of early morn,
In the sunshine and the storm,
His palace home.
Let the shells the brightest be,
From the river-side or sea,
And the feathers velvety,—
They 're his own!
Then the arcade 'round and 'round,
With the gay companion found,
Let him strut, with chirping sound,
Stories telling.
Let the peacock spread his train,
All its gorgeousness make plain;
It will vanish with the rain—
Pride rebelling.
Soon the thrush will cease to sing,
And the skylark on the wing
Will awake no echoing
In the skies.
Though the redbreast and the wren,
Both in forest and in glen,
With the chiffchaff, oft again
Will arise;
For the last's two-noted cry,
With a dread monotony,
Will be heard with weary sigh
The year around.
Oh, then, sing your songs anew,
Ye rainbow-tinted crew;
Ring willow, birch, and yew,
With joyous sound!

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BEAUTY AND TRUTH.

BY P. F. W.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"; "beauty is truth, and truth beauty,"—so poets say, and so they say with truth.

And yet, men might contend, those poets are telling untruths or are uttering paradoxes. Men instinctively revolt against whatever there is of untruth, or of exaggeration in those truths; and they know how they are perverted or abused. As for the personal beauty of face and form, though "the saying that beauty is only skin deep is but itself a skin deep saying," yet, as Fénelon writes, such beauty is more an idol to the possessor than to any other worshipper thereof; nor is there any sadness, any misery, any tragedy, which historians, poets, and novelists have not told of as the end of beauty—more fair, more fortunate than a summer's day, closing in pelting of pitiless storm, in bitter and outcast wretchedness, or in the darker madness of triumphant denial of good.

> "The fatal gift of beauty, which became
> A funeral dower of present woes and past."
>
> "O tu, cui feo la sorte
> Dono infelice de bellezza, onde hai
> Funesta dote d'infiniti guai."

The inspired writers cannot take us further back than Adam and Eve; and before Antony and Cleopatra and Helen of Troy, we read of Jezabel and of her daughter. The same chapters that tell of Herodias tell of our solitary boast through the ages of confusion, Mary Immaculate.

For it is the *macula,* the taint, that makes beauty and truth clash and strive and deny each other; which drives the sor rowing in shrinking from this fair world; which turns their sorrow into purpose to relieve those for whom that fairness is a mocking sound from afar; and which, on the other hand, gives you mighty poets in their misery dead, and exquisite

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authors corrupters of youth, and painters whose work is to deaden souls, if not to kill.

All men feel these contrasts and everlasting combats between good and evil. The difficulty is in the nature of things, in the facts of existence; we are not in Eden, nor in Paradise; not now

> "Love is an unerring light,
> And joy its own security."

Catholics—as Aubrey de Vere notes in the preface to his selection, "Household Poetry,"—Catholics must very specially feel the taint in earthly beauty; and hence, having the beauty of revealed truth at their disposal, they often abandon the world to the evil that is in it. At least, as the poet critic says, English-speaking Catholics are inclined to neglect English poetry. This is very natural, he adds. Another has noted "the supreme touch" of piety; the delicacy, the courtesy, the reality, the beauty that it gives in mind, nature, and thought. We have all seen examples of such. Is not holy Mary the type and teacher thereof? But yet there is a danger in that neglect. We are in this mortal world. What is it? Who are we? What lives must we lead? And in his *Idea of a University* Cardinal Newman has once and for all given the answer of the holiness that is in the world, though not of it. We educate for this world. If we try to confine mankind to beauty of holiness directly (to reading lives of the saints, as Newman puts it), then we but send men to the world for its evil and with no guide to its good; we but make the world their university. Alas! how true, when we see pious men slaves of the newest books—bubble reputations—and immersed in newspaper twaddle. As if worldly gossip and the dreary or unwholesome vaporings of quickly despised novels were as sound a natural basis for their supernatural citadel as good literature and good art. Even Voltaire can give helpful advice "to read what is good, and to read only that; to choose what for long has had votes of men in its favor."

Goldsmith gave his picture of those who neglect to use this world's beauty:

> "If few their wants, their pleasures are but few. . . .
> Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
> That first excites desire, and then supplies;

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Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquenched by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures."

And he even continues—is he going beyond our experience of modern de-Puritanized "fun"?—

. . . "or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire."

When we have said so much, we despair, or we shrink back, or firmly purpose to love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. We read, as lately twice published, St. Ignatius Loyola's little autobiography, terrible in intensity. At first even he condemns the courtesies, the formularies of social life. Has he no cause in this world of scheming and sham? But (as his editor, Father Tyrrell, points out) who would less have treated our wickedness thus, than, later on, the founder of the Jesuits, the Society that sprang from Spanish grandeur of chivalry, having been passed through the fire of fierce penitence and self-abasement?

These things never can be spoken of without weighing them in a balance. On one side, if you will, is the Jesuit missioner's denunciation of the wrath of God, and the threatenings of the fire to consume the world; on the other is the *alter Christus* bending over the wandering sheep, when in the blessed confessional he speaks the charity of Him who despises not the works of his own hands, nor turns his sight from the flowers of the field, looking over his creation that once was very good.

More things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy: that warning is never old. No maxim is more Catholic. It was the desiring that all must be plain to our pride that has been the undoing of heresiarchs; as when "Reformers," for the so-called glory of God, denied free-will to men, because they could not understand; and in wandering mazes wilfully lost, blindly would force their way out. Let us not imitate them on this side or on that.

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What has been said above was suggested by reading a tolerant book, *De Dante à Verlaine*, by Father Pacheu, S.J.

He judges as generously as possible Huysmanns, the French author, who has come back into the church. Huysmanns writes to Father Pacheu of "the monstrous *incomprehension* of art by Catholics." "The church formerly led everything, and now leads nothing, the whole artistic movement of later years going on outside her pale, and far therefrom; a sad thing, you will allow; and a something brought about by her own sons, who look on workmanship in words as something devilish, and on art as a sin." He adds, that "if they turned from the debilitating reading of little pious books to Odon de Cluny and St. Bernard, they would . . . see no fear of ideas or of words there, but would . . . find sound tonics for the soul in their frank and bold open-spokenness and candor."

The priest-author indeed protests in his book that when they say "the true Christian will like only abject things, and will despise and hate things beautiful; he will not paint well, he will not be a good sculptor, nor a good draughtsman; but will confound art, that great delight of the soul, with common gross pleasure"; then, protests the priest, "every Christian of cultivated mind will feel such indignation, reading those words, that that alone suffices to brand them."

And yet, he himself quotes, p. 185, another priest, l'Abbé Vollot, professor of Holy Scripture at the Sorbonne, 1837–1868, who "dreamed often that in my weak way I might help to bring back literature, that is the beautiful, within the realm of the church. More than any other I have mourned over the barrenness of the *petits séminaires*. Here are young men who have good stuff in them, and more than ordinary intelligence, yet who will never do anything because they have not been given taste, or style, or any high aspirations." This priest professor lived to see things tending in the right direction, as he thought, by *de bonnes études*, literary culture.

What sad things there are still to see in France, let any one judge who has visited the works of Catholics of old—almost the only non-classical things shown there or elsewhere in Europe, as worth a traveller's looks—and has compared Amiens, Chartres, and Notre Dame de Paris with the modern churches; nay, who sees the Renaissance or nondescript altars and rococo ornaments erected in those old sanctuaries, and sees

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the mock metal work, the false flowers, the poorly painted statuettes replacing the exquisite, the strong, even if grotesque—now consigned to that museum of old Catholic loveliness, l'Hôtel de Cluny.

Think of what modern Catholic France has done; not the Revolution, but the Restoration, that pulled down St. Bernard's own church, as large, if I mistake not, as Westminster Abbey. Who knows that? Who would believe it, before he read Montalembert, as cited in Pugin's *Contrasts of Architecture?* It is almost too painful to note how modern custodians of churches bartered the treasures of the Middle Ages, and how secularist governments have been found protecting the beauty of France from some of her clergy. Pugin's book—to be had for six shillings now—should be in every hand that would protect our inheritance, and guide the builders of the spiritual Sion, those who have to use the material of the world's works to God's glory, and who do use them, too often, in a manner to bring shame on her who inspired Christian art. Pugin scorns the wretched Reformation and all its dirty, ugly ways. Look at his contrasted pictures of a Middle Age town, its churches, its charities, its true democracy, its manly independence, the fruit of religion only; no hate, no contempt, but rich aiding poor, giving more then (shall we say?) than the multiplied millions and millionaires give now; look at that ideal, and its expressions, in the burial of a receiver of charity during the Middle Age, with the robed brethren around, and all the gracious beauty of the church's office, with priest and assistants at the grave; contrast that with the pauper's body carted away, after the insults of a Dickens-described workhouse. Look at Pugin's market-crosses, and at a Georgian street fountain; at a bishop's monument in richness erected, but with humble attitude of piety, while the reformed prelatical bust stands up perky and thoughtless, flanked by two draggled wives; look at a royal chapel at Brighton, with Jack-in-the-box pulpit, and minister preaching to a George; and then look at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, before the wild sea of Henry's conscience rioted there, even while he saw the Holy Mass; he who now lies under the flag in that chapel where no Mass is said; though vainly the same destroyer willed those hundreds of unsaid Masses that were to be offered for his poor, mad soul.

Look at these contrasts in Pugin. But look also at his

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Catholic altar and sanctuary of old, its noble dignity, its chasteness and grace, in reredos, in vestment, in carving and in metal work, and then at his modern "autel privilégie," shapeless and graceless; something like an ugly hall-door behind, with ridiculous tumbling cherubs, and hideous representations of Sacred Hearts. Think how we cross seas to view as a whole, and in its charm throughout, some little church, that would not now cost a quarter of what we might pay to build one, no larger it may be, but of no interest, of no exalted beauty, of no inspiration. These things are worth much thought. Those old buildings of the Catholic Church's true democracy were the poor men's homes of art in its highest service; and the villagers were often artists who helped to build: no doubt, is there, of that? The people knew what was in their parish church; they knew why these things were in it; they cared whether they were in accord with the beautiful mind of the church that devised them, and taught her children their use and their glory. And often it is not lack of means, nowadays. "Lay not this flattering unction to your soul"; so let us repeat one to the other.

Those who to-day restore what their heresy once destroyed, frequently show the external of old Catholic art better than we who possess the essentials.

The essentials alone matter, some one will declare. But that is not the mind of the church. Because we *do* build, and paint, and adorn; let us do these things well. Let us not curse our descendants with half a dozen badly painted windows, instead of blessing them with one good one. It is a case where no bread is incomparably better than half a loaf.

As the strong-minded and practical Archbishop of Dublin said lately in his diocese:

"Everything about a church ought to be of the best; not necessarily in the sense of its being the most costly, but in the sense of its being the best of its kind, and of a kind that is good . . . This holds for the pictures, statuary, stained-glass windows, the carving of the wood-work, the mosaic work, or the tiling of the floor. *It would be better surely to have none of these things in a church than to have them not good of their kind.* . . . Nothing but good can come of the enforcement of the sound principle that, whatever we are to have of art-work in our churches should be really artistic; and that

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between what is merely mechanical and what is artistic—even though the art be of the simplest and most elementary form—there is a difference that in a sense is infinite." *

Anyway, the mind of the church was long ago declared. She decided against the Puritan Tertullian, and he left her. It was not her Pope, but it was Julian the Apostate, who forbade her children to use pagan classics, and to cultivate mind and taste in the school of pagan art. Did she not see the dangers? Has she not, ever since, been providing us with safeguards? Is she not striking for our soul's defence to-day in every word she utters about Christian education? The dangers are only too plain. The world is always with us. Flee from the wrath to come; yet, let both grow together until the harvest. And we cannot be wiser than the church. The New Testament might almost make us all Puritans, were the church not with us to interpret. But she is here; to provide for those who keep the commandments, as well as for those who also sell all they have and give to the poor. Again, at the Renaissance, some of the holiest of her sons were for separating the wheat and the cockle; with them were some of the most ignorant; on the other side stood those who knew. And though on this side there stood also the proud and the licentious, yet the church blessed this new mental activity—with trembling, as it were; with longing for the land that is very far off—always thinking of her duties among the *exules filii Evæ*, for whom she sings Salve Regina; and then again Alma Redemptoris Mater; and afterwards Ave Regina Cœlorum; until, at Mary's feet, leading us to sing Regina Cœli Lætare, she, in the fulness of triumph that for the first time may trust itself without fear, will then, with her whose spirit is our best guide in these uncertain wanderings, magnify the source of all: Him from whom we have received all our powers, the All-Wise, the All-Beautiful, the Creator of Mary, the King in His Beauty.

* Archbishop Walsh was speaking specially of the art of organ-playing. And he thus applied the principles of art to church music, where he never compromises, but rather defends the church's laws as a true churchman: "This is pre-eminently true of the organ. Though it has a solemn religious purpose to fulfil, it ought to be an instrument worthy of that purpose. . . . And we cannot shut our ears to the profane or worldly music that comes from the organ, when too often in the hands of a performer wholly unconscious of the essential difference there is in character between the music of the concert hall or theatre and the music of the Church." Wretched lay worshippers, or would-be worshippers, do indeed press their ears as tight as they can. From the profane picture or statuary you could, as the speaker said, turn away your eye. Yet the profanity in music, he added, is greater. And to that the ignorant or the foolish force us to listen.

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JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART IV.

ON THE HIGH-TIDE OF MANHOOD.

CHAPTER II.

DOES presentiment go before catastrophe,—or rather, does not misfortune crash like a thunderbolt upon humanity's least ominous hours?

Joyce, at least, was to experience how sudden and unforewarned may be the adverse turning of fortune's wheel. The relentless Nemesis stealing upon him cast before her no shadow of portent. On the contrary, his highest hopes, his brightest dreams, were attaining fulfilment at the identical era of her stealthy approach. Gladys

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk, a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life. On the journey to the West Joyce has a long talk with Raymond, in which the latter gives his views on various matters, and states the terms on which he engages Joyce. Arrived in San Francisco, Joyce sends an exuberant telegram to his mother. Joyce enters social life and takes part in a ball at the Golden Gate Ranch. Mina and Joyce are drawn unto each other, while Raymond's wife talks of divorce. Mina and Raymond, landing at Island Rock, are both drowned. Joyce endeavors to save them, and narrowly escapes with his own life. After Raymond s death Mrs. Raymond removes to San Francisco, pending the settlement of her husband's estate. Pearson, having assumed control of the *Pioneer*, has a stormy interview with Joyce. Mrs. Raymond suddenly decides to sail for Europe; Joyce, failing to agree to her plans, decides to remain with the *Pioneer*. Stephen proposes to Gladys. Joyce meets with the great temptation. Pearl Ripley, a Comedy Girl, enters into his life. Womanhood has lost something of its spiritual beauty as the result. Later on he is lured into a scheme of stock gambling. Stephen engages in social work, and tastes some of the higher things of life. He meets Gladys after the promised year's delay; while Mrs. Raymond, a restless woman of the world, comes into Joyce's life again. Joyce is about to declare his love for Gladys when the news comes of a mine swindle Joyce saves Hans from despair, but comes again under the sway of Mrs. Raymond's power. Joyce and Imogen are married. On returning from their honeymoon Imogen dies very suddenly. Her death is the cause of Joyce's spiritual regeneration. Two years pass and Pearl Ripley comes with her child to the home of Joyce's mother. That mother receives her and experiences her own punishment for having educated Joyce without religion.

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Broderick and Colonel Pearson were the fates auspicious to him. The Colonel, in fact, was too zealous by half!

The *Pioneer* was the goal of Joyce's professional desire. During the first year of his bereavement, his new responsibilities of wealth had pressed somewhat heavily on his shoulders; but as the intricacies of Imogen's extensive estate were simplified for him, his activity demanded the vent of some permanent interest, some definite motive of life. The "press," from the first, had attracted him intellectually; while the "power" of it thrilled his manly ambition. The Young West seemed the field of American journalism at its best,—progressive in spirit, rife with opportunity, and not yet too conservative for vitalizing experiment: and since, simultaneously with his return, the Colonel had begun to crave the veteran's long furlough of retirement from service, succession as sole proprietor and editor-in chief of the *Pioneer* suggested itself as Joyce's destiny. Yet, unaccountably, his decision lagged, and the tyrannical Colonel waxed irate. He saw no reason for dalliance; no justifiable substitute for the *Pioneer* as the ball to be rolled by Raymond's surviving fortune. He fretted and fumed while Joyce considered and hesitated. At last his impatient patience, small virtue as it was, ceased altogether! Surfside Ranch was the scene of its sudden demise.

"To the dickens with your everlasting flag of truce!" he exploded, teetering his creaking porch-chair against the house, and glaring disdain at Joyce, who was lounging at his ease against the balustrade. "*My* tactics don't hang fire an hour longer! 'To be or not to be?—that is the question' to be answered now or never! Once for all, do you take or leave the *Pioneer?*"

Joyce looked reproach at his host, even while evading his challenge. In the rugged frame of the Surfside, far less elaborate than Golden Gate Ranch, he made a handsome and even impressive picture. Two years of earnest, reproachless, aspiring and socially retired life, had developed his higher manhood even exteriorly. What once had been only his magnetic beauty of youth, was now the truer beauty of moral strength and manly dignity. In maturity he was fulfilling his youth's nobler promise. Yet there was a void in his life not yet filled.

"I do not leave the *Pioneer* in the lurch," he protested.

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"Where would honor,—the most common gratitude, be,—if I failed the least need of Raymond's organ? But while a hero is in command, the reinforcement of a recruit is superfluous. Appreciate my humility, Colonel!"

"To be, or not to be?" reiterated the Colonel, quite unconciliated. "I tell you, Josselyn, you've played fast and loose just as long as you're going to! Serve or fail the *Pioneer;* but the issue can't stand over. Gad! A man ought to know his own mind!"

It was not the first tilt between host and guest of which the Surfside had been the scene, for since the lease of Golden Gate Ranch by Mam'selle and Gladys at the time of Imogen's marriage, the faithful Colonel had haunted the neighborhood like a solicitous ghost; and Joyce gravitated naturally in the direction of Gladys, as frequently as opportunity offered.

The intimacy sweet to the man was bitter-sweet to the girl, the vision of whose violets still humiliated her,—the shame and pain of whose vigil on the night of Imogen's betrothal to Joyce, though a time-closed wound, still carried its scar. Primarily, an instinct of self-defence had impelled her to distinguish unavoidable social association from more simple and friendly intercourse; but Joyce, recalling Imogen's confession of cynical warning, had ascribed the girl's reserve and evasion to implanted doubts of his moral integrity; and he had struggled so nobly to live down the suspicion, that Gladys had found it impossible to sustain her conservative attitude. Moreover, Joyce's mother had interceded for him, albeit unconsciously. "*Be a blessing to my lonely boy, for his soul's sake,*" she had begged Gladys, at Carruthdale; and the simple plea of the mother-heart had touched the girl, and seemed to reproach her resolve of reserve, as self-conscious and unchristian selfishness. Mam'selle's touching pleasure in her young knight's filial gallantries, and the Colonel's assiduous cultivation of Joyce as the *Pioneer's* prospective purchaser, likewise appealed to Gladys' generosity, and hampered her independence. Therefore she yielded to circumstances, her distrust of herself perhaps the most crucial phase of her difficult position. When a woman has been self-contained, discovery of her own vulnerability wounds her pride of sex, and offends her sensitive delicacy.

It was of Gladys that Joyce was thinking, as his answer

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tarried: and he flattered himself that his thoughts were his unrevealed secret. But, perhaps on the principle of a thief catching a thief, a lover infallibly recognizes a lover; and the Colonel read Joyce like a book.

"It is a serious matter, Colonel," Joyce murmured, uncandidly. "How long will you give me for decision?"

"Till a spin behind my mare has cleared your wits," retorted the tyrant, rising to telephone to the stables for his famous trotter. "Now, where shall we drive?" His fierce old eyes twinkled. "Suppose, for a change, we head the mare straight inland!"

"Why, certainly! The very thing!" Joyce's assent justly caught the Colonel in his own trap. "The shore-road does get monotonous, and there may be a land-breeze—" But his victim's disconcerted face checked his eloquence.

"Oh,—er—but I was forgetting the glass-house built on sand," the Colonel amended. "The last storms undermined it, and it imperils your tenants. I am afraid we cannot get out of a drive to the Ranch. Too bad to make you a martyr to duty!"

"Now, Colonel, Colonel, no dissembling," laughed Joyce, with a hand on his host's shoulder. "As if you and the Ranch are not needle and pole! Why not 'fess up to the charms of the dear Mam'selle? I am sure we are all her adorers!"

The mare's dash up to the block afforded the embarrassed Colonel an excuse for deferring his answer. But as the spirited mare settled to the deserted shore-road, he turned the tables on Joyce with a vengeance.

"'Fess up to Mam'selle,' indeed, you scapegrace," he said, "when my unreciprocated devotion is already ancient history! It takes you self-loving young blades to fire from ambush till you're dead-sure you've hit the target! Ten chances to one, I've got your deuced caution to thank for my fruitless devotion, at present. If Gladys were married, Mam'selle's occupation would be gone! Why not 'fess in your turn that we're in the same box? As the toast runs: *The ladies!—God bless 'em!*"

But confession came slowly to Joyce's lips. It had gone hard with him to admit to his own heart that he was in love with Gladys. Ignoring the truth, that even from the first his

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soul had strained towards her as his star; veering to Mina only in chivalry; sinking to Pearl in youth's weakness under stress of temptation; wedding Imogen, indeed, but as the wooed rather than the wooer,—he felt convicted of fickle love, of unfaithfulness to memory. Not only Gladys' ideals, but his own, seemed profaned by, disdainful of him! Absorbed in thought, he forgot the Colonel's existence.

A sudden cut of the whip vented the Colonel's irritation upon the mare,—an injustice which her high spirit promptly resented. Breaking her noted pace, she dashed ahead with a leap which nearly unseated her driver. Although now at sunset, as the haze of dense heat fled before the trade wind, the rays of the sun were burning their way into sight, the day, like its predecessors, had been one of sullen glare and oppressive atmosphere, and as the mare galloped on her sorrel flanks shone with sweat, while her neck tossed off foam-flecked moisture. "*Whoa, old girl! Ho, my beauty!—Slow—ow—ow, there!*" coaxes the contrite Colonel. When he had her again under control, he turned her head towards the sea, holding her in to a walk far beyond the tide-line, where the waves plashing halfway up the light rig, sprayed and cooled her. As they loitered, red and gold dyed the mazarine waters; and under the freshening air and color, the parched sands inland seemed to pulsate and radiate. Out at sea, far to front, the buoy-bell of Island Rock tolled its monotonous warning. The Colonel lifted his hat, with reverent solemnity. He never failed to salute the scene of Raymond's tragedy.

"Well, the Ranch is at hand," he said as he turned the mare inland. "Put your fate to the test, and don't take no for an answer! Boyle Broderick's daughter would be the making of you. Between her and the *Pioneer*—"

"That 's it! I take the *Pioneer* with, but not without her," admitted Joyce with a sigh of relief as he confessed his secret. "Bachelor suites are the devil, and I 'm tired of hotel-life. I commit myself to a Western career only on condition that I have man's life-anchor, a *home!*"

"Right you are, and home stands or falls by the woman in it! Don't fool with your chances any longer. Every day means an advantage to your rivals."

"But, Colonel, remember—Imogen! I feel in a deucedly delicate position. Putting aside other things,—and God knows

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there are others,—don't you think that a sensitive girl must resent the fact of a predecessor? Can she believe that a second love can be the grand passion? Can she feel faith in the fidelity of a man who seems self-convicted of fickleness? By Jove, it seems an awful muddle!"

"My boy, life is life, and the living must live it. There are exceptional cases where, for one reason or another, consecration to memory is a proof of true affection. But in nine cases out of ten it is mere fanaticism or morbid posing. 'It is not good for man to be alone,'—and still less good for woman. I believe that Gladys is far too sensible for the supersensitiveness you have imputed to her. Only a selfish, a jealous, a self-loving woman resents the dead past of the love that is hers in the present."

"The dead past!" Why did the words seem to haunt Joyce menacingly? Why, of a sudden, did they recall Father Martin's sad warning, that "the ghosts of dead pasts are fain to walk"?

But Golden Gate Ranch was in sight, and there was short time for moping. The mare's pace covered the distance with a speed inspired by the Colonel's natural ambition to cut a dash, as Mam'selle and Gladys, watching the sunset from the western veranda, waved their handkerchiefs in sign of recognition and welcome.

At close range the strong light showed Mam'selle aged not at all; she had reached the truce-time which, under easy temporal conditions, keeps change at abeyance. Life with Gladys was more peaceful and congenial to her gentle soul than it had been with her beloved but restless and exacting little Mina; and time had softened the pangs of loss, with the tragic associations of Island Rock, to tenderest spiritual memories. Raymond, robed in his unsullied baptismal garment; Mina, one of the "children" saved by heaven from earth's inevitable perils for her impassioned, erratic temperament,—these were visions less of pain than of gentle peace to the souls that loved and prayed for them. As for Gladys, the subtle seals both of love and prayer were stamped upon her subtly maturing face. She looked scarcely less gentle than in her earlier girlhood, yet stronger, more resolute, more self-poised and confident. Definite aim and full grasp of life since the night of her girlish vigil had visibly dignified her character. Poor Dick's father,

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lonely possessor of the Dawson millions, representative Capitalist—Hans Kaufmann, champion of Labor,—these two could have told what they had taught her, and learned from her! Between their two extremes, all social, industrial, economic questions seethed, and class and mass struggled mortally. Gladys, bringing only tenderness into the strife, took of its strength, and waxed wise by experience. Yet her expression was still child like, as the innocent and spiritual woman often retains it far beyond the years when girlhood is supposed by the world to belong to her. There is a divine youth of soul that triumphs over the body. It is evil that ages in the unbeautiful sense,—not years!

As the Colonel flung his reins to a groom he proceeded, with characteristic assertiveness, to take Joyce and Gladys in hand.

"No wasting of the first real sunset for a week in dawdling up here," he protested, turning Joyce about-face even as he was presenting himself to Mam'selle. "Piazza and chairs for old bones like mine; and Mam'selle, in her courtesy, will keep me company. But off with you young people, to hear 'what the wild waves are saying.' Only once comes the magical hour!"

With a smile at what she supposed was the devoted Colonel's frank bid for a tête-à-tête with Mam'selle, Gladys descended the steps towards the shore, eagerly followed by Joyce. The Colonel gazed after them with wistful eyes. "Ah, Mam'selle," he sighed; "for life's 'magical hour,'—for the youth which builds castles even of sand!"

But the shivering Mam'selle drew her laces about her. In spite of the heat, the trade wind was penetrating and chill. "You are younger than I, *cher ami*," she admitted. "*I* prefer the châteaux d'Espagne built of fire!"

Through the doorway of the main hall came the flicker and fragrance of blazing logs. The Colonel rose, and before Mam'selle could relieve it of her fragile burden, had rolled her chair over the threshold towards the open fire. She blushed like a girl as she thanked him for his service. It was becoming sweetly familiar to her.

With a sigh of content he seated himself beside her. His own hearthstone was so lonely in contrast.

"Castles in the fire," he repeated dreamily, his softened eyes fixed on the flames, his hand running restlessly through

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his iron-gray hair. "There is but one castle for maturity, Mam'selle,—the castle called Home. But neither for you nor me is it to build it singly."

"But already we have our homes," evaded the tactful Mam'selle, with a shell-pink flush. "You, *ami*, as a father,—I, with the dear Gladys What desire we more, without the selfishness? To build anew would be to desert present hearth-stones!"

"The home of the married daughter is for her husband and children. The parent is its guest, not its master."

"But the unmarried daughter is left you in the dear little convent-girl, Harry"

The Colonel disburdened his breast-pocket of sundry letters.

"I shall claim Harry for at least a year, yes," he asserted; "but a surprise is in store for you,—a sad surprise for me, Mam'selle. At your leisure read these, if you will, and advise me. My *enfant terrible* chooses to fancy that she is turning devotee! Do I regret or rejoice, I wonder, that I consented first to the convent for her, and then to her profession of the Faith of the sisterhoods? My wild baby! That she, of all madcaps, should fancy herself fitted for the gloom of the veil and the cell!"

Mam'selle's dark eyes flashed enthusiastically under her effective white hair.

"*Bien, pauvre cheri*, it is the happy surprise to me," she acknowledged. "It is the place of peace for a woman,—the beautiful cloister! She will gain all, losing nothing; while the good God will recompense you. Stand not in her way, *cher mon* Colonel!"

"Not eventually; but she must return for a time to the world, which certainly lacked no charms for her unsaintly childhood! That bright nature, that high spirit, that little coquette, immured in a convent? Ah, Mam'selle, not of such stuff are nuns made!"

"*Au contraire*, my Colonel, it is the joyous of heart that make the amiable atmosphere of the convent! That devotion makes dreary is the blinded world's error! The quiet, 'good' girls, like our Gladys, for instance, take the veil more rarely than the wild, the wilful ones! It is the high spirits that are tamed by the call of the Master! The meek and mild are the peacemakers,—the children of God in the world!"

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"Ah?" queried the Colonel, scoring a personal point. "And yet you, Mam'selle, so peaceful, so devout, sometimes speak of an ultimate cloister?"

"Not until the marriage of Gladys seems to say that the world needs me no longer. And even then, not as a religieuse,—but just as a tired Martha, to await my call in peace!"

"A selfish project, Mam'selle,—"

"*Mon Colonel!*"

"Most selfish, I repeat, since it implies the desertion of one whose need—"

"Pardon,—need not of me, but of some younger other!"

"Contemporaries are the only true affinities, dear Mam'selle. My gray hair would dishonor itself if it wooed youth's bright tresses. Could a young wife make me the calm home-life that rests the weariness of life-service? Could she be a companion to my declining years, a mother to my young daughter in her vocative travail, a sympathizer in the tastes and desires that are not the gay pleasures of youth? Could she go down the hill with me hand-in-hand, journeying beside me towards the silent valley? Ah, Mam'selle, subterfuges are useless. You know my need of you, you only. I am telling you no new story."

"*Bien cheri,*" coquetted Mam'selle, "what one knows, one knows! But you have the man's unreason. You think of self, not of me. Is it, then, in a woman to make herself a jest to the world, by pretensions in age to the sweet things of youth? Ah, no! You know better, my Colonel!"

"But how about making herself a moral heroine, Mam'selle,—brave and noble enough to rise above the ridicule of the fool and the criticism of the narrow; to respond to the call, and simply, selflessly honor the claim of the contemporaneous life that lacks and needs her? What though few understand that the fiery sentiment of youth has not half the dignity of the intelligent friendship, the congenial companionship, the spiritualized affinity of souls that are nearing the home-stretch? Does the world's verdict make the true happiness of any individual man or woman? No, Mam'selle, but too often it mars it."

"But cher Colonel, be considerate! Is it not that our Gladys needs me still?"

"Youth needs youth, Mam'selle, and sooner or later it

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claims, or yields to its own! Even to-night Gladys and Joyce —are finding each other!"

Joyce, indeed, was striving his best to fulfil the Colonel's prediction; though to have addressed himself first to Mam'selle had been his correct intention, frustrated, however, through no fault of his own, by the Colonel's high-handed dismissal. As it was, he felt coerced to declare himself without further hesitation. He was in the phase when externals take all their color from the interior life,—a phase which only the spiritual and love-lives know; and his decision as to the *Pioneer* was dependent on Gladys. Therefore expedience as well as sentiment forced his avowal.

From the shore they had wandered in the direction of the glass extension of which the Colonel had spoken. The ball-room of Imogen's day had been restored by Gladys to its original status as an indoor garden; and the fountain plashing the marble Aphrodite, now bedewed with its spray splendid palms and exotic flowers. As Joyce sounded the walls and supports, Gladys seated herself on the fountain's rim, trailing her fingers in the rippling water. In Joyce's face she saw something that was both her pain and her pleasure. The water veiled her hand's sudden tremor.

"Well?" she queried, as Joyce rejoined her with significant haste.

"Oh, the dear old Colonel is over-anxious," was his nonchalant verdict. "It is a bit settled, of course, and I'll have it looked after; but in its present condition the Crystal Palace is good against anything but a 'shake.' By the way, though, the press is calling this 'earthquake weather!'"

"Then I trust that for once the infallible press may be proved fallible. The Crystal Palace is my beautiful castle in fairyland; and the sensation of our slightest earthquake is indescribably sickening to me,—like a sudden upheaval of all things!"

Joyce sank on the marble ledge beside her. His eyes were very grave, very earnest.

"Have all things ever upheaved for you?" he asked. "A girl's life is so protected,—so peaceful!"

"You forget that I lost my dear father."

"And that was your only upheaval?" he pressed, with a young man's wonder at girlhood's eventless record.

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Was it? Gladys' thought flew backwards to Stephen's proposal,—to the calm affection slowly responding to him, and its sacrifice in the Maintown chapel; to her violet-haunted dream, rudely awakened by the announcement of Joyce's approaching marriage,—and to the vigil which, even in memory, still cruelly humiliated her. As she hesitated Joyce assumed that her silence gave consent, and smiled at the superfluousness of his question.

"But of course no real upheaval could have reached your life," he added. "A man's life is so different,—above all, a poor man's. The marvel is, that we survive our upheavals; but we do, and even come out ahead! Take our friend Hans, for instance, when the Pioneer-Mine crash crazed him. Yet only yesterday he was happier than a deep sand-clam, showing off his splendid boy to the fellows! By the way, his old mother and the pretty Katrina call you their 'house-angel,' Miss Broderick."

"Simply because my visits are so few and far between, Mr. Josselyn!"

"Rather, because when they occur the little house in Oakland is glorified."

"The fact that it is their own house by deed-of-gift glorifies it more practically," she retorted, to Joyce's discomfiture.

"Oh, Hans took the interest on his investment in the shape of a home," he stammered, unveraciously. "But speaking of home, Miss Broderick, do you know that my dear old people have quite deserted me? Even Father Martin sustains a mysterious silence. But perhaps *you* have recent news for me!"

"No," she admitted, reluctantly. "I, too, have been thinking the long silence strange. Yet 'no news is good news,' Mr. Josselyn."

"Is it?" he asked, dashing desperately into the subject most near to his heart. "That is what I have been trying to hope—through all these months of suspense! May I speak to you to-night? Will you hear me? Will you answer me? Oh, you know without words the good news I am asking!"

As the throb of his heart impeded his utterance he was conscious,—though every thought was a love-thought,—of the tender twilight of the crystalline house unilluminated save by the afterglow slowly fading outside it; of the sway of the palms in the draught, of the musical play of the waters on the foam-white Aphrodite; of the flowers glowing like flames

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through the shadows. Place and hour were an ideal setting for human love words. Could Gladys resent—resist them?

With an instinct of flight, she had started to rise; yet yielded as the touch of his hand deterred her. It was come,—the supreme hour of maidenhood's heart-life,—when love's silence breaks into impassioned expression, and mystery flees before truth! Had she dreaded or desired it, knowing, of late, its inevitability? Mingled sweetness and bitterness made the query a problem. Loving Joyce's love, yet her own love was shy of response to it. Was he more stable now than he had been in the past? Was fidelity,—loyal truth to trust in him?

"Answer me,—answer!" he demanded, imperiously. Her blush and tremor were near to him; yet she still kept afar! To take her by storm was Joyce's tender temptation. To sue woman is the acquired chivalrous grace of the gentleman,—to claim her, the natural instinct of man.

"What is—your question?" she murmured, almost inaudibly. Her face drooped, her eyes hid themselves behind lowered lashes. She was suffering love's shyness, in whose pain is sweetness;—shrinking from the glory to which all her heart strained!

"The question of love, Gladys," he cried, impetuously; "with all that love means to a man,—to his life-work, his heart, his salvation! Alone in this rapid West, I shall be caught in the vortex. The tide is too strong for a man with no haven. But with the woman I love for my wife,—in my home,—O Gladys,—you know! O Gladys!"

"The—woman—you—love!" she repeated, with an unconsciously tender inflection. Then a sudden resentment, the revolt of woman-pride against the hurt of light love, possessed her. Her soft eyes turned ruthless. They flashed on him proudly. "Love's present incumbent," she murmured with cruel irony.

But Joyce was not wounded. The stab was healed of all sting by the balm of its motive.

"*Gladys!*" he cried, not appealingly but with uttermost triumph; and by his voice, by his eyes, she knew that she had betrayed herself,—by her resentment, her reproach, revealed—*love.*

"Do not play with me," he pleaded. "Do not punish me. Do not doubt me! You know that you are my one love,

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though my blind soul missed you. From the first it strained toward you; but you were too far, too high. Oh, my love it has been you,—you always!"

"Hush! You must not say that! Remember—remember—"

"I remember my dead no less, because I speak truth to the living! A man's loves may be many, yet his true love but one. Under light or base fancies he still has his ideal. The superficially fickle are often faithful at heart. Susceptibility is no disprover of exclusive devotion. No woman can judge a man justly."

"I think what men claim of women as justice,—is mercy!"

"Then grant me such mercy as women grant men. Do not deny me the chance that is the redemption of others. I have tried to grow worthy of you,—you must have seen that I tried, Gladys! Of course I have failed. Yet the effort—"

"You—have—not—failed," she said, softly. "Yes, I have seen your good fight. If the present were all—" Her speech halted.

"The present is only the promise of the future that is in your own hands."

"And the past?"

"Is past! Why rake over cold ashes?"

"Because the flame of the past kindled the fire of the future. Only by looking behind can we see before us!"

"You distrust me?"

She did not answer. What, in truth, could she answer without wounding,—insulting him? She knew her own meaning only vaguely, unspeakably. How could she define her troubled wonder, her confused convictions, her intuitive doubts, her uncomprehended fears? But she had no need to analyze her conflicting thoughts. Each and all were Joyce's bitter knowledge.

He paled; yet his voice strengthened. Emotion was conquered by resolution. Here was no ignorant girl, but an earnest woman. He must meet her, every inch a man!

"Gladys," he said, "vague suspicion is more fatal than fullest knowledge. And you are noble enough to forgive—"

His words failed. An anguish of remorse, born of tenderness, racked him. That she should have to forgive,—this pure, sweet, sinless woman, bowed before him as a rose bends to the storm.

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"Imogen—" he began, but she interrupted him sternly.

"There is nothing for me to forgive in your love for the woman who was your wife," she said.

"Then does it wrong you that my boyhood's sweetheart came and went with my native town's school-girl belle?" he demanded. "Or that between Mina and me—Mina, in life only a beautiful child to me; in death, as a dear little sister, —were youthful romanticism and springtime sentiment? Gladys, these were love's fledgling flutterings."

"And then?" she pressed, inexorably. Her face was set, her brows frowning. There was something for her to forgive. What was it?

Joyce paused to take breath. His heart fainted within him, yet save in truth where was his worth, his hope?

"And then,—yes, there was one madness of youth,—I will not lie to you. It wronged her who afterwards became my wife. It wrongs you, for whose love I am unworthily suing! Yet to forgive wrong,—ah, Gladys, that is woman-love, wife-love! Think before you deny me, dear—think!"

"Oh! I cannot think," cried Gladys, hopelessly. She clinched her hands, and swayed to and fro in pain of spirit so acute that it simulated physical anguish. What was right? What was wrong? Her heart strained and ached like a thing rent asunder. Why should sweet and pure love not come sweetly and purely, instead of thus sorely to hurt, thus sullied to humiliate her? All unconsciously she was rebelling against womanhood's bitter lesson that

"Love's feet are softly shod with pain."

What sad pain love had cost her even from its earliest nascence! She recalled the spiritual hurt Joyce's jaunty soullessness had dealt her at first,—a hurt significant of a human side prophetic of present developments, though at the time she had failed to recognize it. The vague sorrow his worldly letters had caused her in Europe recurred to her,—her deeper pain of disillusion, of desecration, and her revulsion not only from a potential guilt of the man, but from the woman so lightly hinting of moral flaw, when after their return, on the occasion of Joyce's social function, Imogen had whispered her suspicion, now justified by Joyce's own confession. Since the days when her youth had confounded charity with compro-

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mise with evil, Gladys had become more worldly-wise, more mature in knowledge of life, less intolerant in her judgments of human nature. Yet the pure woman's revulsion from abstract evil suddenly personified, the pain and profanation of love sullied and therefore unworthy, hurt her tender soul with the realization of the infinite pathos of sin. Heaven and earth, God and man profaned, desecrated, ruthlessly, heedlessly,—all the beauty of the Divine conception of human life blurred, degraded,—beautiful youth marred and dishonored, noble intellect debased, the heart polluted, the Christian soul self-sunk from star to mire,—and all to what end, save late remorse, bitter penalty? Through her tears her woman-eyes flashed piteous protest,—the pure supplication wherewith women and angels alike strive against mortal men!

The musical monotone of the water, the sigh of swaying palm and breeze-thrilled flower, contrasted pathetically in their gentle harmony with the man's heart-throbs of passion, the woman's heart-throbs of suffering. Eden before sin entered it, is the suggestion of Nature; and in so far as human nature fails to respond to it, it knows its own bitterness. There is a darkness about evil from which the pure soul shrinks affrighted. The mystery of Joyce's sin was more appalling to Gladys than her knowledge of it. Yet in love's stress woman's heart sees but one course,—fidelity. Whatever the cost to her, faith serves love, by divine instinct. This is the law of survival,—of immortality.

"Is it forgiveness, Gladys?" asked Joyce. Her long silence had comforted him. A woman's surrender sends reluctance before it.

"In the spirit, yes. But—but—"

"Forgiveness of spirit that is not in the letter, Gladys, is a mocking pretence,—a hypocrisy."

"Oh, is forgiveness love?" she appealed to him. "Would unforgiveness be self-love? Am I confused by the problem that baffles all women? Or are there men,—is there love,—without reproach?"

"There are men. There is love," he admitted with infinite sadness. "But I and my love are not these, Gladys!"

Into the gloom she gazed, with eyes straining vainly for light. Then, of a sudden, with a soft sob like a child's whose hurt is consoled, she yielded him both her hands.

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"Where perfect truth, perfect honesty, are, love must be worthy," she said, with conviction. "Joyce, it is not for me to forgive, but to forget!"

"*Gladys!*"

"Wait," she said, with a gentle pride that restrained him. "There are conditions for me, as well as for you. As a wife, I must be still Boyle Broderick's daughter! He left legacies which not only my wealth but my life must honor. I have a little red book which we must read together. Until then nothing is final."

"I endorse the little red book without reading it," he cried. "Oh, my darling, my darling, kiss me!"

"No," she whispered, "not yet!" And her will controlled him. Her hands to his lips were enough.

"Well, my boy, 'to be, or not to be?'" persisted the Colonel, as he headed the mare towards the distant station. His voice was triumphant. Joyce's rapt face had betrayed him. "Is the *Pioneer* yours, or another's?"

"Mine, Colonel!" Joyce clasped his friend's hand, reins and all. "We'll talk it over to-morrow, but no details to-night. I'm way up in the stars. Let me stay there."

"With all my heart, boy!" At the risk of a runaway the Colonel returned the hand-pressure. "I've been there myself, in my time; I'm there again,—with a difference! Once more, Joyce, '*The ladies!—God bless 'em!*'"

"Amen!" Joyce saluted the stars, in his ecstasy. Life and love, for the first time, were perfect!

Previously, in spite of his "luck," in both there had been something always lacking; but to-night had left no flaw, no incompleteness, no desire. Love? Until now, he never had known love in truth and in spirit! Life? He had not yet lived it. College had been but its prelude. Raymond's West but a start; his *Pioneer* success a mere prophecy; the Shasta, fortune's first favor; his social popularity a sham victory; even his marriage, only an initiatory experience whetting his heart rather than appeasing it. But his soul and heart, intellect and sense, ambition and tenderness, all were finding in Gladys their perfect complement. She was his own, and his all. His life and love reached their height in her,—the human height that reflects the Divine!

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The cab that bore him to his hotel rolled and rattled along its way. The cars clanged by it, carts and carriages met and passed it, all unnoticed by its absorbed occupant. The dazzling electrics flashed before unseeing eyes; the noise of the street jarred on ears unhearing. He saw only the beauty, heard only the music, of the face and voice of the girl behind him: Gladys, his sweetheart! Gladys, his wife! Even he, spoiled by conquests, knelt in awe of love's victory. He entered the hotel in a daze of happiness, and mounted to his suite in a dream.

In the palm-framed corridors the night-lamps burned ruddily. Only his footsteps relieved the midnight silence. The night-watchman, noiselessly pacing by, nodded with drowsy friendliness. "You 'll find your rooms open, sir," he remarked, as he passed. Then he yawned, and turned the corner indifferently.

"Open?" Why should his rooms be open? A glance towards his transom showed him that his suite was illuminated. His heart sank. To-night of all nights, what uninvited guest awaited him? He could offer no hospitality,—feign no welcome!

No remembrance of a scene long-forgotten warned him; no thought of the night when his surprise to find his room-door ajar had culminated in the discovery of audacious Pearl Ripley; no presentiment that the seed sowed then, under exterior circumstances strangely similar to those of to-night, must be reaped now, in the hour when the harvest would be most bitter! Pearl had forsaken him, rejected his suggestion of correspondence, voluntarily effaced herself from his life. Only remorseful retrospection kept alive even her memory. He flung open his door, and it swung to behind him, shutting and latching itself with a click. For an instant the lights dazzled him. Then a sound in a corner caused him to wheel about sharply. He stared mutely, incredulously. Had love and bliss maddened him? This woman-figure, tall and gaunt, age-stooped, familiar—

"Mother!" he heard himself cry, half in joy, all in wonder! "Why, mother! Is it you? Why, mother!"

But the rigid posture, the sternly unsmiling, infinitely sad old face,—perhaps more than all, the mysterious burden of her arms, repelled his affectionate impulse towards her. Falling back, he brushed his hand across his eyes, as one strives to

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dispel the phantasms of lingering sleep. He must be moon-struck, delirious, love-mad, dreaming! "Mother," he whispered, fearfully, "if it is you,—then father—father—"

"Your father is at home; and it is I, Joyce, yes!" Her voice broke. She sank weakly back to her chair. "I, your sorrowful mother," she sobbed,—"with your son in her arms! O Joyce, that *I* should be the one to bring him to you!"

"My—son? I have no son!" His face blanched as he knelt by her. "Mother, you know—that my child—died with Imogen!"

"Your first-born lives, with—Pearl Ripley!"

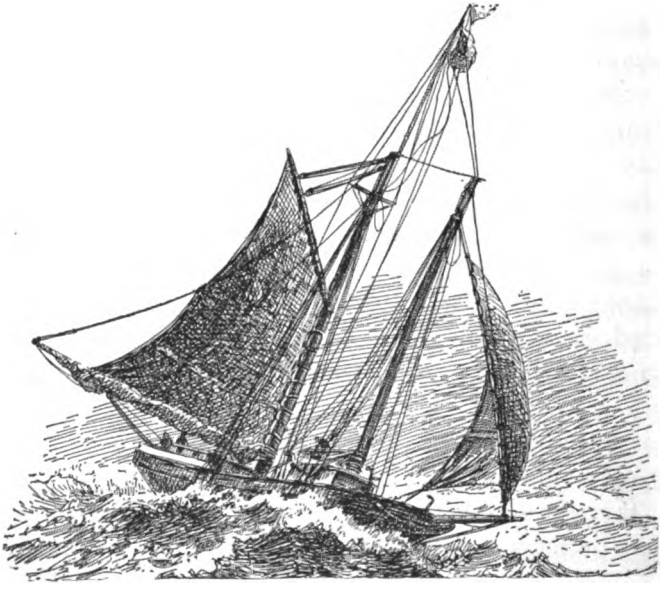
"*Pearl Ripley?* PEARL RIPLEY?"

As he panted the name, horror grew in his eyes. He turned Joy to the light, then hid his face moaning.

"O mother!" he sobbed. "And only to-night,—only to-night, mother, after long waiting,—Gladys—Gladys—"

Her hand on his bowed head was her mother-answer! Only God's Voice could reach Joyce now.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

IT is the mightiest in spirit who are tried by the severest afflictions, and the loftiest in soul who attain to the greatest spiritual heights. In the careers of great men, however, it not infrequently happens that their biographers give us chiefly the record of their material triumphs, or the history of their art; and it is only the careful student who can extract the inner and spiritual life of the man, where it exists.

Of Beethoven the Musician the world has heard everything; of Beethoven the Catholic we know next to nothing. Yet a Catholic he was, loyal to his religion, pure in his life, and with magnificent faith in God throughout all the many trials of a sorely tried and stormy life. Natural reserve, joined to the deafness that early overtook him, drove his religion inward; but it breathes in his letters and journals. "Nothing can be more sublime," he writes, "than to draw nearer to the Godhead than other men, and to diffuse here on earth those God-like rays among mortals."

Ludwig Van Beethoven was born at Bonn on the 16th of December, 1770, and was baptized the next day. He came of a musical stock, his father and grandfather having been court musicians. At the age of four his father, a stern and severe man, commenced teaching him music, and at nine years he had mastered all of the piano, violin, and harmony that his father could teach. Of other education he had very little, his school days being over when he was thirteen. A quiet, serious child, he early became acquainted with poverty and sorrow. His father drank to excess, and Beethoven, when only a boy, set to work manfully to teach, so as to assist his mother, whom he adored. He called her his best friend, and for her sake he endured innumerable hardships.

When his father finally died Beethoven assumed the responsibility of keeping the family together, working with all his

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might to make a home. At this time he was reserved and reflective, trustworthy and generous, and both then and throughout his whole life an abstemious eater and drinker.

Meanwhile he managed to keep up his musical education, and he was so universally respected that he found friends eager and willing to assist him. Count Waldstein gave him a piano and substantial pecuniary help. Other friends were the Archduke Rudolph and Baron Van Swieten; but his principal patron was the Elector Max Franz, a brother of the Emperor Joseph II.

When he was seventeen years old the elector sent him to Vienna, where he played before Mozart, who recognized his genius. He went back to Bonn, but in 1792 left there for good, returning to Vienna, where he was soon followed by his two younger brothers, to whom he acted as father and protector.

In Vienna he became a pupil of Haydn, and a student and admirer of Handel. It would seem as if his powers developed slowly, but his undoubted genius began to be recognized by all classes. Capable of great drudgery, perseverance, and application, he nevertheless did not take kindly to the discipline of teaching. At twenty-three he was through with instructors, and at thirty he was the most admired man in the Viennese musical world.

At this time his appearance is described as very attractive. In figure he was powerfully set and of medium height. The head, also, was very massive, with thick hair that became snow white in later life, but the face and expression were more spiritual; the forehead and brow very fine and the eyes dark and searching. In youth he had a very sweet, clear-cut, and sensitive mouth, which later, through stress and trouble, became more set and stern. The man's whole appearance seemed to show forth the delicacy, and withal the power, of his own music.

Weber speaks of "the square cyclopean figure attired in a shabby coat with torn sleeves," and one of his biographers writing of him says: "Everybody will remember his noble, austere face, as seen in the numerous prints: the square, massive head, with the forest of rough hair; the strong features, so furrowed with the marks of passion and sadness; the eyes with their look of introspection and insight; the whole expression of the countenance as of an ancient prophet."

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And again he speaks of him as "a sorely tried, sublimely gifted man," one who "met his fate stubbornly, and worked out his great mission with all his might and main, through long years of weariness and trouble."

The same writer says further: "He embodied the regular and irregular in human nature, ever conscious of great powers and the ability to carry great responsibilities."

And indeed Beethoven had need of the loftiest courage and faith. At the outset of his career, when fortune and success smiled upon him; when the path to fame seemed one so easy to tread, he met with the most terrible affliction. At the age of thirty some imperfection in his hearing manifested itself, and in two years he was stone deaf. Shut out for ever during the rest of his mortal life from all the beautiful sounds of nature and art, his music henceforth could no longer be an artistic pleasure, but only a technical work. And yet so great was his genius, so thorough his musical education, that he composed his most famous pieces after he lost all hearing. One of the world's greatest conquerors, with every obstacle in his path, he fought and won his way to the highest pinnacle of his art.

What he suffered, as little by little his deafness closed in upon him, we can guess. For him harmony was turned into discord. Communication with friends became a constant effort, and an irritation to the nerves; yet never in his darkest hours did he really lose courage, or faith in God and man. The strong heart, wounded to the quick, cries out in pain, but never in rebellion or final despair. He says:

"As autumn leaves wither and fall, so are my hopes blighted. Almost as I came, I depart. Even the lofty courage which so often animated me in the lovely days of summer is gone for ever. O Providence! vouchsafe me one day of pure felicity. How long have I been estranged from the glad echo of true joy! When, O my God! when shall I feel it again in the temple of nature and man? Never!"

And again he says: "Hard is my situation at present, but He above is, oh He *is*, and without Him nothing is."

"Beethoven girt himself," says one of his biographers, "and conquered. Denied two aspects of his art, he applied himself to the third, that of composing, with a marvellous force and energy." He might never have attained the height he did if he had not become deaf. "We measure him," says the

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same writer, "as we do Homer and Dante. All his powers were gathered into a spiritual focus."

That at first Beethoven suffered from great spiritual depression was only natural. He says in his journal:

"God, God, my Refuge, my Rock, Thou seest my heart! Oh hear, ever ineffable One, hear me, Thy most unhappy, most unhappy of all mortals."

And again: "Resignation! what a miserable refuge; and yet the only one left for me."

In a letter to a friend he says: "If I had not read that man must not, of his own free will, end his life, I should long ago have done so by my own hands."

And then the strong soul reasserts itself, and he writes: "I will grapple with fate; it shall never drag me down. I will seek to defy my fate, but at times I shall be the most miserable of God's creatures."

Then, overcome by the weight of its affliction, the strong soul cries out in its agony: "O Providence, grant me one day of pure felicity. How long have I been estranged from the gladness of true joy? When, O my God! when shall I again feel it in the temple of nature and of man? Never! Ah! that is too hard."

No earthly sorrow is endless. When God strikes in love, he knows how to heal. If he takes one thing away, he gives another. Where one sense is destroyed, another and acuter sense seems born of it. For some of us the blessing gained is greater than that which has been lost. To Beethoven came the tender healing and consolation of Nature. Some divine whispering seemed to go with it. Some touch of glory that passed into the music he henceforth composed.

"No one can conceive," he wrote, "the intense happiness I feel in getting into the country, among the woods, and my dear trees, shrubs, hills and dales. I am convinced that no one loves country life as I do. It is as if every tree and every bush could understand my mute inquiries and respond to them."

"The extracts from his journal, his note-books and correspondence," says one of his biographers, "abound in religious touches and meditative ejaculations that make us feel that wherever he was, God was with him. All through his career his aspirations were toward a better, nobler life, and his aim a

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high goal. He salutes God in the woods and valleys, by the lake and ocean, at sunrise and sunset." Beethoven could compose best when the wind and rain and storms beat on him. From long country walks, from some gorgeous sunset or sublime view, he would come back calmed and comforted. Amid such scenes he drew his loftiest inspirations. "I wander about here," he writes, "among the hills and dales and valleys, and scribble a good deal. To no man on earth can the country be as dear as it is to me."

In 1808 Jerome Bonaparte offered him the post of court chapel-master at Cassel, an advantageous offer which Beethoven was inclined to accept. The idea of losing him, however, moved his friends to make every effort to keep him in Vienna. The Archduke Rudolph, and Princes Lobkowitz and Kinsy, drew up and signed a paper in which they agreed to pay the musician four thousand florins per annum, provided he remained in Vienna. To this proposition Beethoven acceded; but it was not very long before the princes failed to keep their contract, and the maestro with sturdy independence entered, unaided, into business relations with Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel.

"The publishers' demands for my works," he wrote to a friend, "are so great that I humbly thank the Almighty." We can gather from all this what was the private character of the man. He had many of the eccentricities of genius, and some ways the reverse of attractive.

He was untidy, a poor business manager, and unable to keep money. His deafness made him nervous, and this in turn caused irritability. Many gave him the reputation of being harsh, bitter, and suspicious. Whereas he had, in truth, a deep, strong, and tender heart that was tried and wounded by all the circumstances of his life. He lived in an age when physical infirmities were not as easily alleviated as they are now; and when, to talk on paper or wield a facile pen in conversation, was out of the common. Hence, although he was a loyal friend and loved society and companionship, he was constantly thrown back on himself.

His generosity, his readiness to give his time and compositions to help charitable projects, or needy people; and, above all, his unstinted and heartfelt admiration for genius in others, are among his finest traits. In him was never found either jealousy or any petty meanness.

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In his private life, also, he was above reproach. All writers are agreed that while he was attracted to women, and was even many times in love, like most artist temperaments, that his morals were austere and pure, and his affections kept within bounds. He never married, though he carried on a voluminous correspondence with women of different rank, but no liaison, no breath of scandal, has ever attached to his name. Only a strong, honest character could have lived such a life. In his later years all the riches of his affection and loyalty were poured forth upon his nephew Karl, a graceless scamp, who never showed one spark of love or gratitude in return. Assisted again and again by his uncle, started in first one career and then another, Karl was a constant failure, and like most noble natures Beethoven seems to think some blame must attach to himself. He says:

"God! God! my strength, my rock! Thou canst look in my innermost thoughts, and judge how it grieves me to cause suffering, even by good actions, to my heart's one—Karl."

This man who did so much for others never forgot a kindness. Says one of his contemporaries: "When his mother lay ill at Bonn, he hurried home. After the funeral he suffered greatly from poverty, and was befriended and relieved by Ries, the violinist. Years later Ries' son waited on Beethoven with a letter from his father, and was received with cordial warmth. 'Tell your father,' said Beethoven, 'that I have not forgotten the death of my mother.' Ever after he was a helpful and devoted friend to Ferdinand Ries, and forwarded his musical career."

As a composer Beethoven had true reverence for his art. Speaking of his own music he says: "What is this compared to the grandest of all Masters of Harmony—above—above?"

He excels as a composer of sacred music, and his chief fame lies in his symphonic compositions. In this class of music the highest intellectual expression is to be found, and in Beethoven the symphony found its master.

His genius was so original and fertile, his resources in himself so great, that he never borrowed ideas from old musical writers, as did Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, and Mendelssohn. To the deaf musician alone, pathetic in his affliction, sublime in his dignity and power, belongs the glory of truly original composition. "He above all others," says a modern

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writer, "has made us feel not only the beauty, but the *power* of sound. His hand swept the whole range of expression, from the sublime to what is simply beautiful and melodious. This music, its spiritual passion and poetry, its aspiration and longing, as well as the lofty humanity of his sonatas, are the expression of his own inner life."

These beautiful sounds which could sway a whole multitude with passionate enthusiasm, and which emanated from the man's inner consciousness, never thrilled or delighted his own ear. What to others were the most exquisite harmonies became to him simply "noise." Indeed, like most deaf people, he suffered acutely from sound when it did reach him. Not infrequently he would plug his ears with cotton wool, and then wield the bâton during the performance of his own choral symphony, leading with marvellous intuition and skill, as if he heard it all.

His lofty and religious mind made him refuse to write operas. His "Fidelio" is his only work of that class; but he never wrote a second, giving as a reason that "he could not find a libretto of a sufficiently elevating and moral nature to induce him to devote himself to another work for the dramatic lyric stage."

That this man of great intellect, the tone of whose letters and journals, it has been said, "was that of a high-minded and thoughtful Christian," was also a Catholic, is a fact of which we may be proud. Non-Catholic writers, religious and otherwise, have sought to prove that "he was not bound by the trammels of the Roman Church," that he did not talk of going to Mass, or of his theological views especially, but Beethoven was not one to talk of what he did. It is enough to know that his whole life expressed the glory of his faith, and that in his mortal illness he asked the Ursuline Sisters to pray for him, and received humbly and prayerfully the last sacraments of the church.

And so he died, his final words and expression of faith triumphant—the consolation of all those deprived as he was of one of the avenues of sense—"I shall hear in Heaven."

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A CANADIAN DIALECT POET.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A., PH.D.

CANADA has produced its nest of songsters—bassos, tenors, sopranos, and contraltos. But Canadian poetry is chiefly objective. The note of subjectivity or introspection in it is not large. A few Canadian poets have entered the inner temple of thought and laid the flower and fruit of their inspiration upon its altar.

In the domain of humorous and dialect poetry Canadian genius too has not been very fruitful. Perhaps good reasons could be adduced for this. The world of contrast and extravagance does not meet in Canada as it does in the great Republic to the south of us. Our life, while not at all monotonous, is marked by greater evenness, and is not subject to the seismic changes, commercial, political, and social, that characterize the life of the American people. It is extremes and extravagances that form the basis of humor, and no dialect can grow where there is not a sharp differentiation of life, thought, customs, and manners.

But it may be truthfully said that the dialect poet has blossomed on American soil. Whether you go to the East or the West, the North or the South, you will find him in evidence. He is a part of the intellectual furniture of the country, and is as fixed and familiar in it as the "Old Arm-Chair."

I cannot at all agree with a statement made by Douglas Sladen, the Australian poet and critic, in the introduction to his *Younger American Poets*, "that while the Americans are as a nation born humorists, they have comparatively few high-class humorous writers." How, I ask, would Mr. Sladen classify James Russell Lowell, Dudley Warner, Washington Irving, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes? Perhaps Mr. Sladen's standard of high-class humor is English *Punch*. If so, the Australian *littérateur* is quite right, for the *Punch* order of humor has not yet become an epidemic in America, and we trust its microbes will not reach our shores for many years to come.

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I have said that dialect poetry has blossomed in America. Perhaps indeed it has been outdone under the starry skies of the Republic. As a vogue in poetry it has been sometimes carried to an extreme, and true poets like James Whitcomb Riley have frequently clipped their poetic wings by their endeavor to sing in notes not born of the heart and life of the people.

No person can study the beginnings of American life with its variety and contrasts, its sharply defined characteristics racial and geographical, without realizing that from such soil and such conditions dialect poetry must as naturally blossom as the purple grape from the vine trained by the hand of the husbandman.

So we have had as a logical outcome of these conditions in America Irwin Russell, the darky-dialect poet of the South, whose "Christmas Night in Quarters" is a most admirable piece of work; Bret Harte, on the Pacific Coast; Colonel John Hay, of "Pike County Ballads," Ohio; Whitcomb Riley, of Indiana; Eugene Field, of the Kingdom of Childhood; Will Carleton, of Michigan; James Russell Lowell, of the "Biglow Papers"; Charles Follen Adams; "Yawcob Strauss," Charles Leland, whose characterizations in German dialect verse are so excellent, and Frank Stanton, the Burns of Georgia.

There is one quarter, one corner of Canada that has yielded rich and promising soil for the Canadian dialect poet—Quebec, the home of "Bateese," the French-Canadian *habitant*. Nova Scotia is differentiated but little from British Columbia, while the people of Manitoba are a fac-simile of the people of Ontario plus the wider vision and stronger ozone of the Western prairie. But Quebec stands alone—unique, the heir in its traditions, life, character, and customs of France under the *Old Monarchy* untouched by the torch, tremor or trumpet of the French Revolution, and maintaining its supremacy of faith and virtue amid every vicissitude of political life and fortune.

Naturally, French-Canadian life, fashioned for nearly three centuries under such conditions and with such environment, has produced character individual, indigenous, picturesque. Nay more, the descendants of the Norman Touraine and Guienne peasants who settled early in the seventeenth century in the land discovered and explored by their fellow-countrymen Cartier and Champlain, living for nearly two centuries in seigniorial relationship to their manorial masters, holding to

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the teachings of the church, to the word of the *curé*, with the fidelity of primitive Christians, could not but evolve a type of character not only unique but highly and truly ideal.

It is with this type of character of the French-Canadian *habitant* that Dr. William Henry Drummond, of Montreal, deals in his two admirable volumes of dialect poetry—"The Habitant" and "Johnnie Courteau." It is not too much to say that Dr. Drummond has written himself immortally into these French-Canadian poems.

It requires but little talent to set the foibles of a people to metre, but it calls for genius in touch with the lowly and divine to gather up the spiritual facts in a people's lives and give these facts such artistic setting that both people and poems will live. This certainly Dr. Drummond has done.

The first French-Canadian dialect poem from the pen of Dr. Drummond to give promise of and shadow forth the genius of its author in this new and chosen field, was "The Wreck of the Julie Plante: A Legend of Lac St. Pierre." The tourist will remember the expansion of the St. Lawrence below Montreal known as Lake St. Peter. This is the scene of this ballad-legend so cleverly told in French-Canadian dialect verse by Dr. Drummond. A friend of mine once told me that he heard the American humorist Bill Nye recite it, down in Bermuda. It has gained favor everywhere—in the lumber shanties of Wisconsin and upper Michigan, in the drawing-rooms of New Orleans, among the cowboys out on the Western plains, and among exclusive clubmen of our metropolitan cities. It will be noticed that much of the humor in the poem is derived from pitching the story in such a high dramatic key. Never did ocean liner go down to her grave amid such foot-lights of tragedy as sank the wood scow "Julie Plante" in the historic waters of Lac St. Pierre. But we will let the author himself recite the tale:

"On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow 'Julie Plante'
Got scar't an' run below:
For de win' she blow lak hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore.

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"De Captinne walk on de fronte deck,
An' walk de hin' deck too—
He call de crew from up de hole,
He call de cook also.
De cook she's name was Rosie,
She come from Montreal,
Was chambre maid on lumber barge,
On de Grande Lachine Canal.

"De win' she blow, f'om nor'-eas'-wes',—
De sout' win' she blow too,
W'en Rosie cry 'Mon chere Captinne,
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?'
Den de Captinne t'row the big ankerre,
But still the scow she dreef,
De crew he can't pass on de shore,
Becos' he los' hees skeef.

"De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave run high an' fas',
W'en de Captinne tak' de Rosie girl
An' tie her to de mas'.
Den he also tak' de life preserve,
An' jomp off on de lak',
An' say, 'Good-by, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sak'.'

"Nex' morning very early
'Bout ha'f-pas' two—t'ree—four—
De Captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore,
For de win' she blow lak hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent fom de shore.

MORAL.

"Now all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storm,
An' go an' marry some nice French girl
An' leev on wan beeg farm.

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De win' can blow lak' hurricane,
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre.
So long you stay on shore."

But to my mind the poem which exhibits Dr. Drummond's dialect gift at its best is neither "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," "De Papineau Gun," nor "How Bateese Came Home." It is "Le Vieux Temps," which as a piece of French-Canadian characterization gives a truer, deeper, juster, and more sympathetic insight into the very spirit and life of the French-Canadian *habitant* than anything that has yet been done in either verse or fiction. The great value attaching to Dr. Drummond's French-Canadian characterization is that it is not overdrawn. Truth is the basis of all his idealization. This gifted writer has gone among the peasantry of Quebec with an honest, open, and sympathetic mind ready to find the fragrance of virtue wherever the flower grew. He sees all things with a spiritual, not an intellectual eye, and so his judgments have about them something of the accuracy of heaven. We can never justly judge our fellow-man while our point of view remains earthy of the earth.

Next to "Le Vieux Temps" I should be inclined to rank "Pelang" as Dr. Drummond's finest French-Canadian dialect poem. I think this is the highest poetic conception to be found in either of his volumes, and is worked out most artistically. It is full of delicate imagery, as where he describes the night before the great snow-storm has enveloped Marie's lover on the *Grande Montagne:*

"I open de door, an' pass outside
For see mese'f how de night is look,
An' de star is commence for go couché,
De mountain also is put on his tuque."

And surely, too, there is something touching and tender in these lines:

"An' I t'ink I hear de leetle bird say,
'Wait till de snow is geev up its dead;
Wait till I go, an' de robin come,
An' den you will fin' hees cole, cole bed.'"

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Dr. Drummond has a great command of pathos. Nor is it a maudlin pathos. He touches the minor chord of life with great surety and deftness and passes from humor to pathos, and from pathos to humor, with that ease of transition which is the especial gift of the Celt.

It is no small testimony—no small tribute to the truth of Dr. Drummond's work that Dr. Louis Fréchette, the French-Canadian Poet Laureate, should have contributed an introduction to his first volume, "The Habitant."

Speaking of how true and just Dr. Drummond has been in his French-Canadian characterization, Dr. Frechette in his introduction says:

"Dans son étude des Canadiens-français M. Drummond a trouvé le moyen d'éviter un écueil qui aurait semblé inévitable pour tout autre que pour lui. Il est resté vrai sans tomber dans la vulgarité et piquant sans verser dans le grotesque.

"Qu'il mette en scène les gros fermier fier de son bien ou de ses filles à marier le vieux médecin de campagne ne comptant plus ses états de service, le jeune amoureux qui rêve au clair de la lune, le vieillard qui repasse en sa mémoire la longue suit de jours révolus le conteur de légendes, l'aventurien des 'pays d'en haut' et même le Canadien exilé—le *Canadien errant*, comme dit la chanson populaire—qui croit toujours entendre résonner à son oreille le vague tentement des cloches de son village; que le récit soit plaisant on pathétique, jamais la note ne sonne faux, jamais la bizarrerie ne dégénère en puérilité burlesque."

It is said that art is born of the intellect and humor of the spirit. Humor, too, is generally unconscious, and consists frequently in a situation. Dr. Drummond shows a fine sense of humor in his French-Canadian dialect work. It is not coarse and vulgar buffoonry that he depicts when he gives us such poems as "How Bateese Came Home," "De Stove Pipe Hole," "M'sieu Smit,'" and "The National Policy."

"How Bateese Came Home" is certainly true to the life, as any one knows who has watched the evolution of a young French-Canadian *habitant* from the time he has left his father's farm on the banks of the St. Maurice to the time when he has reached the full stature of his ambition after a sojourn of some five years under New England skies.

Whether Dr. Drummond has reached a higher level of poetic

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work in his second volume "Johnnie Courteau" than in his first essay of French-Canadian characterization in "The Habitant," may be questioned by critics. When the first volume appeared the field of French-Canadian characterization was comparatively new. It is true something had been done in fiction by Sir Gilbert Parker and E. W. Thomson, but it remained for the poet to give concrete setting to the inner life, character, hopes, joys, as well as daily dreams and visions, of the French-Canadian habitant.

There is one poem in Dr. Drummond's second volume, "Johnnie Courteau," which to me at least is worthy of disputing for the first place among the productions of this gifted writer. It is true that the poem is largely a piece of individual characterization. Unlike "Le Vieux Temps," which as a story tóuches French-Canadian life on many sides. "The Curé of Calumette" is the delineation of a single character—the good curé "Fader O'Hara" of Calumette.

That the reader may the better appreciate the rare genius of its author I give this poem in full.

THE CURÉ OF CALUMETTE.

Dere 's no voyageur on de reever never run hees canoe d'écorce
T'roo de roar an' de rush of de rapids, w'ere it jump lak a beeg w'ite horse,
Dere 's no hunter man on de prairie, never wear w'at you call racquette,
Can beat leetle Fader O'Hara, de Curé of Calumette.

Hees fader is full-blooded Irish, an' hees moder is pure Canayenne,
Not offen dat stock go togedder, but she 's fine combination ma frien',
For de Irish he 's full of de devil, an' de French dey got savoir faire,
Dat's mak it de very good balance an' tak' you mos' ev'ry-w'ere.

But dere 's wan t'ing de Curé won't stan' it: mak' fun on de Irlandais,
An' of course on de French we say not'ing, cos de parish she 's all Canayen,

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Den you see on account of de moder, he can't spik hese'f very mache,
So de ole joke she 's all out of fashion, an' wan of dem t'ing we don't touch.

Wall! wan of dat kin' is de Curé; but w'en he be comin' our place
De peop' on de parish all w'isper "How young he was look on hees face;
Too bad if de wedder she keel heem de firse tam he got leetle wet,
An' de Bishop might sen' beeger Curé, for it 's purty tough place Calumette!"

Ha! ha! how I wish I was dere, me, w'en he go on de mission call
On de Shaintee Camp way up de reever, drivin' his own cariole;
An' he meet blaggar' feller been drinkin', jus' enough mak' heem ack lak fou,
Joe Vadeboncœur, dey was call heem, an' he 's purty beeg feller too!

Mebbe Joe he don't know it 's de Curé, so he 's hollerin', "Get out de way,
If you don't geev me whole of de roadside, sapree! you go off on de sleigh."
But de Curé he never say not'ing, jus' poule on de line leetle bit,
An' w'en Joe try for kip heem hees promise, hees nose it get badly hit.

Maudit! he was strong leetle Curé, an' he go for Jo-zeph en masse,
An' w'en he is mak' it de finish, poor Joe is n't feel it firse class;
So nex' tam de Curé he 's goin' for visit de Shaintee encore
Of course he was mak' beeges' mission never see on dat place before.

An' he know more I 'm sure dan de lawyer, an' dere 's many poor habitant
Is glad for see Fader O'Hara, an' ax w'at he t'ink of de law
W'en dey get leetle troub' wit each oder an' don't know de best t'ing to do,
Dat 's makin' dem save plaintee monee an' kip de good neighbor too.

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But w'en we fin' out how he paddle till canoe she was nearly fly,
An' travel racquette on de winter w'en snow-dreef is pilin' up high,
For visit some poor man or woman dat 's waitin' de message of peace,
An' get dem prepare for de journey, we 're proud on de leetle pries'!

Oh! many dark night w'en de chil'ren is put away safe on de bed,
An' mese'f an' ma femme mebbe settin' an' watchin' de small curly head,
We hear somet'ing else dan de roar of de tonder, de win', an' de rain;
So we 're bote passin' on de doorway, an' lissen an' lissen again.

An' it 's lonesome for see de beeg cloud sweepin' across de sky,
An' lonesome for hear de win' cryin' lak somebody's goin' to die,
But de soun' away down de valley, creepin' aroun' de hill,
All de tam gettin' closer, closer, dat's de soun' mak de heart stand still!

It's de bell of de leetle Curé, de music of deat' we hear,
Along on de black road ringin', an' soon it was comin' near;
Wan minute de face of de Curé we see by de lantern light,
An' he's gone from us jus' lak a shadder, into de stormy night.

An' de buggy rush down on de hillside an' over de bridge below,
W'ere creek run so high on de spring-tam w'en mountain t'row off de snow,
An' so long as we hear heem goin', we kneel on de f'oor an' pray
Dat God will look affer de Curé, an' de poor soul dat's passen away.

I dunno if he need our prayer, but we geev' it heem jus' de sam',
For w'en a man's doin' hees duty lak de Curé do all de tam,
Never min' all de t'ing may happen, no matter he's riche or poor,
Le bon Dieu was up on de heaven, will look out for dat man I'm sure.

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I'm only poor habitant farmer, an' mebbe know not'ing at all,
But dere's wan t'ing I'm always wishin', an' dat's w'en I get de call
For travel de far-away journey ev'ry wan on de worl' must go,
He'll be wit' me, de leetle Curé, 'fore I'm leffin dis place below.

For I know I'll be feel more easy if he's sittin' dere by de bed,
An' he'll geev me de good-by message an' place hees han' on ma head,
Den I'll hol', if he'll only let me, dat han' till de las', las' breat'
An' bless little Fader O'Hara, de Curé of Calumette."

French-Canadian life and character are full of beauty and truth. It has blossom and fruit of rare fragrance and flavor. Its covenant and kinship are closer to heaven than earth. Dr. Drummond has discovered both blossom and fruit. Nor has he failed to build into his work the larger life of the French-Canadian *habitant*—his loyalty to his church, his simplicity of faith, his devotion, his goodness, and his love.

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Views and Reviews.

1.—Many minds have puzzled over the problem of how best to present the Psalms to the people. One must needs have his spiritual taste rather well developed before being able to catch the true savor of these delicious divine poems; and what is more difficult, one must often be not a little skilled in exegesis in order to be able to understand even their literal meaning. It is not strange, then, that for immense numbers of the people the psalms have never yielded up the consolation, the joy and the strength, that is in them. The latest attempt to remove the impediments in the way of popular appreciation of these wonderful divine poems is an entirely worthy one. Bishop Bagshawe * has transcribed the whole psalter into verse, endeavoring not only to add to the reading of it the charm that comes from rhythm, but, incidentally, to simplify and interpret the meaning of the multitude of its dubious or difficult passages. He has achieved a notable success. His verses run smoothly and gracefully; they have the quality of being memorizable, and they are not devoid in places of real power and beauty. The book—it is a neat, handy volume—will doubtless be acceptable to many of the devout and enlightened laity, and not a few priests will find in it a helpful interpreter of the psalms of the divine office.

2.—Mr. Hutton in his studies of the saints has offered us a book † in many ways more than ordinarily attractive and thoughtful, and yet at times also contradictory and enigmatical. He chose for his studies those saints who have a peculiarly human interest either because their life was epoch-making in the world's history or because they appealed to the commoner and more general feelings of mankind. The Introduction deals rather with the marvellous in saintly lives; the Conclusion with the value of their example. The subjects, of whom the sketches are very short, are: St. Augustine, St. Benedict, St. Bernard, St. Dominic, St. Francis, Blessed Angela of Foligno, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Catherine Adorni, St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, and St. Rose of Lima.

* *The Psalms and Canticles in English Verse.* By Right Rev. Bishop Bagshawe. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *Studies in the Lives of the Saints.* By Edward Hutton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

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Mr. Hutton recognizes much of the heroism, the self-sacrifice, the worth, and the charm of sanctity evidenced in the lives of these holy ones; he seems at times to be fairly enraptured by their example and adorns their virtues with wreaths of delicate, flowery language that in turn delight the reader. Yet while they are attractive, they are also repulsive; while their experiences are real, they are unintelligible; while they live in the world, help and succor it, they hate the world; while they are to be praised for their detestation of sin, yet have they many self-deceptions; while their supernatural following of the Divine One begets admiration, still it is rather their delightful humanity that appeals to us.

Mr. Hutton gives to the Benedictines the credit for European civilization. Thus does he write of their great founder: "His idea of interior solitude as more important even than exterior solitude has really conquered and transformed the world; the silence of the soul, all its faculties and delicate operations hushed and waiting on God, contemplating His Passion, His Death, while the body is busy with other work of His too in the fields and the forests."

So we might quote other complimentary and appreciative passages. But Mr. Hutton's fault is that he has not studied deeply of those of whom he would write. "Mysticism," he says, "is really not a beautiful thing at all, in that almost its first requirement is a denial of life, a dislike and contempt for the beauty of the world"; yet the lode-star of the saints was the thirst for life. "They were entirely without humor," he writes, forgetting St. Bernardino, St. Philip Neri, and St. Teresa. And it is certainly queer for one who will spend his time writing enthusiastically of the saints to say "that one is not to be interrupted by any immortal business, since in a world that will soon forget us mortality is so sweet."

Yet Mr. Hutton with most praiseworthy humility adds: "I know my feebleness; my language is that of the world and not that of the angels; alas! my thoughts are ever stained with the world's penury. So do not look on these my figures; I have but drawn them from the waist down, the shoulders and the head were beyond my sight." Even his short insight into the beauty of their holiness has made him desire to grasp something which he cannot. Perhaps further reading, such as that of Joli's *Psychology of the Saints*, will give him such knowledge

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that he may truly "fall in love with Life"—the enduring life that saints alone possess.

Mr. Hutton, apart from his conclusions, has given us keen, instructive, beautiful sketches of the witnesses of God. And let us add his last conclusion: "Ah, I am wrong. The saints are right. It is necessary to give up the world, to throw life from us, and to occupy ourselves with that God who is really approached only through death. Yes, they were right."

3.—The fifth and sixth volumes* of the English translation of Jánssen's *History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages* have just appeared. We trust there is no need of informing our readers of the value of this monumental work. Dr. Janssen is one of the very greatest historians of the nineteenth century, and his life-work will hold an honorable place in historical literature for ever. It is a great piece of critical research and a great defence of Catholicity. We deem it imperative that every parish or society library should possess either the original German or this translation, now almost complete. Every priest too and educated layman ought to own this great production, and should feel glad to make whatever sacrifices may be necessary to enable them to procure it.

These two volumes are occupied with some of the most interesting and important events of the Lutheran revolt—the origin of territorial churches and how the secular princes made use of the new religion for ambitious and tyrannical ends; the Diets of Augsburg and Spires, with their consequences for the secularization of ecclesiastical holdings and the plunder of church possessions; Zwinglianism, with the turbulent disorder that everywhere accompanied it; the Anabaptist insanity in Switzerland and the Tyrol; the Turkish invasion and its effect on the church history of the West; the League of Smalcald, and the foreign alliances of German princes; Philip of Hesse's and Henry of Saxony's proscription of the Catholic faith; the bigamy of the Landgrave Philip, with all its civil and religious consequences; the relations of the emperor with the Pope; Luther's last writings, his deeds, death, and character; the betrayal of the Empire by the Elector Maurice; and finally the religious peace of Augsburg in 1555. These topics are the

* *The History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages.* By Johannes Janssen. Translated from the German by A. M. Christie. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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merest indication of the treasury of history contained in the two stately volumes. Besides the chapter headings which we have set down, one of the most valuable features of this portion of Dr. Janssen's work consists in the minute account given of the religious and moral condition of the people in the early years of the Reformation. This makes a sad record and a stern indictment of the leaders of the reformed gospel. What with pillage, and drunkenness, and broken vows and impiety, Luther and Melanchthon themselves cry out that the world is rotten, and that their new creed has made mankind worse than ever it was before. Why these two *coryphæi* of the revolt should be astonished on this head is hard indeed to see; for Luther allowed to that debauched monster Philip of Hesse permission to marry while his lawful wife still lived, and Philip in token of gratitude sent a cartload of wine to Dr. Martin, who thankfully returned his acknowledgments. And as for the "meek Melanchthon," he honored with his presence the sacrilegious ceremony of the second marriage, which, by the way, was performed by a worthy wight who gave unto Philip, his child in the Lord, the right good pastoral example of having three living wives himself. It is, then, no recondite matter to seek out the causes of popular immorality with such goings on among the elect of the elect. Listen to Dr. Martin himself on the results of his great reform: "This teaching ought to be heard and received with great joy, and it ought to make people better and more pious. But, alas! it is just the other way, and the more this doctrine is preached, the more wicked the world becomes; it is all damnable devil's work; we see people everywhere nowadays growing more covetous, more pitiless, more dissolute, more wicked and licentious than ever before under the rule of the Papacy."

But there would be no end of quoting if once we began to write down all the good things in Dr. Janssen. We heartily recommend the work, and sympathize with all those who will be unable to read it.

4.—This new hand-book* to the catechism for the use of teachers ought to be of valuable assistance in the Sunday-school. This first volume deals with the Apostles' Creed, giv-

* *Teachers' Hand-book to the Catechism.* By Rev. A. Urban. Vol. i. With over 3,500 questions and answers. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

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ing very full explanations of each article, and adding to every lesson a list of minute and searching questions. Undoubtedly the ordinary catechism-teacher will be vastly better prepared for the great work of instructing, after mastering a book like this. In expositions of this nature we always look eagerly to see how the author has dealt with earlier Old Testament history, for just there is the most vexing of problems not less for the university chair than for the benches of the Sunday-school. Father Urban allows us to understand the "days" of Genesis as "periods" indefinitely long; but as for the rest he is quite a literalist. To what an extent catechetical expositors ought to extend the freedom of interpretation which many of them apply to the "days" of creation, we make no pretence of determining. But it remains a very troublesome question indeed.

5.—It is scarcely too broad a statement to say that no saint has left us a more complete analysis of her own interior life than St. Teresa.* Even St. Augustine does not equal her in the close analysis of God's personal and supernatural dealings with the soul. Her inner, and even her outer life, she herself has told better than any one else can hope to do. And what gives a special charm and value to M. Joli's life of St. Teresa—which has just been translated into English—is that he lets the saint herself speak to us in her own words. In this life we see St. Teresa as she actually lived and labored in sixteenth century Spain. In fact, the chief value of this whole series of biographies lies in the fact that they set before us saints as they really were—not as a pious person might conceive them to be, or represent them to others for the sake of edification. To many it will be a source of consolation to read of one who, while a saint, did not cease to be a woman. The older style of writing the lives of the saints had much to recommend it, but to many ordinary readers there was too little of a common element between themselves and the saint to make them think of imitation as anything more than a pious dream.

From a psychological point of view the most interesting chapters in the work are those entitled "Supernatural Gifts"

* *Saint Teresa.* By Henri Joli. Translated by Emily M. Waller. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Benziger Brothers.

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and "The Understanding of the Gifts." When one hears of a person having visions, the first question that arises in the mind is: Did that person take care to investigate the possibility of the so-called vision being a mere hallucination, or a lively working of the imagination? From St. Teresa's own words M. Joli has made it abundantly evident that she did scrutinize most carefully in order to detect any natural hallucination or diabolical delusion. But in view of the objections which were raised not long ago by Father Hahn, S.J. (whose work is now on the Index), to the supernatural character of St. Teresa's visions, it would have been well for M. Joli to enter more fully than he has done into the possibility of explaining the wonderful phenomena of St. Teresa's life on the ground that she was an hysteric.

The chapter on "Friendships and Oppositions" shows better than any other the human side of the saint. At the same time it makes very clear how a one-sided view of the supernatural life is capable of doing great harm. To proceed upon the general principle that all souls are to be restricted to one set mode of mental prayer is a method which will do harm—not only to such rare and chosen souls as St. Teresa, but also to a number of persons to whom God vouchsafes some little touches of true contemplation.

In this volume the Catholic public is indebted to M. Joli for a very valuable addition to the literature of the saints.

6.—There are two good points about a new life of St. Rita of Cascia.* One is, the book tries somewhat to give us a glimpse of the general history of the time; the other, which is good in the sense of merciful, is that the production is not long. We have not been able ourselves to finish reading it entirely, but nevertheless it is some comfort to know that it spins itself to an end in two hundred and seventy-two short pages. But within that compass there are enough preposterous miracles, and enough ponderous observations meant for edification, to foster superstition for a century, and to repel intelligent people from Italian hagiography for ever. Surely St. Rita's life of sacrifice and sanctity merits a commendable history. When will it be understood that this sort of thing is a positive hindrance to con-

* *Life of St. Rita of Cascia.* From the Italian. By Very Rev. Richard Connolly, O.S.A., D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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versions, and a positive *elixir vitæ* for degraded spirituality? When is there going to be a concerted Catholic protest against myth, legend, and general stupidity paraded before modern minds as the highest expression of Catholicity? At any rate, here is our protest, and on every similar provocation we shall repeat it. Better no saints' lives at all, than that they should do injustice to the saints and be germ-carriers of superstition.

7.—To write worthily a book upon the friendships of our Saviour is possible only to one who knows profoundly the inner life of Christ, who has a devotional instinct that never swerves from sacred good sense, who possesses a heart that is always tender, an imagination that is never dull, and a pen that can put music into prose. It is the very holiest of subjects. It aims at admitting us to the hidden springs, to the deepest feelings, and to the dearest secrets of the Heart of the Word made flesh. Jesus had friends! Why, merely to say the words brings the all-Holy One nearer to our human hearts that have ached for friendship, and lets us see in a wonderfully vivid light how genuinely and truly He belongs to us and is our own. Jesus had friends! And straightway we live in olden Palestine, and from afar cast our wistful looks at Lazarus entertaining the Lord at Bethany; or at Peter, upon whose rugged fidelity and impulsive devotion the Master smiles with affectionate regard; or at John the virginal, who is permitted many an hour of ineffable intimacy; or at Magdalen who, like thousands of wanderers since, learned to love purely by repenting bitterly. Divinely beautiful is such a theme, and alas! that divinely beautiful things can be well treated by so few. Father Faber, we are of opinion, is almost the only modern spiritual writer who could have dealt acceptably with such a subject as the friendships of the Saviour. Father Ollivier's attempt * is honest, thorough, and suggestive of much that is helpful, but remarkably successful we scarcely dare to call it. Our Lord is not sufficiently the heart and soul of the book. Attention is distracted from Him by learned quotations, topographical detail, and polemical preoccupation. The author seems more ready to run after an apocryphal story than to analyze the glories of the gospel. And finally, there is not enough of the heart in a

* *The Friendships of Jesus.* By the Rev. M. J. Ollivier, O.P. From the French by M. C. Keogh. With a Preface by Rev. Michael M. O'Kane, O.P. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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book that ought to be full of it. Still, Father Ollivier has done well in calling our attention to this beautiful side of the Redeemer's life, and we would be far from denying the merits in his treatment of it. The book will be useful in counteracting that pernicious teaching not altogether uncommon in spiritual books, that it is not consistent with perfection to have friends, and that every aspiration of one's human heart is mischievous and to be repressed. The all-Holy One sustained His heart with friendship, and to pattern our affections upon His is not to incur a peril, but to enjoy a grace.

8.—It would almost seem as if a prevailing tendency, which has voiced itself in the cry, Back to Sources! had filtered down into the religious sentiments of the masses and inclined them to revert to older, simpler, less artificial modes of spiritual nourishment. Together with a deepening distaste for the overworked product of refinement run to an extreme, there comes to view the tendency to make generous use of such material as is afforded by the New Testament, the ancient saints and solitaries, the official liturgy of the church.

Thus far too little has been done to meet this demand; and yet enough is being accomplished to fill the future with promise. Among these evidences of betterment we must place Father Clifford's new book.*

Is it not quite evident that nearly every one of us can reap great advantage from meditative consideration of the Sunday Introits throughout the year? Is it not equally patent that our profit will be enormously increased if we have enjoyed the privilege of hearing or of reading the thoughts which these same verses have suggested to a mind profoundly thoughtful, deeply religious, and capable of beautiful self-expression? Since this privilege has been made accessible to all in the book before us, we venture to bespeak for it such a welcome that will encourage its author to pursue a line of work for which his first venture proves him to be so admirably adapted.

9.—About a year ago, M. l'Abbé Saudreau—known to our readers, we trust, as the author of several spiritual works—contributed to the pages of the *Ami du Clergé* a discussion on the nature of "the mystical state." The book now before us† is

* *Introibo: A Series of Detached Readings on the Entrance Versicles of the Ecclesiastical Year.* By the Rev. Cornelius Clifford. New York: The Cathedral Library Association.

† *L'État Mystique: La Nature, Les Phases.* Par l'Abbé A. Saudreau. Paris: Librairie Vic et Amat.

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the ampler development of the ideas at that time set forth, and goes into explanations and proofs at more length than the pages of a periodical could allow.

The main point of the abbé's contention is that mystical states of prayer involve always a double element—a lofty knowledge and an intense love of God—beyond the grasp of human nature's unaided efforts. This is in opposition to all who have tried to maintain that the will alone, and not the intelligence, is active in the state described. Our author is concerned, moreover, to show that certain characteristics, joy, consolation, experimental sense of God's presence—much insisted on by certain writers—are not necessary elements of mystical prayer. A further point emphasized is that contemplation should not be classified with visions and oppositions among the extraordinary spiritual phenomena, but that it is a grace which may legitimately be desired and prayed for by earnest souls.

The author supports his position by numerous references to the approved teachers of mystical theology, with whom he shows himself to be extremely familiar. The general result of his labor is to expose and justify this sublime ideal which has been the inspiration of the Christian mystics from time immemorial; and likewise to encourage souls to aspire after this perfection as something which is quite within the limits of God's ordinary providence. Books like the one before us are, therefore, admirably adapted to raise the general level of devotion, and to secure proper appreciation for spiritual teachings too little known and too little extolled during the last few centuries of our history.

10.—In Father Schneider's treatise on the spiritual life* there is much that is stimulating and suggestive. There is an earnest tone about the book that will rouse a serious reader out of lethargy and laziness. There is an easy method running through it also which aids the memory to retain the important things. And, finally, there is an absolute adhesion to Ignatian ideas, which of course makes for temperateness, safeness, and steadiness. But with one or two features we must declare our lack of sympathy. Examination of conscience is an indispensable exercise in a devout life, as everybody acknowledges, and to insist upon a careful performance of such an exercise is quite

* *Helps to a Spiritual Life.* For Religious and for all Persons in the World who desire to Serve God Fervently. From the German of Rev. Joseph Schneider, S.J. With additions by Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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within the province of a treatise like the one before us. But when the thing goes to the extent of providing one's self with a diagram so constructed as to leave less space for the sum total of Friday's examen than for Monday's, inasmuch as we ought to have less faults to record as the week wears on, this in our judgment is a manifestation of that common spiritual disease of paying more attention to conscience-microscopy than to affective and effective love of God, and is a method of procedure most cunningly apt for the production and perpetuation of scruples. Indeed, in this entire book there is too much of the temper of a taskmaster in speaking of God, and too much of the temper of a timid slave in speaking of the soul. "Have I not done this wrong thing?" and "Why did I not do better this other good thing?" are expressions that outnumber twenty to one aspirations after righteousness and union with God.

Furthermore, the treatment of prayer is seriously defective. Obviously this is the most important of all the subjects considered in a spiritual book, and failure here is vital failure. Why does the book in discoursing upon mental prayer take no account of that prayer which is beyond and greater than meditation, which is the old monastic prayer, practised by generations of saints and formulated in scores of books before any set and rigid exercises were ever known? We esteem it nothing short of a disaster that the grand old Benedictine and Carmelite conception of prayer has been almost entirely superseded by an essentially lower type, and that to-day it is held by many, who do not shrink from spiritual direction, to be fanatical or presumptuous to read St. Teresa, Dom Hilton, Father Baker, or even St. Francis de Sales' treatise on the love of God. A spiritual book which takes no account whatever of the prayer of contemplation in any of its various forms, which does not lead a soul higher than the condition of dependence upon a set formulæ, is an essentially deficient production upon which the old monastic masters of the soul would look with disapproval. Back to these masters, is our exhortation to the devout. Back to the Carthusian, Cistercian, Carmelite, and Benedictine schools! There the freedom of the Holy Spirit is a leading principle of direction, and a life of contemplative union with the Most High is the simple purpose of every precept.

11.—Dean Kelly has given us a good strong book on the

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mystery of the Holy Eucharist.* It is a doctrinal and controversial work which considers the Scriptural and the historical proofs of the Real Presence both as Sacrament and as Sacrifice. It is simple and direct in style, accurate in exposition, and fairly abundant in argumentative resources. It ought to accomplish great good. We regret that the very important point of Christ's sacramental bodily Presence being not in a natural but in a spiritual and glorified manner, was not developed at a little greater length.

12.—Catholic philosophy has not done justice to itself in the matter of its own history. In fact, it might be said the Neo-Scholastics have left the entire history of philosophy to writers of other schools. Stöckle is the only brilliant exception to this general statement. And perhaps Dr. Turner will be another. His present work† does not pretend to be a piece of research, but merely a compilation which will give to Scholasticism a fair treatment and its due share in the history of philosophy. Dr. Turner may without fear challenge comparison of his work with those of similar extent, written by authors of repute, such as Weber, Rogers, etc. The first part of his work is devoted to Ancient Philosophy, in which is included a short sketch of Oriental Philosophy. The second part deals with the Philosophy of the Christian Era—Patristic and Scholastic Philosophy. About one-third of the entire work is devoted to this part. The History of Scholastic Philosophy is the chief feature of this work and gives it a *raison d'être;* for it is the first time that the task has been systematically undertaken by an English author in sympathy with scholasticism. The third part is devoted to the History of Modern Philosophy. The valuable features of this part are the prominence given to American Philosophy and the account of the Neo-Scholastic movement.

The author is to be congratulated on the score that his "suggestions for criticism" are offered under the title "Historical Position." This choice of terminology is not a mere cloak for one-sided disquisitions on the "errors of the age," but is indicative of the unbiased attitude which is general throughout the entire work.

Perhaps the enumeration of the Blessed Henry Suso and

* *The Veiled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist.* By the Very Rev. W. J. Kelly. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *History of Philosophy.* By William Turner, S.T.D. Boston and London: Ginn & Co.

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Dr. John Tauler among the heterodox mystics is not based upon a careful study of their writings. Any suspicious phrases in Tauler's writings should be examined in the light of those passages which are to be found in his sermons, criticising most severely the quietism and false ideas of poverty so common in his day. It was not the mysticism of Tauler which was at fault, but his too tender heart, which made him overstep the bounds of canon law.

But in spite of minor criticisms which might be made, Dr. Turner has presented to the public an able work which will meet with appreciation both within and outside of the church.

13.—Father Rickaby has given us a little book* of strong, sturdy talks to boys. The range of topics is very wide: Sin, Character, Reading, Faith and Reason, Self-Respect, the Conversion of England, a defence of St. Aloysius from the charge of being a milksop, and a number of others, all timely and practical, many that are thoroughly well done, and some that are excellent. The book will help every boy that reads it, and every pastor or parent that looks into it will get new ideas as to that distracting problem—how to lead, guide, and sanctify our lads. Here is a sentence or two taken from the chapter on the conversion of England, which displays the rare good sense characteristic of Father Rickaby: "The only zeal that will tell in England is a conciliatory zeal like that which St. Francis of Sales showed; he must be our model. Though a man will not go the whole ten miles with us to the foot of Peter's chair, we should walk amicably two miles with him, or seven miles, in fact as far as he will go; and where we part, our parting must be resolute, but regretful and friendly, not without hope of rejoining company again."

14.—Among the most interesting volumes that have come to us during the present year is *Faith Found in London.*† Dedicated to Cardinal Manning's memory and full of his words and his spirit, it is the innocent vehicle of many a suggestion which if dressed out as a thesis would dreadfully alarm the

* *Ye are Christ's: Eighty-Four Considerations for Boys.* By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Faith Found in London:* A Record of Visits to Catholic Churches and Charities. Being a Relation of the Strange Adventures of Count Marco Caradovi, who came hither for the Coronation of Edward VII., and who in our Babylon discovered his own Spiritual Crown. Together with some very Candid Conversations, wherein are set down Certain Strait Sayings of the Eminent Servant of God, Cardinal Manning. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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upholders of the old order which passeth. Still, the good conservatives likewise have their sentiments voiced in this volume, they being represented by the interesting Lord Oldways, who boasts proudly, "I am not ashamed of my opinions, which were those of my Fathers before the Flood."

The story is about a young Italian—Catholic by birth and name and tradition, rather than by thought, love, and intention—who visits London expecting to find a nation grown great by the burying of superstitions and the suppressing of religious enthusiasm. But fate gives him as host an ardent and intelligent Catholic who decides to introduce him to the London of Cardinal Manning, takes him to all the great Catholic temples of worship and charitable institutions, and makes him acquainted with various persons, clerical and lay, who unite religious fervor with that new and peculiar view of the universe which has come to be recognized as a sort of characteristic of English-speaking people and Catholics.

The book is full of exquisite things and conveys many a lesson to the attentive reader. Lady Coningsby, a Catholic laywoman after a type dear to the cardinal's heart, says and does many things which go to show the foreigner a vigor and reality and sameness in religion which he had never dreamed of before. And at dinner she recites a little poem which it is almost worth buying the book in order to read.

Whoever the writer may be, he should feel it a strict duty to give us more books of the same sort. His ideals are inspiring; his wit delicious. He gives a picture of Cardinal Manning's ideal London which would arouse the most dispirited to hope and enthusiasm. He quotes largely from Cardinal Manning, with a warning whenever he uses the Cardinal's *ipsissima verba*—a not unnecessary measure, since among the quotations we find such sentences as these:

"The strengh of the Holy See is to be unarmed" (p. 66).

"Where is the good of preaching to the people on the Immaculate Conception—to people who do not believe in the Incarnation? Or on the church to people who do not believe in Christianity? Surely a procession through the streets would do better to sing or to say the Litany of the Holy Name than the Litany of Loretto. So, again, to sing English hymns through the streets rather than to say the Rosary. Hymns are intelligible to all. The Rosary is to non-Catholics not only

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unintelligible, but by its perpetual repetitions a stumbling-block" (p. 58).

"Do they (the pious persons) know that the Jews are taking better care of their working girls in the East End than we are? What are our people doing? Oh, I forgot: they have no time; they are examining their consciences; or the fine ladies among them are praying (with dear Mrs. Craven) for success in finding a really satisfactory maid."

"I believe the hearing and direction of nuns is one of the surest means to illuminate and to sanctify the priests of the diocese."

"My flock never let me forget they are my *sheep*."

"I have long thought with fear that the visible church is now as Jerusalem was in the time of Isaias, and when Titus was round the walls. The Divine Spirit reigns over the "Ecclesia docens et regens," but the human spirit reigns over Christian society. If this were not so, London could never be as it is at this day. And how to deal with it? Certainly not with the pieties of our Upper Ten Thousand, nor with the devotion of the Faubourg St. Germain" (p. 109).

"All the great works of charity have had their beginning out of the church. For instance, the abolition of the slave trade and of slavery, and the persevering protests of the Anti-Slavery Society. Not a Catholic name, so far as I know, shared in this. The whole Temperance Movement—it was a Quaker that made Father Mathew a total abstainer. The Act of Parliament to protect animals from cruelty was carried by a non-Catholic Irishman. The Anti-vivisection Act also. Both are derided, to my knowledge, among Catholics. The acts to protect children from cruelty were the work of Dissenters. On these societies there is hardly a Catholic name. On the last, mine was for long the only one. So, again, the uprising against the horrible depravity which destroys young girls—multitudes of ours—was literally denounced by Catholics—not one came forward. If it was ill done, why did nobody try to mend it? I might go on. There are endless works for the protection of shop assistants, overworked railway and train men, women and children ground down by sweaters, and driven by starvation wage upon the streets. Not one of the works in their behalf was started by us, hardly a Catholic name is to be found in their reports. Surely we are in the Sacristy" (p. 133).

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15.—While reading the first few chapters of *Castle Omeragh*,* a love story of Cromwellian days in Ireland, one is apt to feel a bit impatient with the labored and unrelieved gloom of the opening scenes. That feeling passes rapidly, however, and completely, once the author settles down to the telling of his story. In it we follow the fortunes of a bashful young man who, in spite of many broad hints, cannot get it into his head that the girl he loves is bubbling over with readiness to give him her hand and heart. Were we to meet such a man in real life, it surely would be hard to refrain from putting a pin into him to wake him up. The author makes a free use of the preternatural, especially in the shape of a glass pyramid—a Moorish invention—within which distant scenes are mysteriously pictured at dead of night. While not inclined to find fault with the author for employing such devices in order to make his story interesting, we think it would have been better had he guarded against making Father Mahony a believer in the efficacy of such an instrument. The endurance of trials for Jesus Christ very speedily sharpens a man's spiritual vision and makes him proof against superstition. All in all the book makes pleasant reading.

16.—Under the somewhat repelling title of *Dainty Devils* there are offered to us many wholesome reflections† on some of the grave evils which are commonly believed to be rather prevalent among the socially prominent. The character whom we know best after reading the book, the one whose musings, studies, and judgments about the men, and more especially the women, she meets, are clearly and fully set before us, is the daughter of a self-exiled German nobleman—a man who is truly noble in his purity and strength of character. His only daughter, trained by him to love and practise righteousness, meets and marries in her New England village home a man of sterling traits, wealthy and prominent. After her short, delightful journey to Europe there begins for her a season of trial and storm. There is no need of giving here more than a bare hint of the perplexing experiences through which she went in the first year of social life. Forward, prying servants, women acquaintances who smoked, drank, gambled, neglected home life, and decoyed beardless youths into dishonesty and worse

* *Castle Omeragh*. By J. Frankfort Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
† *Dainty Devils*. New York: Wm. H. Young & Co.

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vices—all had a hand in trying her patience and burdening her heart. The picture, these outlines of which are sad and wretched, is softened by the presence of other characters, both men and women, who are quite as virtuous as the others are vicious. All in all, the book doubtless gives a fairly accurate insight into the life of the class with which it deals. Its greatest merit is not in its rousing of interest, nor in its giving pleasure, but in its being both instructive and wholesome.

17.—This book* of discourses on the priesthood is in reality taken up with many other topics besides the one indicated on its title-page. It would be well if some one had revised the English and improved the rhetoric before publication. The dark hue of pessimism that covers the book as with a death-shroud will not, we trust, permanently prevent Father Madden from seeing occasional glimpses of the sun of hope. The editor, Father Girardey, has added certain observations on the ecclesiastical vocation and on the celibacy of the priesthood.

18.—One of the romances and one of the tragedies of history is the career of the last Stuart pretender to the throne of England. "Prince Charlie," as they who loved him and enlisted themselves in his futile cause called him, offers in his character so much to admire and so much to detest, in his adventures so much that is fascinating and in his end so much that is mournful, that few historical personages engage our sentiments so widely and variously, and perhaps none at all stand before the imagination more vivid and picturesque. Andrew Lang has just told us the story† of this strange child of misfortune. The world knows the tale, but it never grows old, and we are glad that a pen like Lang's has dealt with it. The Prince's hunted existence in Scotland after the disaster of Culloden is very fully described, and his later life on the Continent is minutely set before us. The style of the book is hardly Lang's best, being a little too annalistic and matter-of-fact to suit the romantic subject; still it is good and eminently readable. How Stevenson would have made the narrative glow! Mr. Lang dismisses as unworthy of consideration the

* *Discourses on Priesthood; with Panegyric of St. Patrick.* By W. J. Madden. Edited, with additions, by Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *Prince Charles Edward Stuart.* By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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story that Prince Charles left any legitimate issue, and treats as utterly baseless the claims put forward for a supposed Stuart heir in the middle of the last century.

19.—A very beautiful book* comes to us from Longmans on the extant busts and statues of Julius Cæsar. The author, Mr. Scott, has visited nearly all the great museums of Europe and America in search of material, and has probably acquired more data for his monograph than have ever before been published on this subject. Antiquarians, art-students, and historians will find in the book a great deal to interest them. We regret to say that the English is in critical need of revision. Sentences like the following take from the value of the work decidedly: "A man who made so great a mark upon ages far remote that the recorded facts of his career still reverberate through the halls of knowledge, and take on greater sound and significance the more they are known, is the man we may be sure is worth studying." And another specimen: "The constant misconception of him which his rivals and beaten enemies, the Senate party in Rome, infused into Roman literature, reverberate through the sonorous speeches or the light innuendo of the Shaksperian *dramatis personæ*."

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA.†

The ninth volume of the *International* comprises titles from the word Hall to the title Infant Phenomenon. There will be probably as many volumes more. As the volumes have come to our table, as far as is possible we have looked them through, and we marvel at the extent of this monumental work. It treats of a wonderful variety of topics, and treats them all intelligently and most of them comprehensively. An encyclopædia writer needs the faculty of condensation in a marked degree. Where it is not the policy of the management to assign topics to noted experts or specialists, the writer must consult other books of reference, assimilate all the knowledge on the topic in question, and present his statement. The *International* does this in as concise and yet as satisfactory man-

* *Portraitures of Julius Cæsar.* By Frank J. Scott. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *The New International Encyclopædia.* Editors, Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., President of Johns Hopkins 1876-1901, President of Carnegie Institution; Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., Professor in Columbia University; Frank Moore Colby, M.A., late Professor of Economics in the New York University. Vol. ix. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

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ner as it seems to be possible, and finally concludes each well-chiselled article with an extensive bibliography. As an example of the clearness, conciseness, and comprehensiveness of the work done is, among many others, the article on "Heresy." In about a thousand words there is given a remarkably well-balanced historical and theological statement of what is comprised within the meaning of the word heresy, with a dozen or more cross references and a bibliography of seven works of standing.

In the next article, on "Heretic," however, we do not relish the placing of Savonarola in the list of heretics. Savonarola was granted permission by the Pope to say Mass on the day of his execution, and he never asked to be released from censures, for he never considered he was under censure. He said of himself in his statement: "I have never been disobedient to the Roman Church, nor to the Pope, nor to any of my superiors up to the present hour," and St. Philip Neri, who lived amidst the traditions of Rome, had a devotion amounting almost to a veneration for him. All this is inconsistent with the fact of his being really a heretic.

In this volume also are found such up-to-date titles as Hecker (though an inaccuracy of date has crept in; Father Hecker was received into the church in 1844 and ordained *five* years later), Hefele, Heiss, Hellmuth (1820–1901), Henty (1832–1902), Herreshoff (1848 ——), Hewit (1820–1897), and others equally modern. These biographies of noted contemporaries make the Encyclopædia valuable as a work of biographical reference. We note also that articles pertaining to medical science get a very adequate treatment, nor are any of the other sciences overlooked. There is an extensive article on Home Rule, of 2,000 words; a good one on Homestead Laws; on Homœopathy; on the Horse, with illustrations; on Humidity, with accurate tables and good maps; on Huxley, with a portrait by Legros; on Ignatius Loyola, with a full-page picture after a painting by Rubens. These designations may give one some idea of the comprehensiveness as well as the accuracy of the *International.* The article on Indulgences is of special note. The *International* has not followed the traditional statements of worn-out books of reference, but has gone to original sources, and as a consequence presents not garbled and inaccurate statements, but the truth.

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Library Table.

The Tablet (2 May): Correspondence on the practice of the "Nine Fridays" continued. Father Thurston, S.J., confirms Fr. McNabb's statement as to the very late development of this practice among the faithful at large, and shows that it is not identified with the organization of the Apostleship of Prayer. He takes exception, however, to the epithet "scandalous" as used by Fr. McNabb, and promises an article on the whole matter in the June number of *The Month*. C. C. Fernensis fears that the printing and circulating of the "Twelfth Promise" without any explanation is likely to lead to grave abuse of the Blessed Sacrament.

(9 May): Concerning the genuineness of the "Twelfth Promise" Fr. McNabb, O.P., says that Beatification or Canonization would not necessarily guarantee the truth of every statement of a saint or blessed. He also gives an instance where the "Twelfth Promise" is entirely omitted. Evangelist testifies that "on his own experience and that of many others an incalculable amount of good" is being done by the practice of the "Nine Fridays." S. T. D. writes that Theology can say nothing either for or against the truth of the "Twelfth Promise," which he says is the only point at issue.

(16 May): Fr. Thurston, S.J., shows that the "Twelfth Promise" was undoubtedly submitted to the Congregation of Rites. He says that while reflective and educated Catholics would recognize the contingent character of the promise, yet he for one should be sorry to see the "Twelfth Promise" much insisted upon in an absolutely unqualified form. A Graduate of Edinburgh contributes an article in favor of vivisection, in which he says its value is practically that of modern medical and surgical science.

(23 May): In an article entitled "A Cyprianic Riddle and its Solution" Rev. P. St. John, S.J., calls attention to some literary research work of Dom Chapman, proving that the famous interpolation in St. Cyprian's "De

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Unitate" was made by St. Cyprian himself. The writer quotes Dr. Harnack as accepting the fact as proven. The Roman Correspondent gives a synopsis of the constitutions and rules of the Biblical commission.

(30 May): In a leader on "Creative Power" the editor reviews some points raised in the controversy over Lord Kelvin's recent dictum that modern science proves the existence of Creative Power.

The Month (May): Fr. Thurston reviews Begley's *Is it Shakespear?* and criticises adversely many of the arguments advanced by that writer in favor of the claim for the Baconian authorship. Fr. Sydney F. Smith, continuing his articles on the dissolution of the Society of Jesus, treats of the execution of the brief of suppression and discusses some of the complicated questions to which it gave rise.

The Church Quarterly Review (April): In an article on the structure and composition of the Synoptic Gospels the attempt is made to show that while there is no proof of any written sources behind our Gospel, yet it is possible to determine the different sources from which the materials were drawn. In the Gospel of St. Matthew, it is claimed, three distinct strata of material can be distinguished, namely, "(*a*) The matter borrowed from St. Mark; (*b*) The matter common to St. Matthew and St. Luke, taken possibly from a Greek translation of a collection of Christ's sayings composed in Aramaic by the Apostle Matthew; (*c*) The matter peculiar to the Gospel of St. Matthew."

Études (5 May): P. Bremond writes a most interesting analysis of Huysmann's *L'Oblat*, saying "how unjust to weigh in the traditional balance these pages so glowing with originality and possessed of a flavor which our masters the classics never dreamed of." The reviewer makes a mild protest against some pages "a little hard on the Jesuits," and asks: "Is he quite sure that the passion for devotionalities comes from the Jesuits, and that they can be reproached with a milk-and-sugar spirituality?"

(20 May): P. Boubee discusses the arguments for the Baconian authorship of Shakspere's plays. P. Brucker congratulates Mgr. Turinaz on his letter against the pro-

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posed reorganization of ecclesiastical studies in the seminary of Le Rochelle, drawing attention to the fact that Mgr. Turinaz has reiterated his warning against "the abuse made by many innovators of certain unsure passages in the Essay on Development written by Newman before his conversion."

Science Catholique (May): Writing on the historical method in the study of Scripture, P. Fontaine rejects the plea for new departure from customary methods made by P. Lemounyer in the *Revue du Clergé Français.* Dr. Surbled writes to prove that the therapeutic value of hypnotism is much less than some have imagined.

Revue du Monde Invisible (March): Dr. Ignotus presents a detailed report of the happenings in a haunted house. Abbé T. relates "a case of complicated diabolical possession in Auvergne," declaring that he is quite ready to accept a better explanation of the facts if it can be found. (April): Dom Marechaux assails the positions assumed by Dr. Felix Regnault, who, resuming his course at the School of Psychology, has published in the *Revue de l'Hypnotisme* a series of articles which explain the Gospel miracles as hypnotic phenomena. F. de Loubens discusses the bearing on prophecy of certain attempts to explain presentiments and premonitions as due to a magnetic influence.

(May): Publishes the report of Dr. Berillon (medical inspector of public lunatic asylums and editor of the *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*) on the pedagogical uses of hypnotism, which declares that the hypno-pedagogical method must now be considered as truly scientific.

L'Ame Française (May): The opening number of a new magazine, published in the French language, by a Boston firm; it aims at making Americans acquainted with a France and a French soul that until now have been hidden under deceptive appearances. Among other contributions it contains a reprint of the French translation of *My New Curate.*

Echo Religieux de Belgique (April): Discussing the social ideas of Paul Bourget, M. de Froidmont gives as the synthesizing idea of his work these words, written in 1889 at the commencement of the first critical volume: "For my part,

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long investigation of the moral maladies of present-day France has forced me to recognize in my own turn the truth proclaimed by masters of an authority far beyond mine, to understand, like Balzac, Le Play, and Taine, that for individuals as for society, Christianity is at this hour the sole and necessary condition of cure."

Revue Apologetique (May): In this new magazine (the successor to *Echo Religieux*) P. Halflants reviews *L'Oblat*—Huysmann's sequel to *En Route*—and says that this story of Durtal's sojourn at Val-des-Saints is a bold apology for the religious, artistic, and scientific influence of the Benedictines; fortunately Durtal's "temptations" are no longer obtruded offensively on the reader; he seems firm in well-doing.

Démocratie Chrétienne (April): Abbé Charles Calippe closes, in this number, his series of very interesting letters. The abbé believes that, as far as the workingmen in France are concerned, he has a solution for the social question; the plan which he advocates, and which he has actually tried, is for the priest to go into the factory and to work there together with the men; he says that many become socialists because they do not understand the true attitude of the church toward the workingman. Holzheim gives an account of the work being done by the Catholic social party to spread the Volksverein throughout Germany and Poland.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Feb.): Apropos of the recent publication of a series of apologetic conferences, by the Abbé Charles Denis, the Abbé Martin commences an historical examination of the methods employed by Christian apologists since the days of St. Justin, Martyr. Mgr. Blumpignon contributes a very interesting article on the "Genius and Madness of John Jacques Rousseau," making an effectual, though not formal, apology for the vagaries of that famous unfortunate, on the ground of his actual insanity. Fr. Hogan's *Clerical Studies*, translated into French, receives an enthusiastic synopsis and critique at the hands of the Abbé Mano.

(March): M. G. Roger Charbonnel presents a group of striking apothegms from a posthumous work of Victor

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Hugo—*Postscriptum de ma Vie.* The editor prints a correspondence between himself and the Abbé Dabry on the question of the actual condition of the clergy in France in regard to its present political and religious condition.

(April): The Abbé Mano having, in the February number, expressed the gist of the thoughts of Fr. Hogan's *Études du Clergé*, continues the subject by contributing a paper on the "Formation of Priests at the Seminary." The Abbé Martin continues his outline of the history of Christian apologetic, aiming to make clear, more by implicit suggestion than by explicit comparison, the similarity between the earliest and the latest objections to the faith, and—likewise implicitly—counselling a revival of the early methods of Justin, Origen, Tatian, *et al.* The editor expressly invites the readers of the *Annales* to exchange opinions on the best manner of dealing with the problems suggested to the intelligent laity by the demands of dogma. The controversy is opened with a vigorous address of M. G. Dusart to all who are interested in the problem proposed.

Revue du Monde Catholique (15 May): Canon Beaurredon discusses the legitimacy of biblical criticism, evidently aiming at an elementary and popular description of what criticism of the Bible is and should be.

Le Correspondant (10 May): In an admirably clear and interesting article, "La Faillite de la Grève Générale," M. Fernand Engerrand describes the complex causes and the far-reaching social and political results of strikes local, national, and international. M. Pierre de la Gorge in his graphic sketch of the days immediately preceding the Franco-Prussian war, paints to the life the attitude of sovereigns and statesmen on both sides of the Rhine. M. Dumand makes an eloquent appeal for the publication of the first real history of Joan of Arc, still lying in manuscript in the National Library. There are several other valuable articles; but, in the face of the present crisis, it is particularly good to read of the splendid organization and chivalrous devotion of the Associations de Jeunes Catholiques.

(25 May): M. le Vicomte de Meaux contributes an

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article on the "Fall of the Broglie Ministry in 1874," calling attention to a striking passage in the "Strenuous Life" where President Roosevelt explains the greater success of republican government in America than in France. Some "Letters and Fragments" of Mgr. Darboy, hitherto unpublished, are calculated not only to throw additional light on the personal character of the great archbishop, but also to serve as a timely warning to all true lovers of France. Continuing his study of the war of 1870, M. Lamy gives a detailed account of the heroic defence of Strasbourg, and compares the methods of the first Napoleon with those of the Prussian generals. Among the other interesting articles is one on Victor Hugo and his literary friendships, by M. F. Loliée.

La Quinzaine (16 May): In "Sainte-Beuve et Michiels," continued by M. Michaut, there is more than one useful maxim, not only for critics in general, but for all those who prize the possession of the divine faculty of seeing "good in everything." M. Emmanuel des Essarts, however, seems to perceive super-excellence where it will hardly be allowed to reside by some who, like that gentleman, are ready to say with Bersot: "Soyons modestes chacun pour nous, ne le soyons pas pour notre nation."

Razón y Fe (June): P. Murillo discusses the canons of a new exegetical school which maintains that there are no purely scientific passages in the Bible so unmistakably formulated that their meaning is clear without the intervention of the church. After quoting from Lomely and Franzelin, he concludes: "It is impossible to abandon or to modify the rule of interpretation traditional since St. Augustine, according to which, if the Scripture with sufficient clearness states anything pertaining to the profane sciences, these statements must be taken as definitive and not only in a provisional and hypothetical sense, so long as science does not demonstrate the contrary.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 May): A. Armauni gives an appreciative summary of the *Vita Intensa* of Teodoro Roosevelt, a man with whom individual energy is not an end in itself, nor a mere instrument of material progress, but a means of moral elevation.

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Comment on Current Topics.

The Servian Atrocity

The most alarming aspect of the Servian atrocities is the easy way in which pardon has been extended to the perpetrators and the complacent way in which they have been viewed by the press of the world. There must be something wrong with the moral sense of a nation when it can witness the deliberate murder of its king and queen and their court, even though they were by some considered as usurpers, and see a few handfuls of sand thrown over the blood that drenched the royal apartments, and then go about the ordinary routine of daily life as though a commendable deed had been done and not a national outrage perpetrated.

In all reports there does not appear a single protest from the teachers of morality who represent eternal justice and who should stand for law and order. On the contrary, apparently well-founded reports inform us that after the regicide was committed the Skupshtina, or national assembly, met, adjourned to the cathedral, where a solemn Mass was sung, followed by a Te Deum. The Metropolitan addressing the throng, made up of civil and military officers in full uniform, congratulated the nation on the restoration of the Karageorgevitch dynasty. While deploring the necessity for recent events, he thanked the army for what it had done and praised its behavior. The officers audibly expressed their pleasure at these remarks from the prelate. There stands out in this story all the lineaments of the time-serving prelate of a National Church. It cannot well be otherwise. When a churchman is the creature of the state he must serve the state, even to the smothering of his principles and the blunting of his moral sensibilities. There is no more lamentable spectacle of the decadence that comes over a religious body when it is affiliated with the state than that which is presented by the Greek Metropolitan of Belgrade in his own cathedral condoning the horrid butchery of the reigning family of Servia.

The Scholastic Year at the University.

The Catholic University at Washington has just finished a most prosperous scholastic year. It is important that every Catholic in America, clerical and lay, should understand the share of

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the Catholic University in the achievements and in the hopes of the Church in the United States. Learning is to dominate, ideas are to lead the race in all future history; and every worthy home of scholarship, every fit fostering-place of thought, is to have a greater share in fashioning the destinies of men than ever war and conquest had in ages past. The religion of the future, like everything else, must be sustained by learning. Zeal in these days must lead men to the study as well as to the pulpit. Catholicity, if it is to thrive, must possess the prestige of deep and varied culture. If it possesses it not, it will languish and decay. The University at Washington says that the church shall possess it. This noble school has for its very reason of existence the pursuit of all departments of science, new as well as old, in order that its graduates may themselves perceive and declare throughout their lives to others that Catholicity not only is not displaced by modern knowledge, but is supported by it, and is necessary to it. This is what the University is and aims at. No other of our higher schools is doing or can possibly do its work. We might dispense with any one or any ten of our academies and colleges, and we should still be equipped to meet the deficiency. But take away the University, and instantly our hope of marching abreast with the highest scholarship of the age is vitally weakened if not quite destroyed—for we could not replace the splendid institution which years of toil and enthusiasm, of self-sacrifice and single-minded purpose, of trial and misunderstanding, have erected for the glory of God and the good of men.

There is every reason to hope that the University will fulfil its mission. Its brilliant rector, lately appointed by Leo XIII., was greeted on the first Commencement-day of his *régime* by the largest graduating class in the history of the institution. He was welcomed by a united, zealous, and distinguished faculty; by Paulists, Marists, members of the Holy Cross Congregation, Sulpicians, Franciscans, and Dominicans, all of whom have established houses of study at the University, in order to give the great venture their sympathy and support, and in order to procure for their young subjects its advanced courses, its honors and its degrees. The laity too was there, for the University brings priest, religious, and layman together within its lecture-halls in the most friend-

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ly, fraternal, and helpful association. Unquestionably this institution is the best possession of the church in America. God speed it! is our prayer; and that the Catholics of this country shall not let it fail for lack of generous means, is our devoutest hope.

Science and Religion.

"Think strongly enough and you will be forced by science to the belief in God"—these are the bold and emphatic words of the greatest of living scientists, Lord Kelvin. They will happily go a long ways towards disabusing many minds of the impression that science is opposed to religion. The noted physicist makes it a positive ally instead of an enemy, and his words will do much to hush the cries of the ignorant atheists and sophomoric sciolists.

The quotation marks something of a change for Lord Kelvin himself. Many years ago he suggested, as a theory, that the first living matter had been brought to this earth by some comet coming from another world. Of course this only put the problem back a little further and made no step towards its solution. Now as the result of some thought, he asserts, will come necessarily the recognition of God's existence.

After all, have we not allowed science too much power and accredited it with too great authority? It deals with the material. The spiritual and the metaphysical are entirely beyond its range. As Professor Huxley wrote: "Science starts with matter and with force; back of these it does not go, more than these it does not require. To account for them is unscientific, for the simple reason that no such accounting can be verified."

In fact, science must postulate fundamental truths before it can make the least progress. And therefore it should acknowledge its dependence, at least not make itself the judge and arbiter of all the great questions that trouble the soul of man.

To quote Professor Huxley again, it must take for granted "the objective existence of a material world, the universality of the law of causation," the so-called "laws of nature, by which the relation of phenomena is truly defined, is true for all time." Hence there is the widest and most important field for man which scientists as scientists cannot touch. Every theory that science, so called, has put forth to explain life without a Creator, including the latest—Haeckel's carbon the-

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ory—has but proved its utter inability and unfitness to treat the problem. We must remember, however, that the Haeckel theory has not been received by the scientific world.

But as every mind is more or less philosophical, and must seek out the ultimate causes of things, as it was made for a personal union with God, we are glad and thankful for the remarks of Lord Kelvin, and we append his exact words, taken from the *Nineteenth Century*, in which he speaks of the origin of life:

"Just think of a number of atoms falling together of their own accord and making a crystal, a sprig of moss, a microbe, a living animal. Cicero's expression 'fortuitous concurrence of atoms' is certainly not wholly inappropriate for the growth of a crystal. But modern scientific men are in agreement with him in condemning it as utterly absurd in respect to the coming into existence, or the growth, or the continuation of the molecular combinations presented in the bodies of living things. Here scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of created power. Forty years ago I asked Liebig, walking somewhere in the country, if he believed that the grass and flowers that we saw around us grew by mere chemical forces. He answered, 'No; no more than I could believe that a book of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces.' Every action of free will is a miracle to physical and chemical and mathematical science.

"I admire the healthy, breezy atmosphere of free thought throughout Professor Henslow's lecture. Do not be afraid of being free thinkers! If you think strongly enough you will be forced by science to the belief in God, which is the foundation of all religion. You will find science not antagonistic but helpful to religion."

The Persecutions in France.

The enforcement of the French Associations Law has, in many instances been attended by scenes that in cruelty and pathos savor of the tales of the Revolution. It is more evident every day that the present ministry is really carrying on a persecution of Christians in as far as modern civilization will permit it.

For example, M. Pelletan, the Minister of Marine, ordered that every chapel in the seaport towns where the workmen of the French navy were accustomed to attend Mass, be forcibly

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closed, and that young Catholic students in the naval colleges be not allowed to go into the towns on Sunday until after one o'clock P. M.

The government is extending its notorious work beyond France itself to the colonies, where her Catholic missionaries, her religious, have been her most valuable support, and have contributed more than anything else to her dominion abroad and her prosperity at home. The French Chamber has passed the following resolution: "The Chamber requests the Minister of the Colonies to secularize all public establishments, and also to remove religious pictures and emblems from the institutions dependent upon them."

The minister sent that resolution to the governor-general of Indo-China with the following words: "I reckon upon you for the execution of this measure, to which I have pledged myself. You will therefore make arrangements for replacing the religious by lay persons as quickly as possible."

And now the government is to make active war on the religious orders of women. The Socialists, who possess the greatest power in the ministerial majority in the French Chamber, have interviewed Premier Combes on the subject of the Associations Law with regard to congregations for women. The Socialists have ever been ready to help the premier in any of his anti-religious schemes, and perhaps have led him farther than he at first intended to go. In all there have been three hundred and ninety applications for authorization from these congregations. They are of four classes—teaching, nursing, contemplative, and mixed, *i. e.*, engaged in two or all of these works. About eighty of the three hundred and ninety are mainly educational, and the premier decides that they with their three hundred and fifty establishments must be banished. The hospitals of the congregations will be authorized; their schools, numbering nine thousand and eight hundred, will be closed.

Thus does the war go on, and from the active opposition of Catholics and the increasing and bold manifestations of the Reds it looks very much as if revolution would be the end of it all.

The Biblical Commission.

The Constitutions and Rules of the Biblical Commission have recently been published. They explain its purpose, the duties of the cardinal members and its consulters, and fix certain regulations

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concerning the periodical which is to be the official organ of the Commission.

The Commission will defend absolutely the integrity of Catholic faith in biblical matters; ably and zealously further the progress of exegetical studies in line with all recent scientific research and discovery; judge controverted questions, when necessary, among Catholics, and give answers to Catholics throughout the world who may consult the inquisition. The Commission also is to do its best towards the establishment in Rome of a school for higher Biblical Studies.

The cardinals are to meet twice a month to receive a report from the consulters, and have the right to send back such report for further study. The Recording Secretary of the Commission lays the report of the Cardinals before the Pope, and again in turn brings to them the Holy Father's decision. The Cardinals will have full charge of the publication.

The consulters who reside in Rome will also meet twice a month. The others will share in the work by answering questions submitted to them. It is quite certain that the organ of the Commission will be the well-known *Revue Biblique*, whose editor heretofore has been the scholarly Père Legrange, O.P.

The Cyprian Question.

The researches and conclusions of the celebrated student, Dom Chapman, will necessarily cause Anglicans to look in a somewhat different light upon him whom they have heretofore in a measure made their champion. All references to the primacy of St. Peter in early patristic writings have been stamped by them as forgeries, interpolations, etc. Particularly was this true of the clear, remarkable passages in the "De Unitate Ecclesiæ" of St. Cyprian. The late Dr. Benson attempted to show this in the *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, and in his thoughtful "Life of St. Cyprian," and in these he expressed the general consensus of Anglican defence and opinion.

We quote a few examples of these so-called interpolations, enclosed in parentheses: "Upon Peter (alone) he builds his Church" ". . . in order to make the unity manifest (He established one chair), . . ." ". . . but the beginning starts from unity (and the primacy is given to Peter)," whoso strives against the Church and resists (whoso abandons the Chair of Peter, upon whom the Church is founded), does he

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flatter himself he is in the Church? Dom Chapman argued that these were later additions of St. Cyprian himself; and with such success that Dr. Harnack, the greatest non-Catholic scholar of this early period, not only supports him, but supports him enthusiastically:

"In my judgment the author (Dom Chapman) is right: the conclusion forces itself upon the critic verily as the most probable solution. One may not only say that it is unimpeachably certain, but one is justified in maintaining that it rests on the soundest proof."

"The interpolation" (Dr. Harnack logically speaks of them in the singular), he continues, "is the alteration or rather the rendering more definite, the line of thought expressed in chapter four of the treatise, which greater definiteness was made necessary by the influence of the Novatian controversy."

The criticism of Dr. Harnack should be weighty enough at least to lead those who have heretofore shielded themselves behind so-called "historical claims" to think again and think more seriously.

Changes of Faith

The lack of logical principles in the Protestant creeds, dwelt upon so often as to become trite, is manifesting itself more emphatically day by day. The movements of certain Ritualists in the denominations, particularly among the Anglicans, are not gathering great numbers to themselves—they are too shallow for that—but are causing the element of opposition to declare itself in no mistakable terms. The English Church Discipline Bill is a distinct move towards the secularization of the Christian religion, a move away from ecclesiastical authority and teaching. The proposed change in the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States is opposed most strongly and most successfully by the lay members, though favored by a number of the clergy.

It is known that no general convention can draw strict moral Christian rules regarding the sacrament of matrimony because of the many influential lay members who have taken advantage of the privilege of divorce and of remarriage.

The Presbyterian Church in its late General Assembly turns an about-face concerning its teaching for centuries and declares, against its notorious doctrine of predestination, "that Christ

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died for all men" and that "no man is condemned except for sin." Dr. Van Dyke, the moderator, in his opening sermon made a strong exposition of the necessity of Christian dogma if the Christian faith is to live. And this in the face of a convention that was to make false teachers out of the founders of their faith and its interpreters, that was to give the lie to that sentence, rehearsed in children's ears for centuries, "God having out of his mere good pleasure from all eternity elected some to everlasting life and others preordained to everlasting death." Yet this church still claims to stand as the representative on earth of Jesus Christ, the Immortal Son of Truth.

In like manner, the General Assembly of Scotland—where Presbyterianism has had its strongest hold—lately discussed the Confession of Faith. One of the presbyters had asked for an explanation of the sense which the Church ascribed to the subscription to the Confession. After much debate, it was voted by a vast majority that the Confession of Faith should be regarded as an infallible rule of faith and worship only in so far as it accorded with Holy Scripture, as interpreted through the Holy Spirit.

The *Scotsman*, dealing with this most convenient teaching, "in which the spiritual provender of scores of generations of our forefathers" was denounced as "mere hell-broth brewed in the dark ages," continues, "the highest authority now assures us that the theology the Church has taught for centuries and excommunicated men for not accepting in all its integrity, is dishonoring to God and hateful to man. This right-about-face on the part of the Church of Scotland is enough to dumbfounder the poor man in the street. If they are right, then it is not disestablishing that the Church needs, but abolition. It should be swept off the fair face of creation."

And many of the poor men of the street are thinking, very logically, even as the writer in the *Scotsman*.

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Cardinal Vaughan.

THE death of his Eminence Herbert Cardinal Vaughan marks the passing of one who for many years occupied with dignity and with honor a most prominent and important position in the English Catholic Church.

Cardinal Vaughan was born in April, 1832, and received his early education at Stonyhurst. His life as a priest was always one of active labor. During its first years he worked among the slums of London; later for some time among our own negroes in the South, until he was recalled; and it is known that he actually went about London with a basket on his arm begging bread for the students of Mill Hill when that institution was destitute of funds. In 1893 he founded the Social Union, out of which grew the Catholic settlements now established in various parts of London. He established several colleges for foreign and home missions, and the commercial college of St. Bede in Manchester. He worked energetically for the completion of the new Westminster Cathedral, started by Cardinal Manning, and laid its first stone in June, 1895.

He did not possess the intellectual acumen of either of his predecessors, but still he has left a number of noteworthy publications in the form of pamphlets and letters concerning educational, social, and religious questions. In 1898 he gave public expression to his desire for an Anglo-American Union.

There was not a political, or social, or religious question in which he was not energetically active. His life, holy and pure, inspired by Catholic faith and sanctified by whole-souled charity, may be termed an unceasing service to his fellow-man, and we trust that as its reward he has received the blessing of eternal peace.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

LORD KELVIN'S protest against scientific atheism is a sign that religion has recovered its lost ground among the educated classes in England. Thirty years ago Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer were the leaders of an intellectual revolt against religion, and their followers were proclaiming war upon all creeds as mouldy relics of superstitious ages. A new millennium of free thought and agnosticism was heralded by these scientific leaders, who concealed with difficulty their contempt and pity for the childish beliefs of credulous humanity. The pendulum, having reached scientific atheism, has been swinging back in the arc of intellectual movement toward religious belief more rapidly than good people slumbering peacefully in church pews under dull mechanical preaching are aware. An aggressive opponent of the Higher Critics, Sir Robert Anderson, after an extended cross-examination of extremists like Professor Driver and moderate rationalists like Professor Cheyne, is moved to repeat Dr. Pusey's words: "I know not whether the open blasphemy of the eighteenth century is more offensive than the cold-blooded, patronizing ways of the nineteenth." Whatever may be the trend of religious polemics at Oxford and Cambridge, the antagonism of scientific investigators to the traditional beliefs of humanity is not what it was when Professor Tyndall proposed a prayer-gauge and Professor Huxley took up the cudgels against Mr. Gladstone and attempted to discredit the creation story in Genesis. The foremost man in British science now dissents strongly when agnostic views of the origin of life are expressed.

This protest was made at the close of a lecture on "Present Day Rationalism," delivered by Professor Henslow. It was subsequently emphasized in a short letter to *The Times*. Professor Henslow had stated that modern science neither affirms nor denies creative power in the origin of life. Lord Kelvin replied that science positively affirms creative power and makes every one feel a miracle in himself. It was not in dead matter, he added, that men lived, moved, and had their being, but in a creative and directive power, which science compelled them to accept as an article of belief. Modern biologists were coming once more to a firm acceptance of something, and that was a vital principle. Agnostics they might be in science, but they only knew the Creator in his works and were absolutely forced by science to admit and to believe with absolute confidence in a directive power. Lord Kelvin made a rigorous application of the logical law of excluded middle, and contended that there must either be scientific belief in creative power or acceptance of the Ciceronian theory of a fortuitous concourse of atoms. Because biologists could not escape from the conclusion that there was original creative power when they studied the physics and dynamics of living and dead matter, science was not antagonistic to religion, but a help to it. "A million of millions of millions of years would not give them a beautiful world like ours."

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Lord Kelvin had put this incisive inquiry: "Is there anything so absurd as to believe that a number of atoms by falling together of their own accord could make a crystal, a sprig of moss, a microbe, or a living animal?" On reflection he perceived that a crystal was an unfortunate illustration, since in structure it differed from the cellular formation of which plants and animals were made. He accordingly hastened to admit that a crystal might result from a fortuitous concourse of atoms, but contended anew that a similar explanation could not be offered for the origin, existence, and growth of plants and living beings, for which scientific thought was compelled to accept the idea of creative power. Lord Kelvin closed his brief but weighty confession of faith with this striking passage: "Forty years ago I asked Liebig, walking somewhere in the country, if he believed that the grass and flowers which we saw around us grew by mere chemical force. He answered: 'No; no more than I could believe that a book of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces.' Every action of a human free will is a miracle to physical and chemical and mathematical science." This is emphatic testimony from the foremost man of science in England respecting the creative mind as the only possible source of life. It differs widely from the scientific atheism of Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and Spencer, which was accepted a quarter of a century ago as the highest wisdom of the educated world.

Mr. Spencer, who was content with describing the mystery of life as "the unknowable," is now a silent figure looking out with dreamy eyes upon the sea at Brighton. Professor Darwin's theories of natural selection and the survival of the fittest are accepted without reserve by religious teachers who look upon evolution in the natural world as the parable of evolution in the spiritual world. Professor Tyndall's Belfast address lies neglected on the top shelf of the modern library; and Professor Huxley's bout with Mr. Gladstone over the Mosaic cosmogony is forgotten, like his earlier plea for the substitution of a pair of chimpanzees for Adam and Eve. The higher critics now excite the ire of orthodox controversialists as English apostates masquerading in the rags and tatters of German rationalists and converting the Christian gospels into romance pure and simple. The agnostics are now within the household of faith, editing encyclopædias of Biblical lore, explaining away miracles, and reducing the Scriptures to merely human documents. The attack by scientific writers has been suspended. Atoms and ether, which once left no room for ghosts, now exclude the creation of a world by fortuitous combinations. The origin of life without the impulses and resources of a creative mind is now regarded by the Nestor of the British Association not as a profound mystery, but as an unscientific and impossible hypothesis. Miracles are not only in the Bible, but also in every plant with the vital principle of growth—in every human creature swayed by a free will.

Lord Kelvin, who has summed up in a few lucid sentences the new attitude of science to religion, has been conspicuous for the wide range of his intellectual activities and for his practical ability as an inventor. He has been an all-round man of science; pre-eminent alike as a mathematician and an electrician; ministering to the requirements of submarine telegraphy, electric lighting, and the art of navigation; devoting an arduous lifetime to exhaustive study of the laws of electricity, heat, magnetism, and tidal action, and think-

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ing deeply on the mysteries of the universe. Those who know him well describe him as the most modest and unassuming among men, recording his own failures in mastering the secrets of electric and magnetic force, or of chemical affinity, or of the relations between ether, electricity and ponderable matter, yet forecasting with a glow of enthusiasm triumphs of science which he will not live to witness. He has faith in his craft requisite for removing mountains, for he believes that the world is on the verge of great discoveries, by which the hidden laws of matter and energy will be revealed; yet he has also the humility of a child, and bows in reverence before the creative mind of the physical universe with its continuous record of miracle-working in every leaf that grows, in every human being that wills.

Dr. Arnold once said that whoever began by believing in morals must end with believing in God. The saying may be paraphrased from Lord Kelvin's testimony to the mystery of life so as to read: Whoso begins by admitting that the origin of life without creative power is scientifically impossible must inevitably end by becoming profoundly and reverently religious. When such testimony as this is supplied by the greatest scientific thinker in England, who has put behind him the agnosticism prevailing during the last generation, it does not matter whether higher critics are making up expurgated editions of the Gospels with everything which sceptics regard as suspicious carefully eliminated, or explaining away the Mosaic narrative as either an allegory or a fable, or dismissing Abraham as a "lunar hero" compatible with recent discoveries of archæology. Science with its positive declaration that creative power is the only possible explanation of the origin of life, and that every one may feel in himself the evidence of miracle reinforces religion with the highest intelligence of the times.—*F. N. F. in the New York Tribune.*

* * *

The learned critic of books, Camillus, in the *Catholic News* has cleverly exposed the vulgarity and offensive sectarianism of a book found in a Public School Library, which is entitled *Black Rock: a Tale of the Selkirks*, by Ralph Connor, better known among his friends as the Rev. Charles W. Gordon. It seems that the school trustees at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., are much in love with this book, since a prominent taxpayer was refused a hearing when he appeared to protest against its admission to any public library. Strange to relate, the chairman of the board declared the meeting adjourned while the taxpayer was presenting his argument. In the hope of curbing such insolence in the future the manager of the Columbian Reading Union has secured the following account of the objectionable book under discussion:

Black Rock is very much criticised by educators abroad as well as by the local taxpayers. It was introduced into the Grammar School as a text-book for reading. It is haltingly told in faulty English and simply cannot be classed as literature. Its introduction is based on the assumption that it is a good temperance sermon; but one chapter is devoted to a ball in a bar-room, and the chapter following to a bar-room brawl, the logical sequence of the ball. When we had finished reading we were quite overcome by the fumes of the whisky which had flowed freely through two long chapters, and almost deafened by the swearing, which to be sure was put down as "blankety—blank—blanks," but was further described as "a roll of curses possible to no one but

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a mountain stage-driver." On finishing this harrowing account we had the idea somehow that Idaho Jack and Slavin the Saloon-Keeper were the only temperates present at the ball, and came out on top of the heap in the brawl ensuing.

"There's going to be something of a time, so just keep your eyes skinned."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Do? Just keep myself beautifully out of trouble," he replied.

"In a few moments the crowds came surging back, headed by Nixon, who was waving a whisky bottle and yelling like one possessed. Nixon was in his glory. It was his night. Every man was to get drunk at his expense. 'Hello!' he called to Graeme. 'Here you are! You're a knocker, a double-handed front-door knocker. You polished off old whisky-soak! Here, old demijohn'—pointing to Slavin. 'And I'll lay five to one we can lick any blankety-blank thieves in the crowd.'"

Think of this being read by our seventh year children, when school editions of Hawthorne, Irving, Goldsmith, and the rest may be purchased for a trifle.

Here is an extract from the opening chapter, entitled Christmas Eve in a Lumber Camp:

"Big Sandy McNaughton, a Canadian Highlander from Glengarry, rose up in wrath.

"'Bill Keefe,' said he with deliberate emphasis 'you'll just keep your dirty tongue off the minister; and as for your pay, it's little he sees of it, or any one else, except Mike Slavin, when you's too dry to wait for some one to treat you, or perhaps Father Ryan, when the fear of hell-fire is on you.'

"It was not simply that the Presbyterian blood carried with it reverence for the minister and contempt for *Papists* and *Fenians*, but he had a vivid remembrance of how, only a month ago, the minister had got him out of Mike Slavin's saloon, and out of the clutches of Keefe and Slavin and their gang of *blood-suckers*."

This next is from a description of a fist-to-fist encounter given with details.

"What's up?" I cried.

"Mr. Connor," said Sandy solemnly, "it is a gentleman you are, though your name is against you, and I am a good Presbyterian, and I can give you the Commandments and Reasons annexed to them; but yon's a Papist thief and I am justified in getting my money out of his soul."

Then ensues a game in which these gentlemen from Scotland and Ireland exchange muscular and verbal compliments; then "Slavin met him with a straight left-hander and laid him flat."

"Hooray!" yelled Blaney, "Ireland for ever! Back, or by the Holy Moses I'll kill the first man that interferes wid the game."

Later on, in a chapter entitled What Came to Slavin, we read of how Slavin's baby falls ill, and we wander through a badly-spelled attempt at rendering the patois of his French-Canadian wife.

"You must pray for him," said Mrs. Mavor, the pretty widow who is worshipped by the bad men of the camp.

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Then from Mrs. Slavin: "Ah! madam, every day, every day I pray la sainte Vierge et tous les saints for him."

Mrs. Mavor: "You must pray to your Father in heaven for him."

When later the baby is dying from an over-dose of medicine, prescribed by a drunken physician, "A new terror seized the mother. My baby is not—what you call it?" going through the form of baptism; "an' he will not come to la sainte Vierge," she said, crossing herself."

The minister, Craig, volunteers to send some one for the priest, and then adds: "I wonder if they would not like me to baptize their little one? Father Goulet and I have exchanged offices before now. He is a good soul and has no nonsense about him. Send for me if you think there is need. *It will make no difference to the baby, but it will comfort the mother.*" As the priest fails to arrive in time the minister is called upon. Mrs. Mavor asks him if he objects to using holy water.

"To me it is the same as any other," he replied gravely. "An' will he make the good sign?" asked the mother timidly. And so the child was baptized by the Presbyterian minister with holy water and with the sign of the cross.

The taxpayers of several denominations feel their rights are being set aside when the sacrament of baptism and the belief in infant baptism are heavily discounted if not openly denied.

To speak with extreme moderation, it is injudicious to place in the hands of children of the public schools a text-book which from its very nature is objectionable to many from the religious, social, and literary stand-points, and which, considered in its most favorable light as a mining-camp love-story, is unsuitable and profitless to the boys and girls who are daily called upon to read aloud and then discuss its pugilistic or preaching pages.

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NEW BOOKS.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York, London, and Bombay:
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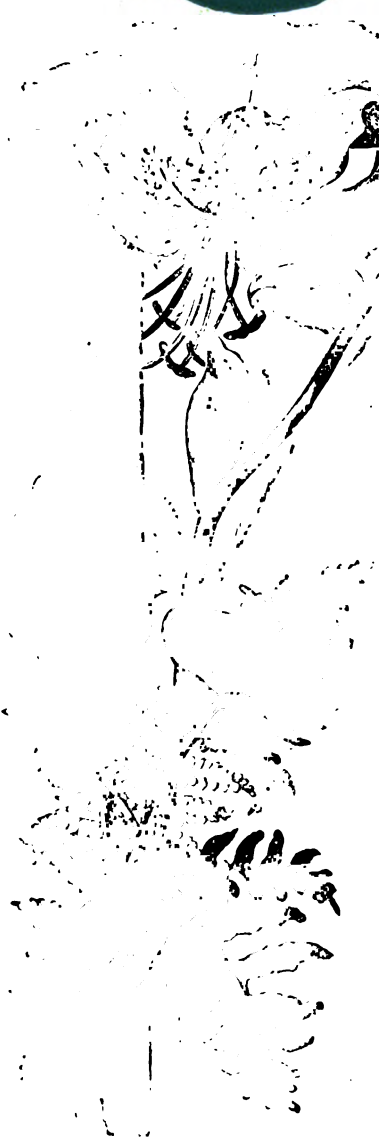

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Leo XIII.'s Message to the Twentieth Century:

The greatest misfortune is never to have known Jesus Christ. Christ is the fountain-head of all good. Mankind can no more be saved without His power than it can be redeemed without His mercy.

When Jesus Christ is absent human reason fails, being bereft of its chief protection and light; and the very end is lost sight of for which, under God's providence, human society has been built up.

To reject Dogma is simply to deny Christianity. It is evident that they whose intellects reject the yoke of Christ are obstinately striving against God. Having shaken off God's authority, they are by no means freer, for they will fall beneath some human sway.

God alone is life. All other beings partake of life, but are not life. Christ, from all eternity and by His very nature, is "the Life," just as He is "the Truth," because He is God of God. If any one abide not in Me, he shall be cast forth as a branch, and shall wither, and they shall gather him up and cast him into the fire, and he burneth (John xv. 6).

Once remove all impediments and allow the spirit of Christ to revive and grow in a nation, and that nation shall be healed.

The world has heard enough of the so-called "rights of man." Let it hear something of the rights of God.

The common welfare urgently demands a return to Him from whom we should never have gone astray; to Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life,—and this on the part not only of individuals but of society as a whole.

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My course I've run of ninety lengthening years.
From Thee the gift. Crown them with endless bliss.
O hearken to Thy Leo's prayers and tears,
Lest useless they should prove, O grant him this.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXXVII. AUGUST, 1903. NO. 461.

THE NEW CENTURY FOR CHRIST.

BY LEO XIII.

I.

THE noble age that fostered art is dead.
Who thirsts for poet's fame let him in song
The ease of life extol, the praises spread,
Of Nature's vast resources, hid so long!

II.

Thy crimes, O age now gone, have filled my soul
With deepest woe; I've trembled and I've wept;
And as with backward glance I read thy scroll
I see what evil tides have o'er thee swept.

III.

Which of thy deeds claims largest dole of tears:
Thy slaughtered dead or fall of scepter'd kings?
Or rampant vice? or dual war, with fears
Which to our fortressed Vatican it brings?

IV.

O Rome! thou chiefest city of this earth,
That ne'er did shackled hands in suppliance raise.
Lo! long ancestral lines of noblest birth
Have hailed thee—"Pontiff's throne"—since Peter's days.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1903.

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V.

Woe to the state whose laws their God ignore;
What honor and what trust in man abide?
His rights fall with his altars—justice o'er,
We weep its wreck, the ruined fanes beside.

VI.

Heed not th' insensate herd of falsely wise,
That conscious of their crime, with labor sore
Lead men to lift their earth-dimmed eyes
Toward Nature's soulless forms, and there adore.

VII.

Of false philosophers the heartless throng
Scorn our immortal birth and teach, forsooth,
That from like germ spring beast and man, and wrong
Thee, Lord, with empty dreams, replacing truth.

VIII.

How vile alas! the seething pools where pride,
With fury impotent, would lead our race!
Attend and learn, O man, whate'er betide,
God's laws endure in every time and place.

IX.

'Tis Christ alone is life and truth and way
That leadeth ever upward toward the goal.
The fleeting years His voice alone obey,
He crowns with youth renewed each righteous soul.

X.

His spirit lately led the pious throng
That flocked as pilgrims filled with faith and love
To kneel where Peter's dust has slept so long.
False, empty rites no more their hearts can move.

XI.

O Jesus, Master of our future days,
Rule Thou life's surging tides in coming years.
Compel rebellious minds to seek thy ways,
And cleanse their past by penitential tears.

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XII.

Cast wide abroad the seed of heavenly peace;
Quell tumults, wars and wrath—hell's triple brood;
Drive them to sulphurous depths, and grant us ease
From fraud and vice and all that hinders good.

XIII.

May kings, Thou leading, o'er their people hold
Just sway, and bend them to Thy law, for then
Shall we stand as one shepherd with one fold,
One faith uniting all the hearts of men.

XIV.

My course I've run of ninety lengthening years.
From Thee the gift. Crown them with endless bliss.
O hearken to Thy Leo's prayers and tears,
Lest useless they should prove, O grant him this.

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LEO XIII., THE GREAT LEADER.

BY REV. A. P. DOYLE.

THE aged Pontiff breathed his last at 4 P. M. on July 20. Because he had lived for over ninety years, and not for any other immediate reason, the end came. Though there was an apparent dissolution of his body under the devastating hand of time, still the mind is as keen and the heart as full of zeal, and the spirit as eager for work, as though the years of his glorious pontificate were before him.

During the last fortnight the gaze of all the world has been eagerly fixed on the death-bed of the expiring Pope, and under the white light of the public gaze he has loomed up, the great man he is, in all his gigantic proportions. The world saw the corporal feebleness of age and the ravaging hand of disease, but it saw also the conquering and unconquered spirit of the greatest man of his age—the noblest Roman of them all.

It is not time as yet to write his eulogy. We are too near the massive proportions of a great life to give a proper estimate of its greatness. It will be necessary to stand off from it at some distance in order to get the proper perspective. Still there are, however, some things that have impressed the world, and from these we cannot get away.

During these days of his mortal sickness, when the struggle with the grim monster became the keenest, Leo never is anything but the Christian gentleman. Men of dominating minds and inflexible wills, especially if they have been accustomed to rule, are sometimes thoughtless of others who are about them. They have been so accustomed to brush away obstacles that the directness and force of their determination seem to know no fear or favor in dealing with things that surround them. Leo never forgets the chivalry of Christian gentleness. When the cardinals come in to see him, though he is as near prostrate in body as he may be, still he rises from his bed to meet them, and asks them to be seated.

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When Dr. Lapponi asks to be relieved for a short while to visit the sick bed of his daughter, Leo apologizes for the trouble he is giving to every one around him, and says that they have all become martyrs for his sake. When one of the Vatican pigeons lights on his window-sill and gently taps at the window, he awakes out of his weakness and asks that the window be raised and the bird admitted, and he feeds the pigeon as it lights on his bed, gently stroking its feathers. When every one is anticipating his speedy dissolution, he rises from his bed, goes over to his writing desk, and puts into poetry some beautiful thought that fills his mind. And in the midst of all his suffering he is full of devotion. He prays incessantly to the Mother of God. St. Leo's day comes, and ever since his childhood he has not failed to be present at Holy Mass on that day particularly; he directs that Mass be said in the adjoining room, and he devoutly follows it. He was a member of the Third Order of Franciscans, and in order to receive all the wonderful privileges that are granted to the faithful who are identified with that Third Order, he sends for the Capuchin cardinal to give him the last blessing. His faith is strong and tender. In the visions that pass before his mind the joys of paradise are vividly depicted. He would stay to give his last breath for the Church, but the alluring vision of heaven beckons him away. And in the midst of it all nothing can quench his unconquerable desire for work. There are some things that are unfinished; he calls Cardinal Rampolla and directs their execution. The Biblical Commission is very close to his heart, and he gives an admonition to his secretary that its work be prosecuted to a speedy end. These and many other little touches of character coming from the death chamber do not fail to paint the portrait of one of the greatest Popes the world has ever known.

Leo has been a providential man in the fullest sense of the word. He has been a Moses who has led the hosts of the Lord from a captivity that was more galling than the slavery of Egypt of old through the desert of suffering into the promised land. The forty years that have elapsed since the breach of Porta Pia have brought untold victories to the church. The Robber King battering at the gates of Rome is readily offset in the eyes of discerning readers by the eager visits of the Kaiser, the head of the Lutheran Church, and the English

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King, the head of the Episcopal Church, to pay reverence and homage to the head of the great Mother Church of Christendom, and everywhere throughout the world, people who are outside the fold have been devoutly praying that he might be spared to the world for many years to come. One cannot help contrasting the feelings of non-Catholic people to-day towards the Church of Rome with the sentiments of antagonism that were expressed but a generation ago. Not a little of this is due to the commanding, and at the same time attractive, figure of the great White Shepherd of Christendom. There have been popes who have emphasized certain characteristics, and they stand out in history as striking types of these special characteristics. Innocent III. was a great reformer; Sixtus V. a great statesman; Pius V. was crowned with the aureole of sanctity; Gregory VI. was a man of great learning; but Leo seems to have united in his own person in a very marked degree all these great qualities. His gifts were of so universal a nature that it is difficult to say which one belongs to him in the more pre-eminent degree. His genius has illuminated every department of religious activity, be it statecraft or be it letters; be it the devotional side of the church, or the philosophical, or the diplomatic, or the purely religious.

As a statesman he has rallied to the support of the church the influences of the great civil powers. When he began his pontifical career England was the enemy of the Papacy; Germany was persecuting the Catholics of the Empire; the United States of America had established no definite relations with the Holy See; while Spain, and France, and Austria, Catholic at heart, were too much worried over internal difficulties to be the earnest supporters of the Papacy that they should be. After twenty-five years there is no stronger friend of the dying Pope than the Emperor of Germany. The antagonisms that were openly enunciated in the German Empire against Catholics have been replaced by expressions of fealty. The Emperor has come to look upon the moral power of the Papacy as one of the most potent supporters of the throne. Leo has so stood for the authority of constituted governments, and the Catholic religion has had such influence in inculcating reverence and submission among the people, that were there no force of this nature, it would be necessary to create one in order that its work may be done. In Germany

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the people to-day are about equally divided between the Catholics as loyal supporters of the throne and the socialists, who, if their programme were carried out in its entirety, would sweep the throne away and abolish the authority that it stands for. In England the same is true, though perhaps not to as large an extent as it is elsewhere. In Spain Leo has upheld the throne that was tottering to a disastrous fall. If it were not for his influence, Spain would to-day be in the grasp of the revolution or broken up into a number of smaller states.

In the United States the devotion of twelve million Catholics has done not a little to cement together the stones of our social fabric by infusing the spirit of religion into the educational life of the country, and by standing for the permanency of the family and the integrity of the home.

Here is a sheaf of victories in the diplomatic world that would make any man's life a blessing to the world. Of course it is a profound pity that more has not been done in France. That it has not been done is no fault of Leo's. If his advice had been taken, and if the Catholics of France had rallied to the support of the existing government, it may well be supposed that the present deplorable condition of religious affairs would not have come to pass. Instead of witnessing the religious orders persecuted by an infidel government, there would probably have been a change of heart in the civil authorities, and as of yore France would be the eldest daughter of the church. The same may be said in Italy. The Italian people are more loyal to the Holy See to-day than ever. The sympathy that has gone out to the prisoner of the Vatican, as well as a certain sentiment of co-suffering that the people, ground down by heavy taxation, have felt with the Pope, have made them more loyal in their fealty to the head of the church.

Not only in statecraft has Leo proved himself an adept, but as a scholar he has elevated the standards of literary taste and of ecclesiastical studies. In calling the professors of the Catholic world back to the scholastic philosophy he has laid the foundations deep and strong for theological science, and he has pointed out the way back to the great truths of the supernatural order for much of the rationalistic and scientific knowledge of the age. During the last half of the nineteenth century agnostic science triumphed in most of the universities of the world; but the human mind could not be content with its barrenness

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and its negations, and in reaching out for something more positive, as well as for a solution of the religious problems that always perplex human hearts, the old philosophy of Aristotle constituted the best vantage ground, and with this solid basis to stand on the scholars of the day can much more readily reach out for that amalgamation between the modern and ancient schools. Historical science owes not a little to the man who threw open the archives of the Vatican, and who wanted the truth to be told, no matter who was injured thereby, and not a few scholars have profited by the initiative of Leo, with the result that a good deal of the history that was written in German and English under the influence of the fierce antagonisms of the Protestant revolt will have to, and is now being rewritten. In Biblical science the rationalizing Higher Critics were having a free hand and a wide field, with the result that the sacred books were torn into tatters and the old reverence for the Scriptures as the word of God was dying out among non-Catholic people. The Bible was all they had to depend upon, and when it was gone there came a decadence of the religious spirit. Leo came to the rescue, and there was nothing closer to his heart than the outcome of the Biblical Commission he established, and amidst the suffering of his last sickness one of his admonitions was to see that these investigations were brought to a speedy and wholesome issue. So too in social studies, which are now vexing the nations, Leo has given a Magna Charta in his Encyclical on the "Condition of Labor." He has affirmed principles there that seemed radical in their enunciation, but now that they are being applied to practical difficulties, are doing not a little to bring about the harmonization of Labor with Capital. The Catholic University of America was born of his inspiration; the universities in France and Germany and among the Slavonic peoples were started through his initiative. Seminaries in Rome for the education of the students of the Oriental rites owe their existence to his generous gifts and derive their permanency from his largesses.

All these and many more great things that he has done for the intellectual, make him the very prince among scholars.

In the midst of his many labors with governments and among scholars he has not forgotten the devotional life of the people. His own spirit of prayer has been imparted to the multitudes, so that there has been a distinct revival in the

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devotional life of the church. The devotion to the Sacred Heart, with its first Friday throngs, has received a distinct impetus from his instructions. The time-honored Rosary has become a more favorite devotion among all classes, and the October devotions, as well as the prayers after daily Mass, have become distinctive features of the devotional life of the church through his directions. The same may be said of the devotion to the Holy Spirit with its annual Pentecostal novena. He has not only known what to suggest, but his practical sense has so arranged that his suggestions were not mere ephemeral directions but were soon incorporated into the very soul-life of the people. No one can look back over the last generation and make any contrasts without saying that Leo has done as much for the religious spirit of the world as any of his predecessors.

All these considerations convince us that Leo has been an all-round great Pope. He has been a Leader among men. He has left the impress of his spirit on his age. His life has spanned one of the most critical periods of human activity. When the old order had been completely changed, in the rearranging of the new elements and in the re-establishing of new forces there was need of one with more than human wisdom to guide our ways and to direct our feet. If ever in the world there was need of a providential man; of one whose feet, while planted on the earth, yet whose head was above the clouds, and whose heart was in touch with divine things, it was during this marvellous age of ours; and Leo has been such an interpreter of divine wisdom to the children of men. His long life has covered the nineteenth century; there were wrapped up in him the experiences of men and things through this most fateful of all eras; and it has been permitted to lap over into the twentieth century, so that with the wisdom of the past he may point out the ways to greater triumphs in the years to come.

His Message to the Twentieth Century is one of the most thrilling documents that have been sent out to the world. It ranks with the Magna Charta of English history or the Declaration of Independence of our own, and in the years to come it will be enshrined as they are in the hearts of multitudes of people:

"To reject dogma is simply to deny Christianity. It is

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evident that they whose intellects reject the yoke of Christ are obstinately striving against God. Having shaken off God's authority, they are by no means freer, for they will fall beneath some human sway.

"God alone is life. All other beings partake of life, but are not life. Christ, from all eternity and by his very nature, is 'the Life,' just as he is 'the Truth,' because he is God of God. If any one abide not in Me, he shall be cast forth as a branch, and shall wither, and they shall gather him up and cast him into the fire, and he burneth (John xv. 6).

"Once remove all impediments and allow the spirit of Christ to revive and grow in a nation, and that nation shall be healed.

"The world has heard enough of the so-called 'rights of man.' Let it hear something of the rights of God.

"The common welfare urgently demands a return to him from whom we should never have gone astray; to him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life,—and this on the part not only of individuals but of society as a whole."

Leo, Great Pontiff of the age, thou mayest well lay down the burden of thy four score years and ten! Thou deservest well of humanity. You have been a great leader in the Church of God. The weary pilgrimage of a desert land is over, and from Nebo's height there stretches before you the Promised Land of rest and joy and everlasting bliss.

"Hail, Champion of the Faith! whose beacon light,
Held high in trembling hands, illum'ned the world
With such a blaze as ne'er before hath shone,
E'en from the torch that Gregory upheld
Or Pius kindled. Hark, the swelling sound
From many million throats! Thy children see
The Signal, and in serried legions stand
Before the grateful world, and with one voice
Demand for thee, Great Father and Great Friend,
The joy and peace that is thy due."

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THE PAPACY NEVER DIES.

AT the present writing the question of choosing a successor to Leo XIII. in the pontifical chair is of paramount importance. For this reason the traditional method of selectlng a Pope is a topic of more than ordinary interest.

Popes may die, but the Papacy lives for ever. With temporal princes their succession may come to an end. Reigning families may become exhausted; dynasties have come and gone; but by divine right the line of the Popes will last till the end of the world. The methods of electing the successor of St. Peter have changed in the nineteen centuries that the Popes have reigned, but as soon as one is canonically elected he assumes unto himself all the prerogatives of the Papal Chair. There is no prince in all Christendom whose power is greater. The influence of the Vicar of Christ is not confined to any race or people. It is not exercised by force of arms, nor is it maintained through the civil power. His jurisdiction is over the hearts of 260,000,000, and his word is obeyed with far more alacrity and submission than is accorded to any other ruler in the world. He is the successor of the Prince of the Apostles. He holds to all the faithful the place of the Vicar of Christ, and they acknowledge his infallibility in matters of faith and morals. These facts alone give to the election of the Pope an importance that is not attributable to any other event in history.

In the first place, it is a condemned proposition to maintain that the laity have any strict right of suffrage in the election of the Pope. In ancient times the vote of the Roman clergy, cast in the presence of the faithful, was the elective power; but as the papal dignity increased in wealth and splendor of temporal authority it often became an object of human ambition. For this reason it was deemed necessary to enact laws that definitely settled the mode of election. This was done by Symmachus in the year 499.

The history of the interference of civil princes in the election of the Popes fills many a dark chapter in the papal

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records. It is the old story of the state, with its stronger power, laying its blighting hand on the liberties of the church. It was not till 1059, under Nicholas II., that the Papacy was completely emancipated from any subjection to the Empire, and his successor, Gregory VII., the glorious Hildebrand, was the last Pope who ever informed the emperor of his election before proceeding to be consecrated and enthroned. The Third General Council of the Lateran (1179) confined the right to elect to the cardinals without reference to the rest of the Roman clergy or of the people, and required a two-thirds vote for a valid election.

The word conclave is of a little later origin. It originated in the custom of selecting a hall whose door could be securely fastened *(cum clavi—with a key)* behind the voting cardinals until they agreed by a two-thirds majority on a candidate. In some instances, where the stubborn electors held out, a diminishing quantity of food was served so as to hasten an agreement, and in one instance, where a year and one-half elapsed before a definite result was obtained, the roof was removed and the venerable fathers were left to the inclemencies of the weather until they came to a conclusion.

Any one may theoretically be elected Pope. He need not be a cardinal, nor even a priest. He need not be an Italian. Not a few persons of ignoble birth and of mean antecedents have been elected to the Papacy, which they have illustrated by their virtues or their learning. Sixtus V., 1585–1595, was a swineherd in his youth, and he repeatedly affirmed the fact when he was Pope. It was Sixtus V. of whom Queen Elizabeth of England said, when asked to marry, that she would offer her hand in marriage to no one but Sixtus, and he would not accept it. The present Cardinal Gotti's father was a stevedore. Almost every nationality has had a representative in the chair of Peter, but for several centuries the Italians have kept the accession within their own nation, for the reason that the popedom has been a civil principality.

As soon as the Pope breathes his last the Cardinal Chamberlain takes possession of the Apostolic palace. He proceeds to the death chamber, assures himself of, and instructs a notary to certify to, the fact that the Pope is really dead. Then the ring of the Fisherman is broken and the seal destroyed. The body is embalmed and carried in procession to the Chapel of

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the Blessed Sacrament in the Vatican basilica, where it remains for three days, the feet protruding a little through an opening in the iron railing which encloses the chapel, that the faithful may approach and kiss the embroidered slipper. The nine days of funeral services are gone through with. During the last three days the services are performed about an elevated and magnificent catafalque. On each of these days five cardinals in turn give the absolution, and on the ninth day a funeral oration is pronounced. The body is reverently put into a cyprus-wood coffin. This is put into a leaden case properly inscribed, and then all is placed in a wooden box covered with a red pall, and in this condition it is carried to the last resting-place, previously selected by the deceased.

On the tenth day the cardinals assemble in the forenoon, and the preparations are made for the Conclave. All the persons who are to remain in the Conclave—as prelates, custodians, attendants on the cardinals, physicians, barbers, masons—are passed in review and take an oath not to speak even among themselves of matters concerning the election. Every avenue leading to the Conclave, except the eight loopholes, is walled up by the masons; but one door is left so that it may be opened by the late coming cardinals or to let out any one who may be expelled, or who for any good reason may be obliged to go out. Any one who leaves cannot return. This only door has a combination lock, to be opened by the key of the prince marshal outside and of the cardinal chamberlain inside.

The food for the cardinals is introduced by a turn, so well known in convents of cloistered communities.

The next day, after Mass of the Holy Ghost, the balloting begins, and continues until some one receives the necessary two-thirds. The ballots are cast into a chalice on the altar.

There are now 63 cardinals in the Sacred College. Some may, on account of distance—as Cardinal Moran of Australia—or on account of age or infirmities, be prevented from being present. If they were all present it would require 42 votes to elect. It would seem from the present aspect of the Sacred College that a good many ballots may be taken before the requisite number is secured.

In the last Conclave Cardinal Pecci was so pre-eminently a leader that it took but one ballot practically to settle the question of his election. In all probability it will take more

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than one to settle the choice in the present Conclave. It is ordinarily very foolish to prophesy, but it is especially so when the subject matter of the prophecy is the outcome of the Conclave. There is an old Roman proverb which says, "He who enters the Conclave as Pope comes out of it as Cardinal." It does not always happen that the verdict of the Cardinals ratifies that of public opinion or of the public press. In fact the more prominent cardinals, who are well known to the world at large, are generally the leaders of parties, and are for that very reason the less likely to draw unto themselves the suffrages of two-thirds of the Sacred College. They are the ones who have positive characteristics and practically stand for definite policies, and for that reason they have awakened opposition to themselves. Moreover leaders are not always necessary in the Papal Chair. Leo XIII. has been so pre-eminently an aggressive character, and his brilliant mind has illuminated so many departments of church work, and his organizing hand has co-ordinated so many church activities, that a quiet, placid, conservative man might easily maintain the *status quo* for many years to come. The meek and humble Cardinal Chiaramonti, who became Pius VII., was far better fitted to withstand the eagle-like aggressiveness of Napoleon the First than Cardinal Consalvi would have been, or a dominating spirit like Sixtus the Fifth would have been. If the latter were pitted against a Napoleon, there would have been wreck and ruin throughout the Church.

Moreover, in discussing the *papabile*, one is often deceived in the qualities of a cardinal's character. Cardinal Pecci was ranked among the liberals, and it was expected that he would establish a policy of agreement with the Italian government; but the very first act of Leo XIII. was to affirm irrevocably the attitude of protest against the usurper who ruled in the civil principality of the church. There is always a reserve in the ecclesiastical world in Rome that the outside world rarely penetrates, and consequently it knows little of the great moving forces in the Sacred College.

These things have been said in order that too much weight may not be placed on any conjectural list of would-be popes. Still it is allowable to discuss the chances various candidates may have and the characteristics that would seem best fitted to the times and the difficulties before the church.

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The question of the Christian Democracy is one of the great burning problems. Socialism is a growing quantity in Germany and elsewhere. It can be met in the best way by diffusing a deep and wide spread knowledge of the truest socialistic principles among the people. Hence the propaganda of Christian Democracy was instituted by Leo XIII. The next Pope must carry this work to its fullest perfection. The next Pope must be one who will extend a warm hand of greeting to the throngs who have been born amidst Protestantism and who now are as sheep without a shepherd. Organized Protestantism is fast going to pieces, and unless the next Pope opens wide the door of the church to the wandering flocks they will be led away into poisonous pastures. The next Pope should have an intimate knowledge of the great English-speaking races, where the church is as strong as it is anywhere else in the world. Leo frequently recognized the strength of Catholicism among the English-speaking people, and frequently affirmed that "America is the future." A mere nationalistic Pope, who would not be able to rise above the provincialism of his own race, would be, humanly speaking, a disaster. The next Pope should be one who would be able to open out the resources of truth and the wealth of religion that there is in the bosom of the church, and bid all nations come unto her, especially those who are without a knowledge of God, to drink of the living fountains.

The names of Rampolla and Gotti and Serafino Vanutelli and Satolli and Sarto and Ferrara are most frequently mentioned.

Cardinal Rampolla, the present Secretary of State, has been an *alter ego* of Leo, is in touch with his ideas, and is intimately acquainted with his most secret policies. He is, moreover, a man of profound piety and deep religious spirit. He may be depended on to carry out the projects of Leo XIII. in all their detail. Were he elected his reign would be in touch with progress.

Cardinal Gotti is a Carmelite, a man who has been trained to the religious life. All his life he has been a close student and a man of prayerful and devout spirit. He has held many high and responsible positions. In the pursuit of duty he has visited our western world; at one time was Delegate Apostolic to Brazil. Though he has not been in touch with high poli-

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tics as some of his confrères in the College of Cardinals have been, still it is said that the Kaiser has expressed the greatest admiration for him and has given it out that he would be pleased if Cardinal Gotti was the one selected. Gotti has come from the very loins of the people, and if he were the next Pope it would be altogether likely that strong sympathies would be established between him and the common people. The many social questions that need the bold hand of religious leadership for their solution may find such vigorous treatment in Cardinal Gotti.

Cardinal Satolli is a profound theologian, having been most of his life a professor. He has, moreover, been in touch with life other than Italian, and he professes to love America very much. It is quite certain that his residence in this country has given him larger knowledge of the great races of the world. Moreover he has been a close student of Leo, and he has absorbed not a little of his broad and comprehensive spirit.

But a truce to all these vain prognostications. When the door of the Conclave shuts behind the last cardinal, the intrigues of the world are shut out. There will be no vetos from the civil power, for more than ever is the Church separated from the civil power, and more than ever is she in touch with the people. The Catholics of the world are able to contemplate the future with greater equanimity and with a larger hope than ever in the history of the church. In some few places the church may be in sore straits, but never before has there been such world-wide loyalty to the See of Rome, or such profound enthusiasm for the advancement of religion. They who have assisted during the last few years at the great ceremonies of the Pontifical Jubilee, and have seen the multitudes from every race and country, and have realized that sensation of greatness and strength and energy that seemed latent in the throngs that filled the grandest basilica on earth, and have witnessed the deep feeling of world-power and universal supremacy that possessed the hearts of the people, as the white phantom of the Pope passed along like an apparition, have no element in their vision of the future that proclaims anything but glorious success and increasing greatness for the Church of Christ.

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PRAYERS, OLD AND NEW.

BY REV. LUCIAN JOHNSTON.

THE Bishop of Arras, when congratulating M. Léon Gautier on the appearance of the latter's *Choix de prières d'après les MSS. du IXe au XVIIe siècle*, remarked that these old prayers had a "precision and firmness which are rarely met with in modern books of devotion." This sentiment is likely to meet considerable approval from those Catholics who cannot avoid being struck with the hazy sentimentality, lack of virility, of true inspiration, of naturalness, marring so many of the prayers in our manuals of devotion. Perhaps nothing indicates more sharply the difference between the spirit of modern and that of mediæval piety than a comparison between the prayers of each. To the reflecting mind such a comparison will not seem altogether useless if it result in injecting into our prayers some of the old-time virility. The present writer has such an object in view—to call attention to the long-forgotten but none the less beautiful prayers of Catholics who, though less highly civilized than we of to-day, yet possessed a faith more healthy in many respects. I mean the prayers of Chivalry—chiefly the real Catholic Chivalry of the days of Hildebrand and Godfrey de Bouillon.

A separate essay would be required to describe adequately the piety of that age. Suffice here to state in general that its distinguishing characteristic was simplicity, almost child-like. The knight, despite his many faults, was deeply religious; hearing Mass every morning, reciting when possible parts of the Divine Office, going to confession when needful, and so on. But in all this his devotion was inexpressibly naïve, objective, undoubting. The saints—Martin, Gabriel, Michael—were concrete realities. They fought by his side in battle. God was a real father in whom he had a child's trust. For instance, what a typical picture is that of the old knight who, when sending forth into the world his young son, with no equipment but four sous, a horse and rusty armor, said simply by way of encouragement, "God is in heaven"; to which the younger replied with equal faith, "Though you have nothing, God has

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enough." Or note the quaint names for God, who is the "God who makes the heavens and the morning dew, who never lies, who makes the rose in May, who makes all the knights, who is the Beau Sire," and so on; likewise for the Blessed Virgin, the "pucelle sans pecié, Dame belle." These and a thousand more instances indicate unmistakably how their piety was ever natural, unaffected, trustful, the piety almost of children, inexpressibly sweet and musical in the old Langue d'Oïl, and in its successor, the later French.

Hence their prayers breathe the same spirit of naïveté. But, to be clear, we should distinguish between prayers and prayers. Here there is little reference to the official prayers of the church, although a study of even them would show how much more natural they are than some of the newer ones in the latest offices of recently canonized saints. Here, then, we are speaking of the prayers of the people. These are of two classes. Some were read from prayer-books; the others were composed by the Trouvères and are to be found only in their poetry—*i. e.*, the Chansons de Geste.

First of the latter kind, composed for the most part during the eleventh and twelfth centuries—the best before c. 1250.

Now, it may seem strange to go to poetry for prayers. But remember that in those days poetry was not so divorced from religion as it is now. As M. Gautier says, the author of the Chanson on Roland (the strongest of them all) "prays in his verse as he prays in real life." He carries into poetry the customs, the faith, the very language of his daily intercourse with men. He had not two religions—one for poetry, another for his meditation. He did not derogate from the beauty of Christianity by kneeling before truth. He was not double, but simple in all the innate beauty of the word.* Moreover he was a man of the people, not a literary dilettante writing for the cultured few. He wrote for the people, sang to them, and therefore logically echoed their thoughts. Hence when he put prayers into the mouths of his heroes—Charlemagne, Roland, Oliver, William au Court-nez—he composed them in the same spirit and often in the same words as the real men of his day would have composed them and did compose them. We are, therefore, justified in taking them as a faithful picture of the prayers in actual use despite their poetical form.

* *L'Idée Religieuse dans la Poésie Épique du Moyen Age*, p. 34.

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Now, what are their characteristics? Naïveté, objectivity, virility, naturalness, simple beauty. The best prayer, said one of the Trouvères, is that which the "heart puts in the mouth." But the hearts of these crusaders were the hearts of children—simple and child-like. Hence the striking objectivity of their prayers. In vain we search for introspective mysticism, minute analysis of virtue or vice, scholastic laboring after theological terms and distinctions. But everywhere facts—*i. e.*, events of the Old and New Testaments—Jonas and the whale, Daniel amidst the lions, Lazarus raised from the dead, Peter delivered from prison, Mary Magdalen washing the feet of Christ, all the better if they be miraculous—such are the things our overgrown mediæval children think about and talk about in their prayers, preludes of course to the usual petition for forgiveness and grace.*

Here is a specimen of how one of them—say, Godfrey or Tancred—would have prayed if he composed the prayer. Like us, he might have knelt down with joined hands. More often he is represented in old paintings and sculpturings as standing erect with outstretched arms, or lying prostrate on the ground face downward and turned to the East—toward the tomb of Him for whom he was to leave home and family, and shed his blood or die of disease and thirst on some arid plain in Syria or some mountain fastness of Cappadocia. Then he prays thus:

First he salutes the glorious Father who made the world and Adam out of slime "avec sa pair" Eve. Then follows in succession a rapid résumé of the first fall, of the murder of Abel, of the wanderings of the "baron Abraham," of the saving of Jonas from the deep, of the salvation of Daniel from the lions. Then with a bound he is in the New Testament—the Annunciation, the Birth, with all the pretty little legends, such as that of the animals adoring the Babe; the three kings; Anastasia, the woman without hands who assisted the Virgin in her delivery (a touch of delicacy worthy of a more cultured age), and for which service God miraculously restored to her the "plus beles mains que seraine ne fée"; Lazarus resuscitated; Peter delivered; above all, the story of the Magdalen, type of penitents of whom he says so naïvely that "elle s'approcha de toi, tout doucement, a la celée; la fontaine du cœur lui mönta aux yeux et, a défaut d'autre rosée, elle te

* *La Chevalerie*, by Léon Gautier, pp. 39–40; 539–40.

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lava les pieds de ses larmes"; then the story of the crucifixion. Finally, the conclusion from all this narration: "I trust in Thee, O God: I trust in my stout heart which you gave, in my good sword, in my swift horse, but above all in Thee." Then follows the universal formula which gives a meaning to these facts: "If all I have narrated be true" (and he never doubts), "if it be true, Seigneur, that I believe it true, listen to the prayers offered to you for me by the Lady of Paradise. Glorieus sire Père."

Such in a few lines is a résumé of at least a hundred prayers in these old poems. Note the objective, historical quality. Of course not all were as long as this, though some actually were so. But in all we notice the utter absence of introspection. There is no self-analysis, no torturing vivisection of the heart, no theological precision of dogmatical expression. We are listening to a great, overgrown boy who is going through what he learned at his mother's knee, or seen in the mellow light of the glorious windows in the near-by cathedral, or perhaps spelled painfully out of some precious manuscript taken out of its iron-bound chest on great feast days. He sees these facts and so believes them. And because they are true, because God has in times past saved Jonas and Lazarus and Peter, so he trusts God will save him also from that terrible Hell of actual fire which ever flares up in his imagination. Thus prayed the great knight Roland, as he lay dying at Roncevaux:

"O notre vrai Père, dit-il, qui jamais ne mentis
Qui ressucitas saint Lazare d'entre les morts,
Et defendis Daniel contre les lions,
Sauve, sauve mon âme et defends-la contre tous périls
A cause des péchés que j'ai faits en ma vie."

Saying which he holds up to God his gauntlet as a token of his feudal submission to the eternal Seigneur, and Gabriel receives it, together with Michael and all the other angels who carry his soul to "the holy flowers of Paradise."

Could anything be more child-like? And how different from a modern prayer!

Let the reader, however, not misunderstand me as insinuating that these poetical effusions actually occurred. No. They are the outcome of the poet's imagination. All I maintain is

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that the eleventh and twelfth century knight prayed like this when he composed his own prayers, as he frequently did, because the mediæval Trouvère always portrayed things as he saw them. He dressed up ancient people in his own habiliments. Alexander he armed as he saw Godfrey armed. And so he made the mythical Roland pray as he himself prayed, and all other brave knights of his day.

Besides these impromptu prayers there were, of course, others in the numerous books of devotion. A study of these is more practical because they are within easy reach of the modern reader.

With them comes a slight change. There is less superstition and more of precise theology, less of fact and more of doctrine, less of legend and more of self-analysis. In a word, less objectivity, naïveté, naturalness, childishness. The head now is beginning to suggest the words in place of the heart. We are nearer to our own prayers.

Take, for instance, the favorite prayer to be found in every manual, the "Obsessio," or night-prayer to the Blessed Virgin, who is asked for the gift of "this divine grace which will be the protectress and mistress of my five senses, which will make me perform the seven works of mercy, believe in the twelve articles of faith and practise the ten commandments, and which in fine will deliver me from the seven capital sins even to the last day of my life" (*ib.* 545). How different? We seem to be reading a St. Vincent's manual of the eleventh century.

Yet withal these prayers retained much of the freshness described above; a further proof, by the way, that the prayers of the Trouvères rested upon an historical basis. Take up now the prayers culled by M. Gautier from the ancient MSS. from the ninth to the seventeenth centuries printed in the book mentioned in the beginning of this paper.

The very first—a morning, or rather a dawn prayer—is as fresh as the very morning when it is to be recited: "See how the dawn heralds the day. See how the earth is drunk with dew. May God penetrate us with the dew of his grace. The day! Behold the day! O Jesus, eternal sun! dart upon us thy rays. To you, Light of Light, to you we call with all our strength. In the transports of our joy we sing Thy praises; though our tongue can never tell all that the heart feels." In the old French this is inexpressibly sweet. Even in this literal

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translation enough remains of the naïveté, it is hoped, to give some idea of the original's beauty. In the "Light of Light" there is just a suspicion of refined intellectuality, but the rest is natural, as fresh as the morning air, sweet like an old rose-vine climbing up to greet one at day-break, bright and luminous and bathed in color as the dawn itself. Here again we feel the poet's delicate sense of natural beauty. He is, in fact, none other than one of the most musical of mediæval poets, Adam of St. Victor. And yet critics blandly tell us that nature was a sealed book to the men of the Middle Ages.

Or take this instance from an eighth century Gothic missal—a prayer on the Holy Innocents: "In the depth of the Gentile winter the church opens these first buds: the storm of persecution crushes them. These infants were too small to speak, yet by the sword they gave glory to God. Dead, they proclaimed that glory which living they could not speak. They spoke with their blood, not being able to speak with their tongues." What a pretty conceit—the first buds, the first spring flowers of Christ's fair garden nipped by the frost of unbelief.

Then, too, how naïvely patriotic is this prayer for France, the land "chosen by God, that it may never fail to perform the sublime mission entrusted to it." Our "Prayer for the Authorities" reads as dry as an arithmetical problem beside this fresh, manly appeal for a beloved country. And by the way, I recommend this prayer to all those who go out of their way to throw cold water upon everything American in connection with the church and who are never tired of accusing us of conceit. We have at least not yet called ourselves God's "chosen" people, yet a fourteenth century Frenchman did so, and none thought the less of him for doing it.

Instances could be selected indefinitely showing the freshness of these prayers, many of which are, it is well to keep in mind, taken as well from the church's liturgy as from prayer-books. But three merit closer attention, since their subject and style and spirit serve so well to illustrate the general argument of this paper.

The first is a prayer for an artist. Now, is not this very thought characteristic of the Middle Ages, with their all-embracing Catholicity—or better still, humanity? What a sane view of life, what a delicate perception of the most intangible, fleeting wants of the human heart is this mere suggestion that an artist should pray as an artist?—and so it runs, beginning "Thou

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art beauty, O my God! Thou dost reflect thyself in all things, and I labor to reflect Thee in my works"; and concludes: "At the hour of my death may St. Luke, St. Lazarus, St. Cecily, Fra Angelico, and St. Augustine be by my pillow and lead me to the bosom of that light and of that beauty towards which, O God! I yearn ceaselessly." Verily some of us of to-day have lost the art of making our faith beautiful. Some of us are not Catholic in the full, glorious sense, but ever the same, at a dead level, numbered, ticketed, labelled. The spontaneity, versatility, humanity of the Middle Ages have given place only too often to a stereotyped sameness without feeling.

Our next illustration is a prayer for an orphan. "I know, O my God! that the word, orphan, is not Christian. There is no one down here who has not a father in heaven who is God, a mother who is the Virgin, without mentioning Holy Church, who is also our mother. O my God! I am still all prostrated by the blow that has fallen upon me; but I lift up my eyes to heaven, I resign myself, I hope. I will see again in heaven not only the souls but even the very faces of my father and mother. I will see again the dear face of my mother as she bent smiling over my cradle throughout my infancy," etc. What a charming union of faith and resignation with the more natural, human virtue of filial love? What a touching bit of poetry is the reference to the mother as she bent smiling over the cradle of her child? One would read a long way in the list of prayers in a modern prayer-book before finding such a charming little pen-and-ink sketch. Then, too, so short. The modern orphan might sentimentalize for pages in an abstract, forced fashion over his dead parents. This mediæval child tells all in eight or ten lines; paints his feelings with a few bold strokes, and there is his heart beating with warm blood. Moreover there is a manly dignity about him. He is no snivelling devotee, cringing before the world because of his poverty, but proud as the next with the consciousness that he is a son of God, of Holy Mother Church, and thereby the equal of any one. Our last illustration is a prayer for the newly wedded. It is so delicate in expression that I have not attempted a translation:

"Voici que nos deux mains s'elèvent à vous, unies pour la première fois, mais moins entrelacées, moins unies que nos deux âmes. . . . Hier encore chacun de nous vous servait dans

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la solitude d'une dévotion facile et qui n'avait point de responsabilité; mais aujourd'hui il faut que nous vous servions a deux: il faut que notre amour pour vous se double sans se diviser, et chacun de nous vous répond de salut de l'autre. . . . Protegez surtout cette enfant" (here the husband is speaking) "que voici, qui a reçu en partage une faiblesse gracieuse que ma force serait insuffisante a garantir. Je le place spécialement sous votre patronage, Reine des vierges. . . . Mais dans cette heure auguste qui communique à toutes mes paroles, à toutes les siennes une touchant et indéléble gravité, je viens faire a vos pieds une promęsse solennelle, vous suppliants de me rejeter de votre face si je viens jamais a l'enfreindre. Je vous promets de rendre heureuse cette enfant qui s'appuie sur moi, et particulièrement je vous promets de respecter ce vase pudique. Je vous promets de vivre et de mourir pour elle." Then again together: "Nous vous promettons, Seigneur, de marcher deux a deux, la main dans la main et l'âme dans l'âme au soleil de votre foi—s'il vous plait de donner à notre union la couronne d'une heureuse fécondité, faisant de nos fils des hommes dans toute la force de ce mot, et des nos filles des anges afin que—nous arrivions enfin aux portes célestes, toujours inseparables," etc.

When we read this delicate yet frank outpouring of conjugal love united with faith, and then compare it with those only too often gross instructions for married people given in some of our manuals, we can easily see how much we have lost of the old-time poetry and freshness and humanity which made the old prayers so sweet. How delicate is that prayer of the husband, who calls his bride "cette enfant"; verily *enfant* by his side. Rude warrior that he is, he nevertheless speaks of her with all the grace of a finished poet. He handles tenderly this beautiful flower all in white entrusted to his care. But with true manly humility he mistrusts himself. He feels that this poor child with her slender hand trembling in his huge fist is somehow above him, purer, a thing of light, a precious thing whose very beauty abashes his strength, and so he asks the Queen of Virgins to turn her face from him if he ever dares to ill-treat, nay, even to abuse, this "vase pudique" for which he swears to live and die; this "faiblesse gracieuse qui s'appuie sur moi." Like a bit of precious china this frail vase is to be handled tenderly. Keats's "Ode to a

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Grecian Urn" is not more poetic, more airy, more delicate in thought and expression. Marriage for such a man is something infinitely higher than a mere "remedium concupiscentiæ"; higher yet than that loose union which tends to divorce. In fact he had a horror of divorce, and so he prays "our interlaced hands are not more firmly joined than our souls." He is also fully conscious of the fundamental duty of the married to raise up, if God so wills, children to praise Him. As he quaintly puts it, "marriage is instituted above all to people heaven." Hence a parent's duty is to raise up his daughters literally as "angels"; that is, gracious and unsullied in womanly beauty of soul, and his sons as "men in the full force of that word," knights "sans peur et sans réproche," who will realize to the full the perfection of manly courage and nobility and gentleness.

In a word, we have in this prayer the very mirror of chivalry at its best. Not indeed of that later fifteenth century, degenerate chivalry with its illicit love and silly magic, but the good old chivalry of Godfrey and Tancred, which was animated by an undoubting faith and beautified with the true love of a brave man for a good woman.

Most of the other prayers have the same ring. As is evident, it is an echo of the old Chansons de Geste of the Trouvères; a striking instance of that mediæval sense of unity which joined poetry and piety in one harmonious whole; of its humanity; of its Catholicity, which saw God everywhere, whether on the altar, in the tabernacle, or, like the prophet, recognized him in the soft breathing of the wind, or, like an ancient Greek, caught fleeting glimpses of his beauty in the dawn, and the rose, and the morning dew glistening on leaf and flower and blade of grass. Yea! which saw in a maid the reflex of the ineffable beauty of the Queen of Virgins, "la belle dame, pucelle sans pecié."

And now, as we turn over the pages of these old manuscripts, it is with a feeling of profound regret that we catch the faint echoes of those prayers,—regret that the old-time poetry and music have gone out of prayers, leaving the form without the soul. Many of our modern prayers are certainly beautiful, but the sweet music of a bygone age no longer sounds through them, at least for one whose ear is familiar with the sweet old Langue d'Oïl, or even later French. Beau-

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tiful as they are in some cases, they have little of that perfume which exhales from the older as from a bank of violets.

What is the cause of this inferiority? They are many and deep-lying. Our lack of virile faith, of child-like trust in God, our fear of being natural in the face of relentless criticism, our love for the sentimental platitudes of a diluted piety, our divorce of religion from a fine literary sense and from humanity, our suspicion of poetry as applied to devotion,—all these and a hundred other causes make us pray so differently from our antecessors in the dim age of the Trouvères, and, as the inscriptions on the catacombs in Rome show, equally different from the early Christians like Agnes and Domitilla and Pancratius.

The remedies? Verily that is a still more difficult question. However, we suggest two of a rather practical nature. The first would consist in translating these prayers from the old French, particularly those culled by M. Gautier above cited. It looks as if most of our prayers are translations from the French anyhow, so we might just as well take the translations from a good source, at least until we acquire the ability and summon up enough courage to compose our own.

The next remedy would consist in a plea for precisely those kind of prayers which could appeal most powerfully to an American. If there is any lesson to be drawn out of a study of these old French prayers it is surely this, namely, that they are so beautiful simply because they were the prayers of a Frenchman praying as a Frenchman. He therefore realized to the full the advice of the Trouvère that the best prayer is the one which the heart puts in the mouth. Because he prayed from his heart—the gay, tender, simple, and brave heart of a mediæval Frank. His prayers fitted in with his national bent; hence their beauty and strength and all-embracing Catholicism. Does it not, then, seem the merest common sense on the part of those who make our prayers to ever keep in mind the character of the people for whom they write? to strive to keep these prayers attuned as far as possible to our habits of thought, and to clothe them in vigorous English capable of expressing these thoughts in the best possible manner? To our way of thinking only in some such way can we even hope to inject into our modern prayers the simple beauty and manly vigor of the sweet old prayers of Catholic Chivalry.

Notre Dame College, Baltimore, Md.

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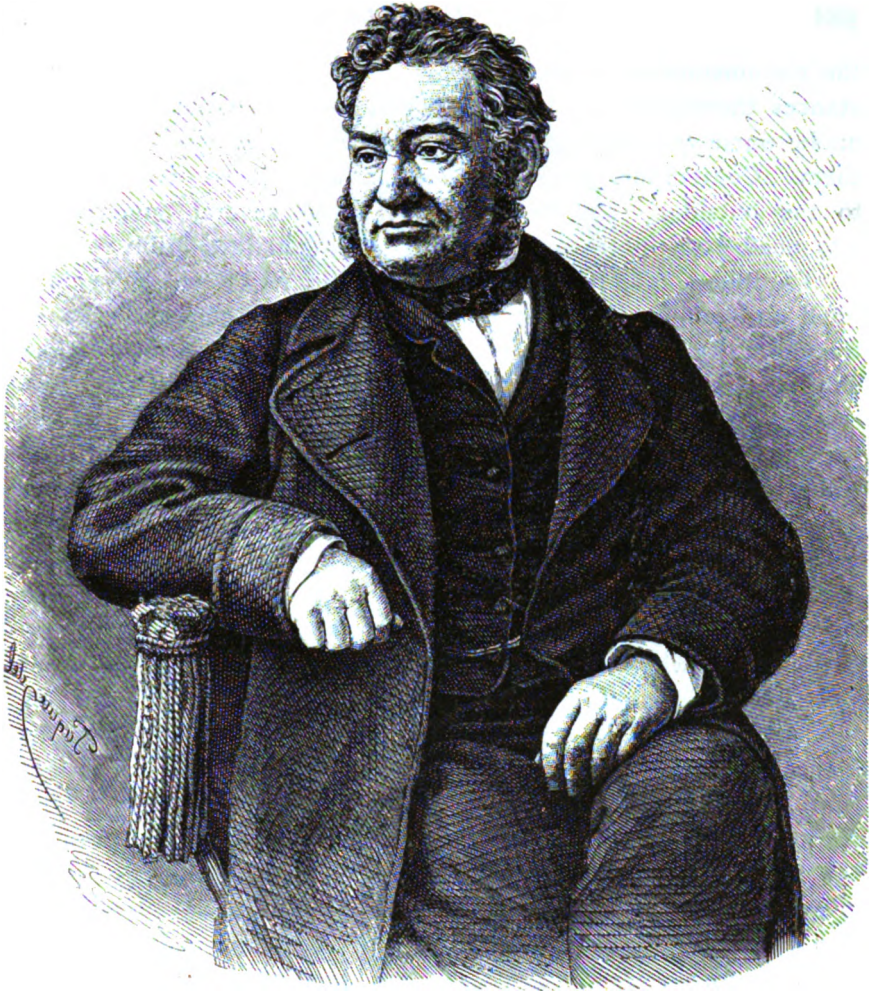

LOUIS VEUILLOT.

LOUIS VEUILLOT.

BY THE REV. E. MYERS, B.A. *(Cantab.)*

ONCE more the Catholics of France would seem to be on the eve of a desperate struggle for the freedom of religious education. It cannot fail to be helpful to understand the present state of affairs in France to recall the life of one who took a prominent part in the last great struggle for religious education in France, in 1848. The life of a prominent Catholic journalist, such as was Louis Veuillot, must be considered in

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the circumstances in which it was lived, and the actual circumstances themselves would be difficult to understand unless we made ourselves acquainted with the causes which led up to them. Contemporary French politics are almost unintelligible to the outsider; the French politics of several generations ago need even more explanation to be at all intelligible.

To understand, then, the social conditions in which Veuillot lived and fought, we must recall some of the consequences of the great Revolution of '93. Religion was indeed at a very low ebb in France after the revolutionary storm had passed, uprooting, for good or for evil, old traditions and old beliefs, overturning alike throne and altar. On their ruins was established a form of government for the maintenance of order, in which religion, an essential element, was wanting. For years churches were put to profane uses; priests scattered all over Europe; a few faithful ones in hiding braved numberless dangers for the sake of those who sought their ministry; children were growing up without any religious teaching; practical atheism and free-thought were everywhere the rule. The church as represented by her clergy was in disrepute; it was too much identified with the old régime, and with the old régime it was cast off. France had apparently forsaken Christianity. The Napoleonic Concordat came as a great surprise. It aroused the fury alike of Republicans, of Royalists (who thereby lost a grievance), of philosophers, and of the Constitutional clergy. It also aroused the well-founded mistrust of the few faithful ones.

Henceforth the clergy were state functionaries; petty despotism was exercised over priests and bishops alike; after the many sad years they had passed through, the clergy were used to suffering—not to fighting, and this latter characteristic they have retained to the present day.

Both the Revolution and the Consulate had respected the rights of parents to the extent that they were free to send their children to whatever schools they liked—religious or secular; the Empire swept this away.

Education became a state monopoly, and henceforth masters were selected without any regard to their religious opinions. Moreover no ecclesiastical rank could be obtained by any who had not passed through the Imperial University and been moulded by its professors.

Napoleon's fall and the return of the Bourbons was the sig-

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LACORDAIRE AS A YOUNG MAN.

nal for Catholic rejoicing—the reign of Faith seemed to have returned. Religion was free, and patronized. But the Revolution had done its work but too well; it had succeeded in crushing the faith out of the country, a generation of atheism and scepticism was not to be Christianized by Louis XVIII. calling France "a Catholic Kingdom"; on the contrary it merely provoked derisive laughter, and government religious action produced a spirit of antagonism and aggravated the evil it sought to cure. Schools, it is true, were everywhere reopened, Christian teachers were found, but pupils were wanting.

Then burst forth the Revolution of 1830, and once more

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France found herself without a system of religious education; a remarkable spirit of apathy pervaded all classes after this last outburst; the country seemed worn out by the excesses of past years. Still there were some restless spirits who chafed at the inaction; of the number was De Lamennais, the great prophet of the period.

Until 1828 the Catholic press did not exist in France. In that year "Père" Bailly, as the old man was called by his young friends, started the *Correspondant.* It appeared three times a week, and was distributed free to those who could be got to take it. The *Correspondant* was killed by De Lamennais' short-lived *L'Avenir* in 1830; but Père Bailly, seeing the danger of *L'Avenir*, founded the *Tribune Catholique*, giving it away, every second day, to any who would read it.

It was in the office of the *Tribune Catholique* that, in 1833, Ozanam founded the "Society of St. Vincent of Paul." The care of the printer's devils was the first "Patronage Work."

The fight around De Lamennais was waxing fierce; his wounded pride embittered his mind and warped his judgment. He was the first to inaugurate in Catholic controversy that envenomed, violent, and aggressive style which has since become an institution in France, and has done so much harm to charity even when accompanied by well-meaning zeal and undeniable talent.

The need of a Catholic daily paper was making itself felt; the Abbé Migne came from the country to Paris, a friend loaned him £1,400, Bailly gave up the *Tribune Catholique* and found writers, and on November 1, 1833, the *Univers* was founded.

The fall of De Lamennais scattered his friends; but ever since the *Avenir* had been given up, in 1832, Montalembert and Lacordaire had never ceased to carry on a vigorous campaign for the freedom of education; their efforts culminated in 1842 in the formation of a "Catholic Party" under the presidency of Montalembert; Louis Veuillot was an ardent member. "Ce Veuillot m'a ravi," wrote Montalembert in 1842, "voilà un homme selon mon cœur."

This is practically Veuillot's first public appearance as a Catholic; he was then about thirty years of ago.

Born in 1813, the son of a poor cooper who had lost his savings, he came to Paris with his parents. There he went to school under a drunken schoolmaster, who used the boys as

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messengers to carry round the volumes of his not very savory lending-library—which the boys took good care to read on the way.

At the age of thirteen he was a clerk in a solicitor's office, at twenty francs a month; he was free and independent, without any religious education. The office of his master, Fortuné

PÈRE GRATRY, OF THE FRENCH ORATORY.

de la Vigne, was the business place of many men of letters and dramatists. The clerks were occasionally called upon to give a clap on first nights; they lived in a more or less literary atmosphere, talked of the men they met, read their works, imitated their style.

In 1831 one of his fellow-clerks became a journalist. Veuillot, without any further preparation, followed him, and soon found himself on the staff of an opposition paper at Rouen, for which he had to produce the gossip column. The result was at least two duels. In 1832 he left Rouen for Périgieux, where his violent polemics involved him in a third duel.

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It was in 1837 that Veuillot returned to Paris, and under Guizot, and later under Thiers, took an active part in political journalism of the aggressive type.

In 1839 he set out for Constantinople, but got no further than Rome. There he found the faith, and returned to Paris a Catholic.

The fiery energy he had displayed in his irreligious political journalism he now devoted to furthering the Catholic cause, and soon made his way to the front rank of Catholic writers; attached to the staff of the *Univers*, his cutting articles spared neither friend nor foe.

Montalembert, as we have seen, had for years been fighting with all comers for the cause of educational liberty, when Veuillot joined the ranks of his followers. As long as the question was the broad one dealing with the vindication of Catholic rights there was general agreement.

On February 24, 1848, the Revolution broke out. Louis Napoleon was elected President, and as he felt under some obligation to the Catholic Party, Montalembert's friend De Falloux was appointed minister of education. This brought the question of "Freedom of Education" into the range of practical politics.

De Falloux's position as a minister was a very delicate one: he was pledged to do what he could for the insignificant Catholic minority; on the other hand, he was confronted by a compact irreligious majority. After much discussion a compromise was arrived at, and it was resolved that the state should have the monopoly of conferring university degrees; the rest of the educational field was to be free.

Considering the circumstances, it seems almost incredible that there should have been any hesitation in the Catholic ranks as to the course to be pursued; Montalembert, Dupanloup, Lacordaire, the men who had fought the good fight when the future seemed so dark, were overjoyed. They eagerly seized the offered concessions as the very best they could ever hope to obtain. It was never the church's position in dealing with civil societies to insist upon everything or nothing.

Yet it was on this question that the Catholic Party split—never more to be reunited.

Veuillot, with the fiery ardor of the new convert, would have no half measures; he would have full Catholic rights or

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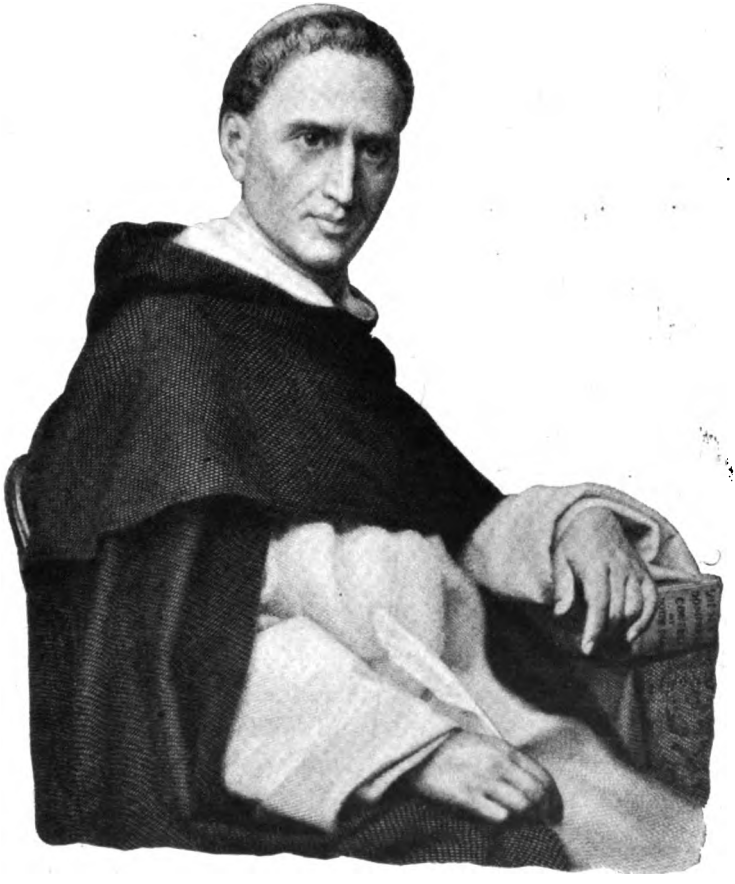

LACORDAIRE, WITH HIS LOFTY IDEALS, DREW OTHERS WITH HIM.

nothing at all; he would accept nothing which did not include the power of conferring degrees.

Using the *Univers* as his mouthpiece, he fiercely attacked his former leader, and accused Montalembert of being false to his previous convictions. His opponent's position he stigmatized as un-Catholic, and claimed for himself the character of exclusive orthodoxy.

But Rome did not identify itself with this uncompromising champion; on the contrary, the Pope, through the nuncio, expressed his gratitude for the part taken by Montalembert in the passing of the Education Law.

A measure of religious liberty had been gained, but the Catholic Party was now hopelessly divided against itself, and clergy and laity took sides in the struggle which was to en-

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tirely neutralize Catholic influence in the councils of the nation.

From education the quarrel spread to "Modern Ideas" in general, and all along the line Veuillot took up the position of aggressive opposition, insisting upon the absolute rights of the church. He would accept from his adversaries nothing less than humble submission; there could be nothing in common between the children of light and the children of darkness; no good could come from without the church; all that was good must be sought within. Catholics, then, must keep from contact with the wicked world—for there was no good in modern progress.

On the other hand, Montalembert and Lacordaire saw that no good would come out of such antagonism; they sought a *modus vivendi*, and a place for Catholics in the national life. In opposition to the *Univers*, the *Correspondant* expounded the moderate view, that after all not everything in the modern spirit was bad. Its aim was, as its promoters said, "to entertain no feeling for any one but good will and tender compassion."

For some years the Abbé Gaume had been carrying on an obscurantist campaign against the teaching of the pagan classics in Catholic seminaries, and in favor of substituting the Fathers. To the use of the classics of pagan times, to the influence of Plato and Aristotle, Gaume ascribed all the evils that had ever come upon Christendom. Veuillot took up the matter with his customary vigor, and in unmeasured terms attacked the defenders of the classics—of course, it may be noted by the way he himself had never read them.

The *Correspondant* urged the common-sense view of combining the study of the pagan and Christian classics, a solution of the question afterwards given by Pius IX. in his encyclical published in 1853.

Before Rome condemned this revolutionary proposal Veuillot came into conflict with Mgr. Dupanloup, the learned Bishop of Orléans, who in a pastoral had set before his clergy the Catholic tradition as to the use of the classics. Veuillot criticised the pastoral in his usual personal and vigorous manner, and was quickly met by an episcopal condemnation, and the clergy of the diocese were forbidden to read the *Univers*.

Immediately following on the classics question came the delation of the *Univers* to the Archbishop of Paris, for holding

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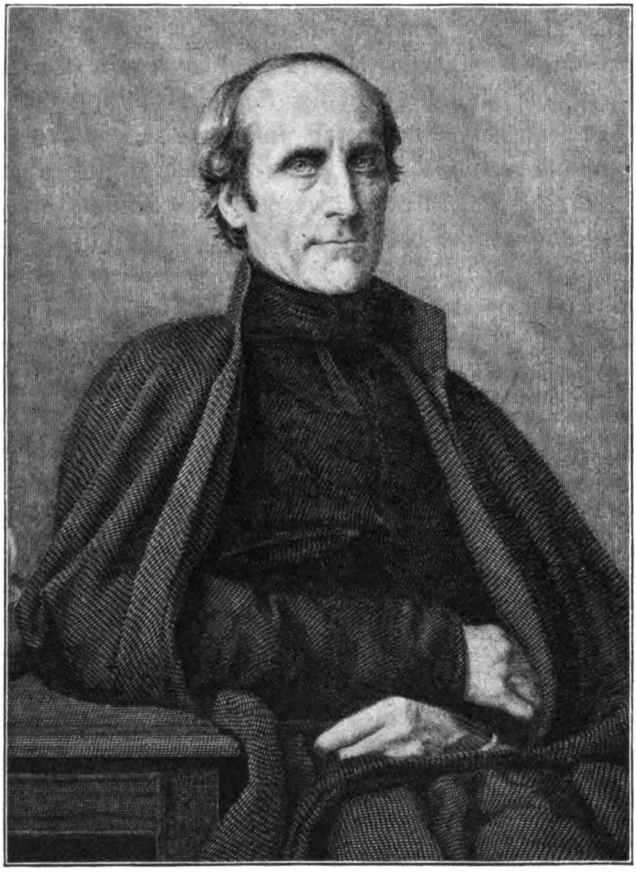

PÈRE RAVIGNAN, S.J.

numerous philosophical errors. Veuillot was accused of holding amongst other errors tri-theism, Baianism, fatalism, and pseudo-traditionalism. The Archbishop of Paris examined the charges, and condemned the *Univers* in severe terms. This condemnation was the signal for five or six bishops to join in the attack. All this time Veuillot was in Rome; there his loyalty to Rome was well known. The Pope stood too much in need of defenders in France to care much for the technical charges brought against Veuillot; after all he was not a philosopher, and knew but little of the subtleties men read into his writings. The Holy Father sent a letter to the Archbishop of Paris recommending the religious press and its lay writers to his kind protection, and the Archbishop withdrew the censure.

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This same year, 1853, Montalembert made a last effort to reunite the Catholic Party; but without success, and so he retired from the struggle. His failure to regain the leadership of the party left Veuillot and his followers unopposed.

We have already noted the influence De Lamennais had had on the French Catholic press as a whole; some of the most brilliant of his followers were on the staff of the *Univers*, and their influence on its editor soon became apparent There was the constant denunciation of the "errors of the day"; there was that bitter hatred of compromise of any kind, and, finally, that fierce aggressiveness which marred alike the best work of De Lamennais and Veuillot. All this time the Italian question had been very much to the fore. As long as Louis Napoleon was true to the Pope Veuillot supported him; when it became apparent that the Pope was to be sacrificed to Piedmont, when Pius IX. launched forth his eloquent denunciations of those who were wronging him, Veuillot was not the man to stand by and look on. In the thick of the fray he dealt hard blows at the government; and, in spite of all Napoleon's efforts, published the Papal encyclical denouncing him. The result was that the *Univers* was suppressed by imperial decree in January, 1860. It was almost immediately replaced by the *Monde*, and in it Veuillot continued his campaign with more moderation where the government was concerned, but with the same bitterness against his Catholic opponents.

In 1861 the party of which he was the mouthpiece were active in Rome urging on the Holy Father to some stringent condemnation of modern errors—and they succeeded. Its coming was an open secret; its publication as eagerly longed for by one section as it was dreaded by the other; again and again the Pope was requested to refrain from publishing it. But it was not to be so, and on December 8, 1864, the Syllabus appeared.

Of course the *Monde* gloried in it, and interpreted it in its own way—without any theological reservations or explanations whatever. It was assumed that the condemnations were all directed against the Catholics who did not agree with Veuillot; it was hailed as the death blow of Montalembert and the *Correspondant:* Louis Veuillot himself put it forward as a triumph for his own particular views regardless of the fact that the

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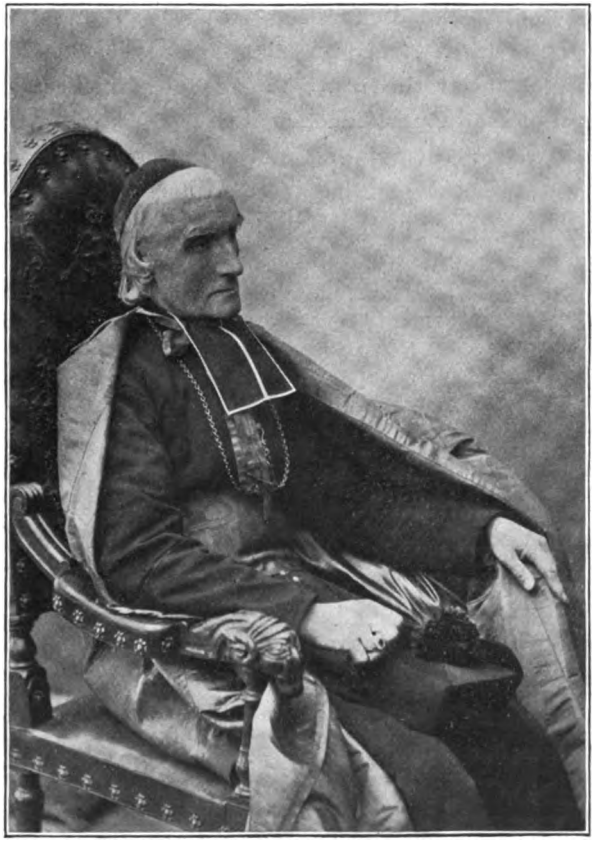
technical language of the document ought to be interpreted in the light of theological traditions.

The result was disastrous. The church was made to appear to have declared war upon modern civilization and modern ideas as a whole.

To unreflecting men it seemed that Veuillot and Gaume had



CARDINAL PERRAUD.

persuaded the Pope to fulminate eighty propositions against the "errors of the age"; in other words, against the commonplaces of modern life. Dupanloup as a trained theologian was up in arms at once and protested vigorously against Veuillot's exaggerations; and then it was that began the last stage of the struggle which culminated in the Vatican's decree of 1870.

Devotion to Rome through thick and thin was the passion of Veuillot's life; and one cannot help admiring him for it,

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however much one may condemn his exaggerations, and detest his methods.

But, as has already been said, Veuillot was in no sense of the word a philosophic thinker; Rome was his guiding star, his last argument in every case. His share in the great centralizing movement which took place from 1860–70 was a great one.

The movement had been begun by De Lamennais, whose watchword had been "freedom" as against Gallican tyranny, and "the Papacy" as the protector of religious freedom.

But Veuillot's advocacy of centralization and direct appeals to Rome had led to disparagement of episcopal authority.

As early as 1844 Mgr. Affre had deplored the tone of the *Univers* as "most offensive," as "intolerably arrogant."

His successor confessed the *Univers* had more authority over his clergy than he had himself. Archbishop Sibour protested that "bishops and priests are being insulted under pretence of avenging the Holy See." But in spite of all, the *Univers* successfully defied the bishops—and not all had the courage or the ability of a Dupanloup to defend themselves.

In 1869 Mgr. Dupanloup thought the episcopate had stood his insults, and taunts, and personalities long enough, and publicly attacked Veuillot.

"The time has come," he wrote, "to defend ourselves against you. I raise then, in my turn, my voice. . . . I charge you with usurpations on the episcopate, with perpetual intrusions in the most delicate matters; I charge you above all with your excesses in doctrine, your deplorable taste for irritating questions, and for violent and dangerous solutions; I charge you with accusing, insulting, and calumniating your brethren in the faith. None have merited more than you that severe word of the Sacred Books, '*accusator fratrum.*' Above all, I reproach you with making the church participate in your violences, by giving as its doctrines, with a rare audacity, your own personal ideas."

Following the Vatican Council came the year of disasters for France. Under the ruins of the Empire were buried the remains of the brilliant Catholic Party of the middle of the century; there was no longer a place in the politics of France for a Catholic like Veuillot; there was no longer need for urging ultramontane ideas—for submission had followed the

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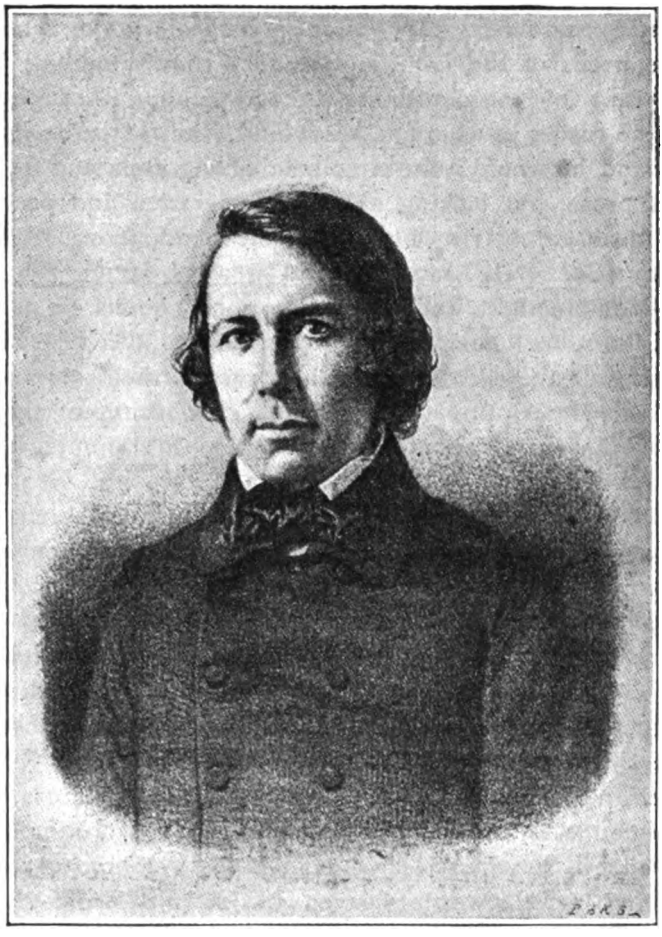

CHARLES FORBES DE MONTALEMBERT.

Definition of Infallibility, and the centralizing party triumphed. Catholicism once more seemed destined to be stamped out of France, anti-Catholic laws followed fast the one on the other; and one cannot wonder that the former Catholic leaders lost heart: they were so few, their enemies so numerous, so aggressive, so tyrannical, and moreover they were supported by the majority of the nation.

Veuillot's activity was but slight after 1870, and his closing years were not destined to be cheered by signs of the Catholic Revival which has characterized French history for the past twelve years. He died in 1884.

His abilities none will deny; it was as a journalist his best

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efforts were put forth, and all his writings are stamped with a journalistic character; they were polemical works written to meet the needs of the hour, and as such they should be judged.

His want of early training is conspicuous throughout his career; he rushes in where angels would fear to tread; give him an idea and he would write a volume of vigorous and frequently eloquent prose, but lacking alike in moderation and prudence.

His ideas rarely rise beyond France and her relations with the Holy See. He satirizes and gossips about Renan; he abuses Montalembert and Dupanloup; his books on Paris, on Free-thinkers, are choke-full of proper names. And yet at times his writings have a touching beauty quite their own; as, for instance, his description of the Sisters of Charity, of the leave-taking of the missionaries, and especially his simple letter to his nephew on his First Communion.

Occasionally he rises to higher moods, as when in 1870, at the time of the Commune, he wrote:

"Material civilization is, after all, infinitely petty and infinitely sad, because it touches only the crust of things, and leaves the heart of man unchanged. The Revolution has . . . brought a new gospel of liberty, equality, and fraternity for the healing of nations, and has preached the message by the lips of such a John the Baptist as Rousseau, and such a Messias as Napoleon. But the result is *pétiole*. The Commune is the heaven to which the Revolution has led poor France. She must learn, says Louis Veuillot, that she has been going, not towards heaven but towards hell; she must wearily go back to the old guidance of the church if she would escape a destruction infinitely worse than Sedan or Paris in flames. She must learn once more the simple duty of obedience to an inscrutable will, and of faith in an unseen Redeemer. Her hope lies in the Vatican. . . ."

His lot was cast in difficult days, but he ever did his duty as it appeared to him; and what greater praise can any man deserve? His personal devotion to Pius IX., and the enthusiastic admiration with which the Holy Father inspired him, led him to write many bitter things which had better have been left unwritten, led him to utter insults against men who had never deserved them. In this he erred, and erred grievously; we condemn his errors of judgment, his want of prudence, his lack of moderation; and we deplore his want of charity.

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LIVES HALLOWED BY FAITH.

BY MINNA CLIFFORD.

THEY were such friends those four—the tiny English boy and girl, the old Breton man and woman. How distinctly the day comes back to me which saw the beginning of that quaint friendship. A ball tossed high in the children's garden flew over the wall, bounced across the narrow lane, and rolled through the open door of the little cottage into the dark room where Réné lay. Then came an eager rush out of the front door of the big white house, a patter of tiny feet, the excited tones of childish voices and a pair of small, flushed, bareheaded, breathless figures tore round the corner and up the muddy lane in search of their lost treasure.

Oh the delight and relief when old Alexina appeared in the doorway with the ball in her hands! How the babies thanked and questioned her; what interest they showed in the exact point at which it had bounced through the door; how fast they chattered in their pretty childish French!

"It jumped on to Réné's bed? Oh, how funny!" "Who was Réné? Might they see him?" "Was he ill?" "They would like to thank him too!"

At first Alexina resisted their entreaties. "Had they not better ask '*Madame votre mère*'?" "What would maman say?"

"Oh, maman would like us to say 'Thank you.' Please let us come in," pleaded the children; so down the low mud steps walked the old woman, the small figures following her.

Such a dark little room they came into. After the bright sunshine without everything was dim and blurred, and only by degrees, as their eyes became accustomed to the gloom, did things become clearer to the children. Alexina volubly explained their presence to her husband, and the little ones moved to his bedside and gazed at Réné with big, wondering eyes. Such an old, old man, and such a big bed! How pale he was, and so thin; and he wore such a funny old night-cap! So

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strange he looked that the children forgot their ball in the interest and pity which he excited in their little minds.

"How do you do?" said the small boy, standing on tiptoe, and holding out a tiny brown hand to the occupant of the bed. "Are you very ill? We are so sorry. Will you soon be well?"

"Yes, *mon petit monsieur*, I am very ill. I have been here in bed so many, many years. But, *que voulez vous?* It is the will of *le bon Dieu;* and Alexina is very good to me."

"And what do you do all day?" questioned the child. "*C'est bien triste, n'est-ce pas?*" And so they talked till the elder child's conscience began to prick her as she remembered the open front door round the corner; and thus, with many promises to come again very soon, the pair trotted off, and in this manner, as I have said, the friendship began.

It is good to think of the difference those two bright little faces made in the life of the childless old couple. Alexina, on toiling back from her poor little marketings, would catch the sound of a child's voice in the dark room, and her weary old face would break into a smile as her eyes rested lovingly on a small, bright-headed figure, perched high upon a gaunt, straw-bottomed chair, reading diligently from a gaily-bound fairy-tale book to the old invalid, while the hours, which of old had been so long and lonely for Réné, were blessed and gladdened by the constant visits of the little ones.

The children had talked eagerly at home of their new friends, and had enlisted the sympathies of older and wiser heads, so it came to pass that, by their aid, an easier, brighter era opened for the old people. Réné was paralyzed. He had been lying there for over twenty years in that little dark room; for more that a score of years had Alexina nursed and tended him with loving, gentle care; and now old age was pressing heavily upon them both, and Alexina's failing strength was beginning to find the struggle to keep the wolf from the door almost more than she could manage. How she had worked and struggled she alone knew; many a time the fight had been nearly too much for her; yet the thought of Réné sick and suffering, needing sorely the help that she alone could give, had nerved her to fresh efforts, and once more the victory had been won, the dreaded break-down averted.

Ever since her husband was first stricken, her daily prayer

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had been that God in his loving mercy should take him before her; her one terror lest the strain which she had endured so long should prove too severe for further resistance. But both Réné and Alexina were filled with the sweet, child-like faith of the Breton folk, and at the back of all the wife's fears she cherished deep down in her heart a feeling of certainty that *le bon Dieu* would never suffer her husband to die alone and neglected. And how good God had been to them, she thought, for now he had sent his own angels, in the persons of the two little innocent children, to bring them help and comfort. Daily the blessing brought by these tiny messengers grew to be a thing more evident, for as the facts in the two old lives gradually became known, the extremity of their poverty could no longer be hidden, and a dainty meal found its way very often from the big white house to the little cottage. Sometimes its approach was heralded by shrill childish voices, for the little ones' great delight was to bring the food themselves, and as the two small figures appeared in the doorway, it was to old Réné as if a ray of sunlight had somehow slipped down through the high, narrow lane into the dark room.

One day the children find a grand commotion going on in the cottage. Réné is hardly to be seen, for all the furniture in the tiny place is piled on his bed. Alexina, a large duster tied over her white coif, and her rough skirts pinned up round her knees, is wielding a broom with feverish energy. The panes in the one window are dripping with water. Everywhere are signs of soap-suds and scrubbing, and in the midst of all the confusion Réné's old head with its inevitable night-cap lies on the pillow, and his voice urges Alexina to even greater exertions. The little boy and girl, whose previous impression of the cottage has been one of drowsy, rather grimy tranquillity, stand amazed. Even as they look one of Réné's cronies, the familiar hens one or other of which is always to be seen pecking about the mud floor or hopping on to the bed, scuttles gaily in, only to be routed by the most tremendous "shooings" from Alexina. What has happened? Why this topsy-turvydom? And then, as the old woman aided by the willing, childish hands begins to restore the room to order, the reason for this grand turn-out appears. To-morrow is the first Wednesday in the month, and that is the day, says Réné, on which "*le bon Dieu* comes to visit me"! Once a month

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Monsieur l'Abbé brings him Holy Communion. "And one must do what one can," says the old man, "to make this poor place ready against the coming of the good God."

"Ah, if Mademoiselle Marie could beg a few flowers for the little altar!" chimes in Alexina, "then she and Monsieur Francis could make it all so pretty for *le Petit Jésus!*"

"Oh yes," cry the children, for as chance will have it they, though English, belong to the same faith as their friends, "we can make you an altar like the one our maman puts up in our nursery during the *Mois de Marie.*"

Then away patter the little feet for a willing raid on house and garden, and the old couple are presently beaming with delight as they see the table which the children have arranged for the coming of their dear Lord.

And what a solemn coming that is which takes place upon the following morning! Monsieur l'Abbé paces gravely, with his eyes bent upon the veiled chalice which contains his Sacred Burden, an acolyte in scarlet cassock and white surplice walking ahead of him with a swinging lamp and a tinkling bell to warn the people that their God is passing by. Through the old and crumbling streets the priest passes, and as he goes men and women fall upon their knees in silent adoration to let their Saviour by. Those who can spare the time from their other duties rise when the priest has passed them, and walk reverently behind him in a tiny procession, and thus *le bon Dieu*, in even humbler state than that which he assumed that day long ago when entering Jerusalem, passes to bring hope and comfort to the sick peasant.

The children are waiting in the little room, kneeling on the mud floor, and the boy's pure treble recites the Confiteor. The old man lifts his head from the pillow and receives the Body of his Lord, and then closes his eyes, lapped in a great content. The one event of his life has happened, the wonderful miracle which twelve times a year brings peace and comfort and courage to the paralytic in his dark cottage.

It is very touching the simple, firm, unquestioning faith of these poor folk. Try for a moment to see with their eyes, to understand all that this wonderful thing means to them. God Himself has stepped out of heaven, has come in his marvellous pity and tenderness to bring solace to one old and stricken and forgotten. He has himself been bodily present in the tiny

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room! It is awful, mysterious, splendid with a splendor that is superhuman! Ye who have it not may well envy the wonderful faith that brings such a wealth of poetry into the sombre lives of these poor cottagers!

Time goes on, and ever the friendship between the four cements and grows steadfast. Never a toy is given to the children but it must be brought round for Réné to see; never a flower comes out in the two little round beds of the garden on the other side of the lane but Alexina must be dragged off to look at the wonderful sight. Day in and day out, while the summer months and short winter days go by, Réné lies and listens to the clear voices and peals of merry laughter that reach him from the children's playground, praying, as the beads of his chaplet slip through his wasted old fingers, for *ces deux petits anges*, who have come to brighten these last hours of his life.

But at last a day comes on which the children bring sad news to their old friends. Father and mother are going back to England, and very soon the big white house will be empty and the bright garden deserted.

"But we will come back," say the children,—"we will come back soon, so soon, and we shall bring you some *cadeaux* from our *pays*." Réné is to have a new night-cap of lovely bright colors—blue and red stripes, they think—and Alexina, she must have a new shawl for the *Nouvel An*. But even the bright prospect of presently possessing these magnificent things fails to bring comfort to the old people when, one lovely sunny morning, Alexina stands at the bottom of the little lane watching with dim eyes and aching heart the carriage that is carrying out of their lives the two little figures that she and Réné have learned to love so well.

Other friends came forward with loving care to tend and look after the old couple, but the weeks and months slip by and drift into years, yet the little English children do not return. They send messages and gifts to their old friends, and maman has arranged that a regular sum should be paid monthly for Réné's use and comfort; but all the while he grows slowly feebler and he suffers more. Always the same sweet smile plays on the old face, always there is the same gentle gratitude for all that is done for him, yet those who watch see that the end is coming very near. At last a morning dawns when Alexina, rising early to start off to her daily Mass, finds

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that God has taken her dear one peacefully and quietly to himself. Her prayers are answered, and never again need she be possessed by that haunting fear that Réné will die alone and neglected; yet as the first keen sorrow of that separation from one who has been her timid young lover, then her brave young husband, later her dear tried companion, and lastly her baby—her helpless child for whom she has cared so tenderly,—stabs Alexina's weary old heart, she falls upon her knees by the bed, shaken for the moment by a passion of grief, and fondling the cold, thin hands, cowed by her own utter loneliness.

With the great motive of her life thus taken suddenly away from her, Alexina's own health begins to break down. She is a very old woman, and it is only her love and devotion to Réné that have kept her from long ago giving in to the weight of her years. Gradually she grows feebler and weaker, till the day comes when she too is unable to leave her bed. So those other friends of hers take her in and care for her. The old cottage stands empty now, and the white house echoes to the sound of other voices than those which rang through it in bygone days. Now and then news reaches Alexina of her child friends, and often, as she lies on her bed of sickness, she thinks of the little pair who came to brighten Réné's last days. She wishes that *le bon Dieu* would let her see them once more, and still in the old mind there dwells a vivid picture of the two little sunny-faced, bright-haired children. Always she thinks of them as she knew them,—tiny mites together, bringing the joy and brightness of their happy little lives with them wherever they came and went. And thus it happens that when the story comes from across the sea to the old woman that one of her "little angels," as she fondly calls them, has flown back to the God who sent him, Alexina, growing dreamy in her old age, hardly realizes the possibility that one should be taken and the other left. Moreover her own end is, she feels, so near that she turns her mind contentedly to the heaven where her Réné waits her, and where she knows that she will again see her *deux petits anges*. Therefore, when one day the door opens to admit the slight, black-robed figure of a girl, Alexina stares in wonder, and marvels as to who can be the *jeune demoiselle* who has come to pay her a visit.

The girl stands there a trim English figure, with the bright

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hair, soft, delicately hued cheeks, and graceful carriage that belongs to youth. Her little teeth show ever so slightly below her short upper lip. Her eyes under their high-arched brows are pure and tender, yet have a sadness in them little in keeping with her age, as she rests them for a moment on the old, withered creature in the bed. Then she comes forward smiling.

"Alexina *chèrie*, dost thou not know me?" and, in a moment, the old woman understands. How the old face lights up; what a world of love and tenderness is in her cry of "Mam'selle Marie"! How eagerly the time-dimmed eyes scan the young face; how tenderly the feeble, withered hands fondle the soft one clasped in them! And the two sit and talk as they talked in the old days; they speak softly of those now missing from their number; and the old woman's love and faith comfort the aching, empty heart of the girl, while her tender, loving talk of "*notre cher petit ange*" soothes her bitter grief.

"I shall so soon be with them both, Mam'selle Marie," she says, "and," she continues, with the trustful simplicity of the Breton peasant, "I shall tell them that I have seen you, and we shall pray so for you who must stay behind, and then some day the good God will bring you to us, and all the sadness and sorrow will be gone for ever!"

Alexina and her friend, who is still to her the little child of the old days, never meet again. The girl, who was only passing through Brittany on her way to England, goes back to her home, and very soon a letter comes to tell her that Alexina's patient, suffering life is over. "She talked of you to the end," says the message. "Tell Mademoiselle Marie that we shall watch for her coming, and *le bon Dieu* will surely do for her all that we ask of him, when he has loved us so much, and has taken three of us to be with him for ever. Be sure he will also have a care for the one that is left behind!"

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DAVID AND GOLIATH.

BY N. J. BELL.

THE Philistine host lay encamped on the hills,
And their shields in the sun shone like thousands of rills,
And their battle songs burst from the voices of all,
For beyond them were waiting the armies of Saul.

The serfs of the despot glanced down on the morn,
Where the valleys were fat with the harvests of corn,
Where the fleece on the fields was as foam on the brine,
And the vineyards were reeling with rivers of wine.

They thrilled for the combat, they claimed the command,
When their fury would leap like a storm on the land;
Then Israel's hopes, full of terror, took wing,
And sorrow sat heavy on Israel's king.

The pride of their legions, Goliath, then came,
And the troops of the Lord shrank at sound of his name;
To the combat he challenged, but vain was his cry,
For the soul that would meet him was fated to die.

Behold! from the wilderness David appears,
The darling of Jesse, the joy of his years;
He is far from his flocks, and moves wistfully now,
With the bloom and the beauty of youth on his brow.

And thus while he strayed along Israel's line,
Ambition embraced him, and called him divine;
In that moment of glory Goliath drew near,
With haughty bravado, with scowl, and with jeer.

O'er his ponderous frame brazen armor was spread,
And a huge, heaving helmet shone high on his head,
And the blood-seeking spear that he waved at the foe
Hurled them back by its gleam, without darting a blow.

Then forward flew David with flowing bright hair,
And swift as a lion that springs from the lair;
To the skies rang his voice, and this message of wrath
Run wild on the winds to the monster of Gath:

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"Oh, bane of the righteous! oh, curse of the just!
Think not that all Israel lies in the dust;
Think not that all Israel's power has fled,
That her valor is lost, and her glory is dead!

"I come, her defender; thy boasts I defy;
I am come to the combat to conquer or die;
Though alone, and unarmored, I haste o'er the sod
As the page of the king, and the soldier of God.

"Lo! Heaven smiles on me, and what can avail
With the God of the Thunder and Lord of the Gale?
At His word haughty cities are swept from the land,
And the mountains will melt at the touch of His hand!

"Then rush to thy doom, for thy fate is to fall
By the Heaven-led blow of the servant of Saul;
Like a cedar struck down, thou shalt lunge to the earth,
And thy severed head clang on the soil of my birth."

The terror-chilled armies looked on from the green,
And the hills in amazement inclined to the scene,
While the sky-wheeling songsters seemed hushed at a breath,
And the winds moved as still as the angels of death.

From the sling of the hero a rugged rock sped,
And it leaped for the foe, and it crashed on his head;
To the dust he sank reeling, empurpled in gore,
And he fell 'mid the din of wild Israel's roar.

His sword by the victor was wrenched from its place,
And it sang through the air at a swift, blinding pace,
To the throat of the monster unswerving it broke,
And the head from his body was hewn at a stroke.

With the blood-dripping trophy tossed upward on show,
All Israel poured on the fast-fleeing foe,
And they crushed them to earth, and they swept them away,
For the great God of battles was with them that day.

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AN AMERICAN GIRL'S VISIT TO VALPARAISO.

BY M. MACMAHON.

IT is impossible for one who has never had the experience to realize the sensations forced upon one who sets foot for the first time upon a land so far removed from home as distant Chili; to find one's self in the midst of a strange people, talking together a language unfamiliar to one's ears, to see manners and customs so different from ours. Yet glad indeed were we to be again on shore.

Only a few weeks before we had left the sunny slopes of Peru. Our journey down the coast had been uneventful until within a short distance from Valparaiso, when we were overtaken by a "norther." For three days within sight of the port, but unable to enter, our great vessel tossed like a cockle-shell in the power of the tempest. It was an exceptional storm, so we were told—that weather which always comes to welcome strangers.

We found Valparaiso almost a ruined city: trains had been derailed, houses destroyed, whole families swept down the hills and drowned, the streets were flooded in water. Boats were used in crossing, or men barelegged and dressed in oil skin bore upon their shoulders those brave enough or hardy enough to venture out. My first impression of the city was, as may be imagined, not too favorable; it improved, however, upon acquaintance. This storm was the last of the season, and soon the bright summer days drove from our memories every thought of the winter and its tempests.

The name Valparaiso signifies "vale of paradise." The long, narrow city extends bow-like around the bay. At its feet roll the waters of the broad Pacific, behind it rise the rocky cliffs of the Cordilleras. Upon the sandy soil which borders the sea and upon this almost perpendicular mountain ridge the city is built. I could not but admire the power of human enterprise which has made of this place, so little aided by nature, a city of importance; the headquarters of South

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American commerce. In the bay, drawn up in lines like men-of-war for review, are hundreds of vessels bearing the flags of every nation on earth; even our own starry banner waves often in the breeze. Seen at night from the sea Valparaiso presents a most singular appearance. This city of hills, its houses rest-

THE LONG BRANCH OF CHILI.

ing tier upon tier with their myriad of sparkling lights, reminds one of the façade of some immense public building with its gala-day illuminations.

As the city has grown the rocky cliffs have been terraced, irregular rows of houses of different shapes and sizes rise up against the precipices. It would seem as if a convulsion of nature had placed them there, and that a volcanic eruption would send them tumbling into the sea. These are reached by winding roads which tradition says were laid out by the goats that in the early days fed upon the mountain sides. I could easily credit this, once having climbed these steep ascents, such sure-footed agility was needed to gain in safety their rocky heights. But once upon them I felt repaid for my trouble. The city lay a beautiful panorama below me washed by the blue waters of the bay, upon whose bosom rode myriads of boats; to my ears faintly came the murmur of its distant

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noises; far toward the east rose the snow-crowned peak of Aconcagua, marking the boundary between Chili and Argentine, and I felt as Christian, having climbed the hill of Difficulty, sees before him the white gates of the City Beautiful.

When on Sunday morning, standing on one of the level streets below, one looks up this sharp incline and sees the manto-draped figures as they move in solemn procession to early Mass, one is reminded of the pilgrims of early times in their toilsome journeys to some favorite shrine. The churches, most of them, are poor and bare; in many of them there are no chairs, no seats; a straw matting covers the brick floor; upon this the people kneel during the services. One cannot but remark the absence of men from these functions.

The civilization of the old and the new world is here seen. Progress as denoted by the many beautiful houses, architecturally as fine as any in the world with their handsomely carved façades, their palatial proportions, their every evidence that millions of money is represented under their roof. Electric lights are placed upon the crests of the cliffs, a street-car line encircles the city, and the large and commodious shops contain luxurious and costly articles.

It is said that what can be found in Paris or London can as easily be purchased here. French styles are affected and English tailors patronized. Yet their methods of working seem primitive in the extreme. Four-teamed carts drawn by oxen do the heavy hauling. Garden produce, bread, milk, fowls, etc., are peddled from house to house by men and women mounted generally on donkeys, their baskets of merchandise suspended from their sides. Droves of donkeys loaded with fagots or bearing bags of coal deliver fuel to the would-be purchasers.

A great oddity is the milk station. Every few blocks, in all but the principal business streets, is a platform upon which stands a cow tied and milked to order by a dairymaid in neat cap and apron. On a table near by are measures, cans, glasses, and a bottle of brandy, so that a thirsty man can make his milk punch as he likes. In the early morning these stands are surrounded by servants from the aristocratic houses, women and children with their caps and buckets awaiting their turn. As fast as one cow is exhausted another is driven upon the platform; the cows seem even to anticipate their turn, and as one steps off the other moves up.

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The climate of Valparaiso is as cold as that of Richmond, Va., but the people have an idea that fires are unhealthful, and except in houses built by English, Germans, or Americans, residences are without grate, stove, or chimney. Great-coats and furs are worn in the dining-rooms of the most fashionable hotels; at evening parties and receptions the heavy wraps are not discarded, and often at large dinners foot-warmers of llama wool are placed under each guest's chair. During the winter season every lady attending church carries her "prayer rug"—some being handsomely embroidered—upon which she kneels to protect her limbs from the damp, cold stone.

The "manto" is universally worn by the Chilian women of every rank. It is an artistic covering, and like charity's mantle covers a multitude of sins. It makes old women appear young, stout women slight; even a skeleton would be graceful draped in its soft folds. Black is the color generally worn, but white is used by the Penitents—those who by their special prayers and acts of mortification hope to obtain some signal favor from Heaven, or those who having obtained a grace desire to show their gratification. Ladies of high social position and wealth, as well as young girls of beauty and winning grace, are commonly found among them; clad in their snowy garments, they may be seen with arms outstretched in the form of a cross praying in the churches, before the image of some favorite saint. It is said they scourge their bodies with whips, wear sack-cloth garments, sleep upon stone floors, and practise many acts of mortification.

The men of the lower classes wear the "poncho," a small blanket with a hole cut in the middle through which the head passes. It is a picturesque-looking garment, is warm and convenient, and with the broad Panama hat, the usual head-covering, with small effort one can imagine one's self in the midst of the heroes of mediæval romance; the more so as descendants of those Indians of whom the early Spaniards wrote, "their armies appear like the moving forests"; they are men of more than the average height and build.

While not a believer in "women's rights," the Chilian girl is as far removed as her Spanish ancestor was from the life of freedom and independence enjoyed by her American sister, another occupation is here open to her. She acts as street-car conductor, and very satisfactorily she performs her task. She

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wears a uniform of dark flannel, white apron, and sailor hat, and so charming does she appear that at times she finds difficulty in restraining the admiration of the young gallant of the town, who is called in vulgar parlance "Mosquito" because, as explained to me, he is quite as persistent and troublesome. It is said that the experiment was first tried during the war between Chili and Peru, when all the able-bodied men were in the army. It proved advantageous to the companies and public generally, and so became permanent.

The Chilian woman is handsome, but of a rather coarse type of beauty, very unlike the supple grace of the dusky Lima belle. The children of the lower classes are beautiful; the English and German types predominate. In character it is said that the Chilian resembles closely the Irish; there is the same quickness of wit, the same reckless courage, the same pride and love of country. But here the resemblance ceases. Quick as the Irish to resent an injury, there is none of the Irishman's generosity of pardon. Revengeful and cruel, there is no quarter given to their enemies. The history of their war with Peru affords examples of brutality without parallel in modern warfare. Upon the battle-field nine-tenths of the bodies of the dead were found with their throats cut; no prisoners were taken except where whole armies surrendered; throughout Peru fields were laid waste, churches pillaged and burned, towns destroyed with a ferocity which recalls the days when savage hordes ran the country. Not even were the weak and helpless, the women and children, spared. At Arica, a small port a few days' ride from Valparaiso, is still shown the rocky precipice over which the Peruvian soldiers were driven, to be dashed to pieces on the rocky crags below or drowned in the seething waters; yet this they preferred to falling into the hands of their cruel conquerors. It has even been said a band of sisters whose gentle administrations alleviated the horrors of war met with the same fate.

Farming in Chili is conducted on the old feudal system. The land is divided into great estates, owned by people who live in the cities and seldom visit their "haciendas," as they are called. The tenants are permanent; they have little cottages and gardens for which they pay no rent. When their services are required by their landlords they are subject to his call, and they are paid generally in orders on the supply store, which is

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THE CITY CUSTOM-HOUSE AT VALPARAISO.

a commissary of the estate and supplies clothing, groceries, and other articles, especially rum. They are given a small credit in these stores, and the law prohibits a tenant from leaving a landlord until the last farthing is paid, so the poor, patient peon never gets ahead. He lives and dies in the same cabins on the same estates where his father and grandfather lived and died. Born to a heritage of toil, he never succeeds in setting himself free from his "house of bondage," and is altogether ignorant of the great world outside of his little realm, where the conditions under which he labors would not be tolerated.

During my stay in Chili the Christmas-tide approached and, accompanied by my friends, I determined to assist at the midnight service in the little church near by, "La Misa de gallas"—Mass of the Cocks, as it is called. The last time I had attended midnight Mass was at the Madeleine, and I well remembered the walk in fast-falling snow through the silent streets of Paris, the solemn hush over the noisy city, the reverent waiting in the darkened church, and then the burst of music and light that welcomed the Birthday of the Child-God.

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Here what a contrast! Summer roses filled the air with fragrance, summer breezes blew softly upon us, the night was brilliant as day with its countless stars; sounds of laughter, song, and dance greeted us as we wended our way to "El Espiritu Santo." Mass commenced, a well-trained choir chanted the services, when in the hush following the Elevation our ears were assailed by the loud crowing of cocks, the braying of donkeys, the bleating of lambs; in fact the whole animal kingdom seemed suddenly let loose among us. We looked up in surprise; perched aloft in the choir were a group of smiling boys—it was they who, by their uncouth noises, tried to represent the rejoicing of nature at the coming of its King.

Easter in Chili, as in Peru, is observed with special ceremonies. From Holy Thursday to Holy Saturday no bells are rung, no carriages or cabs are driven, even the street-cars are silent. Only black-robed figures are seen in the streets, and over the city hangs a pall of silence and mourning. Our visit was drawing to a close, but we were loath to leave before Race day, the great holiday of Chili. This day is the event of the season; on it all business is suspended, banks are closed, and "the world and his wife," dressed in gala finery, assemble in the place appointed. And what an ideal spot it is! A sunny valley encircled by green hills, upon whose grassy slopes are erected booths rising tier upon tier, gay with flags, garlanded with flowers and vines—bowers of beauty, forming a fitting frame for the grace and loveliness that smilingly greets friends behind their leafy screen. During the pauses between the races we made a visit to the peasants, whose less fortunate purses debarred them from entering our charmed enclosure. But they too were enjoying themselves: dancing the "cuaker"—the minuet of Chili—bodies swaying, handkerchiefs waving, feet keeping time to weird, rhythmic music, thumped out by one of their number on a banjo.

This day ended our holiday; and soon embarked upon our homeward way, we looked our last upon the white cliffs of Valparaiso.

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AN ARMENIAN PATRIARCH IN FULL VESTMENTS.

EASTERN CHURCHES IN COMMUNION WITH ROME.

BY LORENZO O'ROURKE.

DURING the dawning years of the new century the aged eyes of the Great White Pope have beheld the coming of the glory of the Lord in many guises, and under beautiful auspices. Even in America, personally unknown to him, though dear to the liberal Pontiff in love with the future, the opening years of the century have been marked by jubilee celebrations which have awakened wide interest, and are the faint counterpart of the popular celebrations held in Rome.

But it is only in the Eternal City and in the shadow of the Vatican that the real significance of the sublime honors paid by the world to the Pontiff can be adequately appreciated.

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"From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal—breathing saint."

Probably the most striking, the most frequent of all the tributes laid at the feet of the "Lion couchant at the throne of God," were those of the different Oriental Rites in communion with Rome.

The unity and universality of the church have been strikingly illustrated in a recent series of ceremonials in the beautiful and classic Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle, Rome. The venerable Vincenzo Pallotti, wishing to give a visible and eloquent lesson of this genuine unity in variety that exists in the Catholic Church, arranged a series of religious celebrations to be held serially in the same church by the various rites in communion with the Roman See.

Latins, Greeks, Maronites, Chaldeans, Slavs, Syrians, and Armenians celebrated in harmony the same sacrifice at the same altar. Italian, French, English, German, Spanish, and Polish priests preached in their several languages from the same pulpit. This remarkable picture of unity of creed in variety of custom and language was regarded by those who witnessed it as one of the most striking omens of the eventual realization of Pope Leo's dream—the unification of the separated churches of the East under the authority of the Roman See.

RIGHT REV. P. L. KAZEN, ABBOT OF THE SYRO-MARONITE MONKS, CELEBRATING PONTIFICAL MASS.

It is of great interest to note that all these Oriental liturgies, varying in their ceremonies, language, and vestments, conform absolutely in essentials to the Roman Church, with which they are in perfect agreement.

THE FAMOUS MARONITE RITE.

When the invading hordes of Persians and Mussulmans poured into the East, overwhelming the Catholic settlements, a little colony of Syrians, escaping the general torrent, fled into the

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caverns of Mount Libanus, and there in secret preserved the ancient faith. From time to time they received accessions, and in the course of years this indomitable little tribe formed a powerful people, who later on became the scourge of the Saracens in Syria. Such is the hardy people who are to-day in full communion with the Roman Catholic Church, and who are known as Maronites from one of their celebrated leaders, St. John Maro.

TYPE OF A PRELATE OF THE GRECO-BULGARIAN RITE.

The Maronites now number nearly 300,000, and are settled for the most part in the region of Mount Libanus. Renan, the famous Frenchman who delivered such sturdy blows to the Church, met them and was royally entertained by them in the course of his journey through Syria during the latter part of his life. He pays this hardy Christian race some notable compliments. Their simple lives and pure, naïve faith evidently made a great impression upon him and inspired some of the most beautiful pages of his later unpublished correspondence.

The liturgy of the Maronites is somewhat different in form from that with which most Catholics are familiar. It is that attributed to St. James the Apostle, with some modifications, taken from the Latin Church. This liturgy is the Syro-Chaldaic with the exception of a few details. Even as early as the thirteenth century the Maronites, in order to approach still nearer to the Roman Church, began to adopt the rich vestments in vogue among the Latins. The popes, in recognition of their notable adhesion to the Holy See, have been accustomed, in confirming their patriarchate, to present to them a costly set of vestments. An incident of this kind happened recently when Leo XIII. confirmed the present patriarch, Elias Pietro Huayek.

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The Patriarch of the Maronites has his titular see in Antioch and resides in Libanus. He has jurisdiction over eight dioceses, containing five seminaries. There is an international college at Beyrouth, and another college at Kaffarai; there are, besides, three monastic congregations approved by the Holy See which observe the rule of St. Antony. Finally, there are about two hundred monasteries.

The Maronites founded a college in Rome and placed it under the charge of the Jesuits. It was suppressed during the occupation of Napoleon I. Leo XIII. has throughout his pontificate distinguished this interesting nation by special marks of friendship. In 1892 he re-established the college of the Maronites at Rome which Napoleon had suppressed, and endowed it with 100,000 lire. The rector of the college is Don Elias Cury Scedid.

MGR. MALADINOFF IN THE ROBES OF A GRECO-BULGARIAN BISHOP.

THE BULGARIAN RITE.

The Bulgarian rite is that of the Greeks, which has been translated into the Slav language by St. Cyril and St. Methodius, brothers and natives of Thessalonica. This liturgy, approved by Adrian II. and John VIII., and by other pontiffs, is used in Russia, Servia, and Montenegro. It is held in common by those in communion with Rome and those dissenting, with the single difference that the former recognize the Pope, while the latter hold allegiance to their synods and patriarchs. There are 10,000 Catholics under the jurisdiction of the Vicar Apostolic who resides in Salonica, and 3,000 under the Vicar Apostolic who resides in Adrianopolis.

THE ARMENIAN RITE.

The Armenian liturgy had its origin towards the end of the fourth century. Previous to this period the Armenian language had not achieved its definitive mould, and it was thus im-

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possible to adopt a characteristic rite earlier. The Armenians enjoy the distinction of having had their language perfected and reduced to its present alphabetic and graphic form by a saint. This learned philologist was St. Misrob, and it is to his genius that the Armenians are indebted for the possession of a rare and vigorous instrument of expression.

As regards the order and substance of the prayers, this liturgy conforms to that attributed to the celebrated St. John Chrysostom. But in the Mass there are certain unique prayers couched in the vigorous and dignified language peculiar to the Armenian style.

MGR. PASQUALE RUBIAN, TITULAR ARCHBISHOP OF AMASIA OF THE ARMENIAN CHURCH. HE IS A TYPE OF THE PRIESTHOOD OF THAT PEOPLE WHO WERE SO RELENTLESSLY PERSECUTED BY THE TURKS A FEW YEARS AGO.

The sacred robes of ceremony and vestments of this rite are beautiful and imposing. The Armenian cope, thrown over the shoulders, is of multo-shaped damask, long and richly ornamented. The amice, also worn over the shoulders, is of heavy brocaded satin. The surplice is the one familiar in Catholic churches the world over. The cincture is a broad band worn over the breast of the celebrant. The Armenian priest wears costly ruffled sleeves, while his stole is like the familiar one, but considerably longer. The *praneta*, or long robe, is like that of the Latins, and has its origin in the sacerdotal toga of the Greeks.

While saying Mass the Armenian priest wears upon his head a round mitre and holds in his hand a cross to bless the people. The bishops wear the Latin mitre. Three different croziers are in use among the Armenian priesthood, one for the priest, one for the bishop, and one for the patriarch. Those of simple priests terminate in two serpent heads, in the middle of

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which is a little globe in which is inserted a small cross. That of the bishops is like that of the Latin crozier; the patriarch's terminates in a globe surmounted by a small cross.

According to the Armenian custom, the altar is veiled from the eyes of the faithful during Lent, the veil being removed only during Mass. There is a unique and interesting ceremonial feature which probably had its origin in one of the rites of the Old Testament; the Armenian priests have an instrument called the *Flabella*, in the form of the head of a cherubim with three pairs of wings, and little bells attached, which is used in Masses, accompanied by the chant. It is thought that the

ARMENIAN PRIEST READING THE GOSPEL.

cymbals, in the ancient Hebrew liturgy, were used in somewhat the same manner.

The Catholic Armenians have a patriarch, and organized dioceses in nineteen different places. The present patriarch is patriarch of Cilicia, and resident in Constantinople.

It was formerly the custom for Armenian students for the priesthood to attend the Propaganda, but in 1883 Leo XIII. founded a separate college for the Armenians, giving them the church of San Nicolo da Tolentino and the convent attached.

The rector of the Armenian College is Mgr. Pietro Kojuman.

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ARMENIAN PRIEST OFFICIATING AT MASS.

THE CHALDAIC RITE.

The Chaldaic nation enjoys the supreme honor of having first recognized the divinity of Jesus Christ, for according to the belief of devout Catholics the Magi who brought their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh to the cradle of the infant God belonged to this people.

ARMENIAN BISHOP OFFICIATING AT HIGH MASS, WITH TWO ASSISTANT PRIESTS.

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The liturgy of this church is derived from the Apostle Thomas and Sts. Thaddeus and Mari, and is therefore called the Mass of the Apostles. Up to the nineteenth century it was practised in the Chaldaic Churches of Egypt, Cyprus, Tarsus, Persia, India, etc. Since the Nestorian schism this church has fallen off largely in numbers. The liturgical language is the Syro-Chaldaic. The sacred vestments used in the services are similar to those of the other pure Eastern rites.

The bishop's mitre, which was at first of the Greek pattern, is now similar to that of the Latins. The Chaldaic Church uses in its sacrifice leavened bread. There is but a slight difference in the form of worship between the schismatic and united Chaldeans.

This church has a patriarch, resident at Babylon, and twelve dioceses, three monasteries, and a patriarchal seminary in Mossul.

THE ABBOT SAMUEL GIAMIL, PROCURATOR OF THE PATRIARCH OF BABYLONIA, CELEBRATING PONTIFICAL MASS ACCORDING TO THE CHALDEAN RITE.

THE SYRIAN RITE.

For the first four centuries the Syrian Church, founded by the Apostles, professed obedience to the Holy See, and held the common faith of Rome. This church has furnished many illustrious men to Christianity. Finally, however, it embraced the errors of Eutyches. For many centuries it was wholly separated from the Roman Church.

What is at present known as the Syrian Catholic Church took form in the seventeenth century. Its liturgy is in the Aramaic language, and is thought to be derived from the language spoken in the region known as Aram in the Old Testament. It is interesting to recall that this tongue was used by the infant Church of Christ and the Apostles. At the present day, however, the

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epistle, gospel, and a few other prayers of the Mass are recited in Arabic for the better understanding of the people, constrained by oppression to abandon their native tongue.

The sacred vestments used by this rite are as follows: the alb and stole, a little different from the Latin; the cincture of the usual satin material; the manual cross and the bishop's mitre. The sacred vessels are the chalice and patine used in communion by the priest and deacon, but not by the faithful, who communicate, as in the Latin rite, under one species. In the chanted Mass, during the consecration, prayers are sung aloud to the accompaniment of cymbals and the Eastern tympanun. Those who are familiar with the act of consecration in the Latin churches, and recall its silent character (a slight tinkling of a bell being all that is heard), will be struck with the difference in discipline as regards this feature of the Mass.

MGR. JOSEPH HALRA, BISHOP AND PROCURATOR OF THE SYRIAN PATRIARCHATE OF ANTIOCH, CELEBRATING PONTIFICAL MASS ACCORDING TO THE SYRIAN RITE.

The present Patriarch of the Syrian Church is Mgr. Ignatius Behnani Benni, who resides at Mardin, in Mesopotamia.

THE GREEK-RUTHENIAN RITE.

The Greek Ruthenian Church, which claims to have received the faith from St. Andrew the Apostle, begins the record of its hierarchy after the conversion of Prince Vladimir, who married Anna, sister of Basil the Greek emperor.

After the schism of Michael Cerulario, when the other Russians separated from Rome, the Ruthenians remained faithful to the Apostolic See. In 1255 Danilo I. asked and obtained from Innocent IV. the kingly crown of the Ruthenians. For ever after the Ruthenians remained faithful to Rome. After the partition of Poland, the Ruthenians of Galicia passed

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under the sceptre of the Asborgs, The others passed under the dominion of the Russian Empire. Of these latter, subjected to the horrible religious persecution of Russia, but few survive to-day. The other branch of the Ruthenians, who fell under the dominion of Austria, were treated kindly by the Empress Maria Theresa, and the Emperor Joseph II. To-day they number four and a half millions, so that this branch of the church is about half as numerous as the Catholic Church in the United States. Leo XIII. has conferred special honors and favors upon this heroic church. Aided by Francis Joseph of Austria, he has founded a college for the Ruthenians in Rome, and placed it under the care of the Jesuits.

THE GREEK RITE.

This rite, in communion with the Roman See, uses the liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, and on certain fixed days that of St. Basil.

MGR. BASILIO LURCKI, PROCURATOR OF THE RUTHENIAN CHURCH, ROBED FOR SERVICE ACCORDING TO THE GRECO-RUTHENIAN RITE.

In the Greek Church many priests are permitted to celebrate Mass at the same altar, using the same species as the principal officiant. This custom is in a certain manner conserved among the Latins in the ceremony of the ordination of priests.

In the Greek rite, besides the main altar, there is a smaller altar, where are prepared the leavened bread and wine, and where the deacon, when the people have communicated, consumes the bread and wine remaining in the chalice, and performs the ablutions.

With regard to the sacred vestments used by this rite, they are quite different both in size and pattern from those of the Latins, but are identical in their symbolism. The priest's cope has maintained its primitive shape. The Greek bishop wears an ornament suspended from his girdle and reaching to his knee. He wears over his shoulders a robe that recalls the

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antique pallium worn in the primitive ages of the church. His headgear is the traditional symbol of patriarchal majesty characteristic of the Eastern churches.

The deacon wears a stole bearing the Greek word *Agios*, "holy," repeated three times.

During the Mass the Greeks, instead of the familiar genuflections of the Latin Church, make the sign of the cross in the Greek fashion—that is, by reversing the usual process and carrying the hand from the right to the left shoulder. At the consecration, or most solemn part of the Mass, amid the most profound silence, the word "Agios" is uttered by all the officiating priests at once.

MGR. G. SAHIRO, TITULAR ARCHBISHOP OF NEO-CÆSAREA, ARRAYED IN THE MAGNIFICENT PANOPLY OF THE GREEK HIERARCHY.

At the communion the bishop, pontificating, places in the hands of each of the celebrants and deacons a particle of the consecrated wafer, so that they may administer communion to themselves. This is, of course, a notable departure from the Latin custom. After the bishop has communicated under both species, the celebrants and deacons drink a few drops of the consecrated wine from the chalice. The people next receive the communion under both species.

Communion over, the sacred vessels are purified by the deacon.

The Greek rite is represented in Rome by an institution known as the Greek College. One of the most interesting features in its curriculum is the culture of music in connection with the sacred ceremonies. The maestro of music is D. Ugo Gaisser. The school followed is that known as the Byzantine,

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and the text-books are edited in Constantinople and Athens. It is modelled on the antique music of Greece.

The Greek College, which was confirmed by the Pope in December of 1897, is under the direction of the Benedictines.

The official report of the Propaganda gives the list of Eastern rites in full communion with the Holy See as follows: The Ethiopic or Abyssinian Rite, harking back to the Apostle St. Matthew; the Armenian Rite, originating with St. Gregory the Illuminator; the Coptic Rite, whose father is St. Mark the Evangelist; the Greek Rite, which is divided into various families, the pure Greek, the Bulgarian Greek, the Ruthenian Greek, the Melchite Greek, and the Roumanian Greek. Then there are the Syrian Rites, divided into the pure Syrian, the Chaldaic, the Maronite, and the Malabar. All these various rites accept the jurisdiction of the Roman See, and their patriarchs exercise no faculties until they have received the pallium from the Holy Father.

IN AN ARMENIAN BAPTISM THE GODFATHER HOLDS THE BABE.

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QUEEN BEAUTY OF CARMEL.

O Mary, the Queen of the Beautiful Mountain,
The Flower of Carmel—whose perfumes so rare
We catch as we linger by purity's fountain,
The heavenly sighing in whispers of pray'r;
Madonna, all hail! O thou worshipful Mother,
The Word of the bosom of God on thy breast
Is silenced for love—little Jesus our Brother
In virgin embraces lies tenderly press'd—
The Joy of the angels—the King, is our Brother:
Sweet Babe in the Mother's arms rev'rently press'd!

'Midst ages of longing—thy prophets foretold thee;
While kneeling on Carmel above the blue deep,
Saw sea-mist in mantle of azure enfold thee,
Saw rain from its bright folds the parching earth steep;
Blue cloudlet—'tis veiling thee, Mother and Maiden,
Whose bosom Love chooses its one golden shrine
To bear o'er the seas of thy sorrows, hope-laden,
The Bud of the Promise, the Saviour Divine;
His tears rain so fast to the earth sweetly laden
With Heaven's redemption of mercies divine.

Our Lady Immaculate, Queen of this Nation,
Ah! lift, we implore thee, thy Little One's hands
New graces to shower o'er ways of salvation,
As Heaven's dew over the world's arid lands;
May blessings through Carmel's fair Queen ever pouring,
In bonds of peace binding all peoples in one,
Their hearts with their cities through thy hands restoring,
O Queen of the true hearts—to Jesus thy Son;
O brightest of Queens—through our Mother restoring
The hearts of Earth's children to Jesus thy Son!

Feast of Mount Carmel, July 16.

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JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART IV.

ON THE HIGH-TIDE OF MANHOOD.

CHAPTER III.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

LADYS!" Joyce shuddered. "No, no, no!—O Gladys!"

Less than twenty-four hours since the lovers' parting yet what a piteous difference between the impassioned, confident Joyce of the previous evening, and the Joyce now repulsing Gladys' smiling welcome,—shrinking even from her proffered hand!

Exhausted by his sleepless night of racking mental agony,

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk, a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life. On the journey to the West Joyce has a long talk with Raymond, in which the latter gives his views on various matters, and states the terms on which he engages Joyce. Arrived in San Francisco, Joyce sends an exuberant telegram to his mother. Joyce enters social life and takes part in a ball at the Golden Gate Ranch. Mina and Joyce are drawn unto each other, while Raymond's wife talks of divorce. Mina and Raymond, landing at Island Rock, are both drowned. Joyce endeavors to save them, and narrowly escapes with his own life. After Raymond's death Mrs. Raymond removes to San Francisco, pending the settlement of her husband's estate. Pearson, having assumed control of the *Pioneer*, has a stormy interview with Joyce. Mrs. Raymond suddenly decides to sail for Europe; Joyce, failing to agree to her plans, decides to remain with the *Pioneer*. Stephen proposes to Gladys. Joyce meets with the great temptation. Pearl Ripley, a Comedy Girl, enters into his life. Womanhood has lost something of its spiritual beauty as the result. Later on he is lured into a scheme of stock gambling. Stephen engages in social work, and tastes some of the higher things of life. He meets Gladys after the promised year's delay; while Mrs. Raymond, a restless woman of the world, comes into Joyce's life again. Joyce is about to declare his love for Gladys when the news comes of a mine swindle. Joyce saves Hans from despair, but comes again under the sway of Mrs. Raymond's power. Joyce and Imogen are married. On returning from their honeymoon Imogen dies very suddenly. Her death is the cause of Joyce's spiritual regeneration. Two years pass and Pearl Ripley comes with her child to the home of Joyce's mother. That mother receives her and experiences her own punishment for having educated Joyce without religion. Joyce is again attracted to Gladys, when Pearl Ripley and his mother and his child find their way to San Francisco.

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haggard from the long-drawn-out anguish of his conflict with his mother, and still smarting from the fiery abuse showered upon him by the hot-headed Colonel, to whom he had hastened to confess the revolution of circumstances now forbidding him to assume the *Pioneer*, Joyce presented a figure so incongruous with Gladys' natural expectation, that she stood speechless in her distressed surprise. His stern gravity, his agonized voice, his gesture arresting her gracious approach, smote the tender dreams that had quickened her heart-beats, as in advance of Mam'selle, who was indulging in a siesta, she went down to greet the unexpected arrival, her little red book in her hands. So he had returned at once, days before she expected him, in his ardent impatience to end suspense,—to face his test, and coerce its issue! Foolish boy, with the folly that is sweeter than wisdom! But Gladys' happy illusion was short-lived.

"No, no, no!" he cried, rejecting all that he had solicited so fervently,—all that her smile, her little red book, now conceded without words. For a moment she felt wounded as well as bewildered. Then a plausible explanation suggested itself.

Recalling his recent anxiety at his dearth of home-news, evil tidings seemed the solution of the mysterious change in him. How small, how petty she was to resent his strange manner, when his suffering claimed all her sympathy!

"O Joyce! have you had bad news?" she inquired. "Your father—your mother—"

"My mother is here, Gladys!"

"Here?" she echoed, glancing about her in perplexed surprise. "Your mother here, Joyce? But where, then?"

"In town, I mean; at my hotel. She surprised me last night. Gladys, you know—you remember—all that I said to you,—"

The flush on Gladys' cheek deepened; her eyes glowed softly. In her white gown her beauty had a bridal suggestion. She thought of the night's sweet wakefulness, in which she had lived over and over again the hour of Joyce's avowal,—seeing his face in the darkness, hearing his voice in the silence, trembling in shy, shamed happiness as his love-looks, his love-words, reglowed and rang in her maiden-memory. Did she remember? As if, to the last day of her woman-life, one whisper, one glance, would be forgotten. She smiled at the

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lovable simplicity of the masculine question. How little Joyce knew her heart!

"Is it probable that I should forget, Joyce?" she asked. "But yes,—I remember." She looked at him expectantly. He was going to repeat the sweet old story, that all women love to hear.

But Gladys was doomed to disappointment. Joyce's response was, by intention, untender.

"You must forget my words," he said. "Let them be as if they had never been spoken. I had no right to speak them, Gladys. They deceived you,—insulted you,—"

"O Joyce!" she cried, in a voice of inexpressible sorrow.

Not for herself—though the blight of her dreams was bitter—but for him was the wound of her heart, her love-hurt. If he had wooed in light mood, then he was not what she had thought him. O Joyce, what a fall was there!

"Do not wrong me," he pleaded, reading her thoughts in her face. "My lily of women, could I wrong you intentionally? I spoke in good faith, because, God knows, in ignorance—"

He paused, so mortally pallid as he raised his hand to his brow, that Gladys forgot all save her impulse to comfort him.

The day, like its predecessors, was strangely oppressive in atmosphere, airless even to stagnation, and at once gloomy and glaring, as though a fierce sun burned behind dense clouds,—a lurid day of yellow haze and stifling temperature. But in the marble-paved, lofty-domed hall of the Ranch electric fans effected a breezy interior. Gladys led the way to a palm-shaded corner.

"Oh, I thank God that I was frank with you last night," he cried, passionately. "Shameful and terrible as my position is, you will believe that I was ignorant of it. Gladys, the sin I thought dead, the past I believed to be buried—rose last night a living thing—O my God!"

"Ah!" she moaned, hiding her pained, shamed face from his eyes. "Then your mother—your mother—"

"Yes," he assented, with sadness. "Poor mother!"

For a moment she sat in silence, strugglieg to grasp his full meaning. Then she rose, dignity struggling with tenderness in her mien.

"Spare us both," she entreated, "the pain of details. Your confession of last night, your confidence of to-day, tell me all

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the story, including its sequel. It may comfort you to know that I have no reproach for you. You would never have married Imogen, you would never have spoken of love to me, if you had not believed your sin to have passed beyond redemption. Joyce, there is only one happiness for you now,—to do right! I thank God that you will have the strength to do it!"

"Right? What is right?" he protested on natural impulse. "But your verdict shall be my law, Gladys!"

Her hand slipped within his. Her pure, brave eyes appealed to him.

"Your law is moral duty, and manly honor. You need no woman to tell you this, Joyce."

"Oh, you are all against me—all!" he cried, like a petulant boy. "You, and mother, and Father Martin—"

As he uttered the name a new thought struck him. With one hand he groped for his letter-case,—with the other drew her back to her seat.

"Read this letter from Father Martin," he said. "It will tell you everything. Prepare yourself for a shock, Gladys. I cannot spare you. Yet nothing you learn through Father Martin can profane you! These are father's letters, intercepted by mother. Read them all, and judge between them—for me. Right to others seems a one-sided sort of duty. Is there no right due to you and me?"

The cry was but the voice of struggling nature. She ignored it, taking the stamped but unmailed letters.

"Your mother intercepted your father's letters? Why?" she asked. "I do not understand."

"Well, you see father raged against mother's convictions, and any excitement or anger revives the effects of his old stroke. He could write, but was house-bound; so mother retained his letters, to deliver by hand. She and Father Martin thought to spare me suspense and—temptation."

"You would have conquered temptation," she said, inspiringly.

He made an impatient gesture, yet his gloomy eyes brightened. Gladys was right. The instinct of woman-love told her that to stand invincibly, Joyce must stand on faith in himself.

He sat back with closed eyes as she opened the letters. To watch her face as she read them would have seemed a bru-

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tality. Yet his life seemed to hang on her breath, her heart-beats. Quickening, slowing, their fluctuations recorded his destiny. One sharp sob escaped her, and for an instant she ceased reading. He knew at what point, and his heart sickened with shame. Yet no word was exchanged. Neither could have spoken. All great crises are solemn with silence.

Hiram Josselyn's letters were unpleasant reading. The girl's sensitive spirit shuddered from their repellent soullessness. Yet the precepts of the sordid old man who advocated worldly expedience at the cost of moral obligation and honor,—his rage,—evident in spite of inadequate and difficult expression,—against the nobler standards of Joyce's other advisers,—his unscrupulous disregard of the wronged, in his selfish ambition for the wronger,—were pathetic in view of the natural affection prompting them,—paternal love of its type, though the type was ignoble; love according to Hiram Josselyn's lights!

But over Father Martin's letter Gladys' eyes lingered lovingly. It was a letter from the priest and friend's soul and heart, dictating nothing, but appealing to Joyce's best and highest sentiments, and taking his noble attitude in the matter for granted. He was reminded that little Joy was his second self, his immortal as well as human responsibility; that Pearl, a pure soul in spite of her error, was at his mercy to be made or marred, both as woman and spirit; that even as he did by these, he would do by himself, since good or evil done reacts on the doer. Then the silence preceding Mrs. Josselyn's journey was explained, on the ground that to write deceitfully, concealing the truth, had been impossible; while unnecessary forewarning must have protracted cruelly,—and in the spiritual sense, perilously,—nature's struggle between inclination and duty. As it was, Father Martin confessed that having assumed Joyce's righteous view of the matter as certain, he had written in confidence to the Western diocesan Bishop, who had responded as capably as kindly, and enclosed directions for Joyce which Father Martin now forwarded. Application to the priest specified in the Bishop's letter would find dispensation and license in readiness, at no risk of publicity. Finally, he begged Joyce to realize that even though dutiful atonement implied the sacrifice of seemingly sweeter things, that sacrifice was the seed of a harvest with no bitter aftermath; and that time and habitude sooner or later healed all wounds of humanity, save the death-

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wound of sin in the soul! The good letter closed with the priestly blessing; and the peace of God seemed its atmosphere.

As Gladys read, almost every emotion of which humanity is capable seemed to be quickened in her anguished heart. Not only had she idealized Joyce individually, but likewise kept her eyes shut to the world's flagrant evil. Now, his culpability, her own disillusion, seemed to surpass her credence. Yet against her shocked censure and revulsion of spirit rose the extenuating thought that the sin of Joyce's past was not the guilt of his present,—that he had repented and lived nobly,—that, in spite of his record, Father Martin still believed in him. Should she, in her fallibility and inexperience, question the verdict of the priest who knew souls?

Yet pain was in the girl's breast, pain sharp and cruel. She felt the sickening physical sinking, the painful shrinking and compression, of the fond heart that knows its love squandered. Instead of leaping young life, a dead blank stretched before her; instead of love, she saw loneliness; instead of joy, chastened sorrow. God, mankind, wealth, and duty were left her, indeed; but personal happiness is the human,—the woman-heart's desire. Yet Joyce must not realize the ill he had done her. To dishearten would be to weaken, just as strength was his need.

"Well?" gasped Joyce, as she returned the letters she had read without comment.

"There is nothing to say, Joyce. God has spoken for us. We owe Him thanks—that He spoke—in time!"

"Thanks that I am parted from you? That is asking too much.—Gladys, Gladys, commute my sentence!"

From the soul of the man it would have been a cry of cowardice, of dishonor; but Joyce's face contradicted his impulsive love-plea. By his suffering Gladys knew that his spirit was willing, and that the cry of the flesh that it was young and human and hungry for happiness was no selfish claim—not even an appeal against justice,—but only nature's sob for a sweetness surrendered. There was no scorn in her heart for him,—only infinite pity. She, too, knew the pain of love's loss.

"Can I commute a sentence that I did not pass?" she asked. "Not I, Joyce, nor your mother; not even Father

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Martin! You know that your sentence is that of your own conscience, your soul. To commute it would be to defraud you of the divine grace granted you,—the chance to atone to the sinned against!"

"Gladys," he began, but her trembling lips, her pathetic eyes, appealed against further protest. Her strength was exhausted; her composure spent. She rose, and he did not deter her.

"Go, now—to the priest," she said. "Mam'selle shall send —to your mother—"

Her paling lips failed her. She resumed her seat weakly.

"My angel, my dove, my white, white love," he cried, penitently. Then, obedient to her gesture, he left her.

The atmosphere, meantime, had grown more breathless, the clouded sun-glare more lurid, the heat heavier and more devitalizing, the strange silence more oppressive. On the train bearing Joyce back to town conversation languished, nods and terse greetings taking its place. Even in the sociable smoker discussion of the weather had died out for want of breath. Yet physical exhaustion was not all the secret,—the spirit had part in it, albeit a part unrecognized. Man and man exchanged glances of dread surpassing fear of body. In the face of any ominous phenomenon of Nature, humanity trembles—less for life than for the mystery beyond it! Deep thoughts marked grave faces. Consciences long asleep wakened; dead remorse was resurrected. The worldling awed by the assertion of long-quiescent Omnipotence is the most helpless, the most abject of creatures.

With a sigh of relief that he was spared the torture of social intercourse, Joyce closed his eyes, and leaned wearily against the window; unconsciously passing the Colonel who was speeding Ranchwards, with little Joy at his side. For the Pearson temper, if fierce, was likewise fleeting; and scarcely had Joyce retreated from his furious fire, when the penitent Colonel seized his hat and impetuously rushed after him, intent upon making amends. Between his office and Joyce's hotel he planned out his campaign of rescue; but Joyce already had started for Golden Gate Ranch, so Mrs. Josselyn faced the Colonel's cannon.

"Joyce has told me the whole thing," he announced, waiv-

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ing formal preliminaries; "and by Jove, madam, it's the deuce of a hole you have put him in! Let the press scent a scandal, and the scamp is ruined. This encumbered descent of yours must be covered!"

Mrs. Josselyn's wept-out looking eyes brightened with indignation. She felt heated and uncomfortable in her tight black alpaca, confused by her strange surroundings, and exhausted by long mental stress and unaccustomed fatigue. Yet her sturdy maternal spirit triumphed.

"I did what I thought right," she said, "and I'm his mother! My Joyce did a wrong, and he's got to suffer for it. But I guess I can visit my own son without scandal,—and have a little relative with me, too, if I like!"

"Nevertheless, my dear madam, I wish to kidnap this youngster! He's got to lie low at my Ranch."

"What's a kid-nap? queried Joy, smiling acknowledgment of the Colonel's attention. He was tired of looking out of the window, and welcomed any distraction. "I don't want any—naps. I only jes' got up, an' had my bekfast! Let's go out—or have dinner—or somefing!"

"Precisely! We'll go out first, and dine last, you rascal! Get his hat, Mrs. Josselyn, and his togs can follow. I'll answer to Joyce; and as for this Joyce in miniature,—what about the sea-shore, and a field full of ponies?"

"Where's my hat?" demanded Joy, jumping up and down in his excitement.

"But his mother," protested Mrs. Josselyn, "expects him to meet her this evening—"

"Let them meet at the Surfside, where the public can't see them! My son Dolly shall run you straight through on a special. Joyce cannot appear in this connection,—no, not if I jail him! Madam, this is a question of your son's future life!"

"*Here's* my hat," triumphed Joy, who had been searching desperately. Jamming it on sideways in his impatience, he slid his hand in the Colonel's. By instinct, he knew that this big, bluff old gentleman with the cross voice, and the fierce eyes, and the tender smile, knew what little boys wanted, and gave it to them!

"Well!" ejaculated Mrs. Josselyn, kissing her runaway helplessly. "*Well!* I don't know what Joyce will say to me!"

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In the car the popcorn boy monopolized Joy's attention; and as the Colonel's eagle-eyes were on the track of any errors lurking in the latest edition of the *Pioneer*, Joyce's train passing before the short run was over, failed to reveal his transient proximity. At the station, the Colonel, hustling Joy into his cart, sprang to his seat behind the mare, without his usual caress and treat to her.

"Whew, but it's hot," he puffed, gesturing his man towards the rear. "If any nice little cyclone strikes us, Bob, look out for this little chap! We don't want to kill him off!"

"Yes, sir! No, sir!" murmured Bob, with suppressed curiosity. Who was this stunning kid who had dropped from the heavens? Was the Colonel, at his age, making a fool of fools of himself, and aspiring to become a step-father?

As the maligned but blissfully ignorant Colonel whipped off with a jerk, Joy turned face-about with an air of valor.

"You man back there can hold on to *me*, if you're 'fraid you'll fall off!" he said, and considerately extended his little hand. The correct lacky, touching his hat, hid a smile by the gesture. But the child then and there won his heart!

To reach the Surfside it was necessary to pass Golden Gate Ranch, and the Colonel drew up, hoping to waylay Joyce on the premises. But a difficulty suggested itself in the person of Joy. His abrupt presentation would be an outrage to Gladys; yet to leave him with Bob was almost equally inexpedient, since his tongue was hung in the middle and his nature confiding, and already he had asked the Colonel if "Joyce was his new papa?" It was little Joy himself who solved the problem, by a dive forward at sight of the Palace.

"O—*o*—oh!" he gasped,—"a house made all of windows! Who lives in it? My new papa,—or the ponies?"

A happy conceit struck the perplexed Colonel. "A white lady lives there with her flowers and fountain. She likes little boys who keep clear of the water. I wonder, now, if she would like you?"

"Course she would! Ev'y one likes me!" Joy asserted, with childish confidence.

"Well, take a run through, then, while I make a call at the house there. Bob, I'll halt the mare here, where you can keep your eye on him. Now, no full-dress baths in there, remember, youngster."

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"Nop," promised Joy, descending with gleeful alacrity.

The Aphrodite was visible through the open portico. Joy's active little legs sped towards her.

"Hi, there!" warned Bob, anxiously leaning forward. A somersault into the fountain seemed imminent.

"Oh, he 's all right," laughed the Colonel, looking in as he passed. "Let him run riot among the flowers, if he wants to!"

He walked thoughtfully towards the Ranch, his martial gait slackened to the pace of a funeral-march. If Joyce were not here,—had not been here already,—had he a right to betray him, to forestall his confession? Yet, on the other hand, was it not his imperative duty to Gladys to confide the state of affairs at least to Mam'selle?

But the Colonel might have spared himself his pros and cons, for Gladys herself had anticipated his contemplated confidence. Scarcely had Joyce's rig sped from sight, when Mam'selle had come unawares upon the girl, shrinking from sight in the shadowed corner. The sound of a suppressed sob had stayed her.

"Petite," she cried, "but what hast thou? Is it the heat, then,—the headache?"

"No, Mam'selle, it is heartache," admitted Gladys, recklessly. And then, with her hand clasping Mam'selle's, and face hidden on her shoulder, she confided her sad little love-story.

Mam'selle listened in appalled and incredulous silence. At first she could not realize that it was Joyce Josselyn who had done this thing,—who had loved Gladys only to hurt her,—wooed and won, only to relinquish her. It seemed impossible that he, so reverent, so chivalrous, so good-lived and simple, should have compromised such a sensitive girl as Gladys by his evil,—sacrificed her pride and tenderness to his sin and its consequences. Her first sentiment was of resentment, of incensed indignation! But the pathos of the story softened her heart to the wrong of it. Poor Gladys! But still more truly, poor Joyce, to the bitterness of whose love-loss were added remorse and penalty! The big, capable Colonel was a welcome intruder. He would advise her how to act towards "her children"!

"Ah, *bon ami*," she exclaimed, "we will have no secrets

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from you. It must be that you know of this sorrow, this sin. Go, *chèrie*, while I speak in confidence to our Colonel."

"No, Mam'selle," resisted Gladys. "We have no news for the Colonel. And to consult our friend is my privilege, too."

"But that a young girl should discuss—. *Non*, it is not *convenable!*"

"Dear Mam'selle, you know that I was on the brink of engagement to Joyce. Even were I, indeed, still the young girl you fancy me, one not too young to love and be loved is not too young to be womanly! My heart, my convictions, are those of a woman. Mam'selle, you will help me to follow them?"

"But how, then?" parried Mam'selle, afraid of concession.

"By befriending my friends in their hour of trouble. Our hospitality in the present will make all the difference in their future! Our social sanction to the marriage will avert the world's stone. Mam'selle, I appeal to you not only in the name of your love for me,—of your friendship for Joyce, for years, now, as one of us,—of your respect and affection for his good, simple mother,—but in the name of your Christian charity, your Catholic tenderness! Put yourself in their places, and see—"

But Mam'selle drew herself up with an air of dignity. Even in imagination she could adapt herself to no place beyond the pale of propriety. Charity was well, but invincible virtue—and virtue above reproach—was better; and though Joyce and his mother, of course, appealed to her, these unmentionable other persons were another story! Really, for the unmarried, even of her years, the line of delicacy must be regarded. And as to Gladys, she was forgetting herself,—exceeding her liberty—

"Put yourself in their places," Gladys was repeating, with streaming eyes; "and see what must hinge on the circumstances of their wedding. The man and woman who on the day of their belated marriage find themselves social pariahs and human castaways, cannot but face a future without love, without hope, without courage to fight the good fight and conquer, because self-respect is lost with respect for each other. Shall the double loss lie at our door, Mam'selle? The fact of the child-life alone is a plea for the parents. The sin of the guilty, if remembered now, will be visited upon the

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future of the innocent. And the sin,—O Mam'selle, grievous and terrible as it seems to us, was it not in God's Eyes a sin in the letter, rather than in the spirit? We know Joyce's heedlessness before he found his soul! Father Martin knows the heart of the girl, and warmly vindicates her. Is it not our clear call to make their way of redemption easy? *I* hear it,—and I shall follow it!"

"To the pure all things are pure," said the Colonel, reverently. "My dear child, I am proud of you. You are Boyle Broderick's worthy daughter. But your self-sacrifice, on the present occasion, happily is unnecessary. My Ranch has been placed at Mrs. Josselyn's disposal. Dolly is to bring down the party to-night."

"That is like you, dear Colonel! But your Ranch lacks a mistress. Only a woman can protect a woman from the world's cold shoulder. I know our social advantage, and for the first time value it! It opens to me—my one labor of—love!"

The brave words, shyly spoken, touched the Colonel unutterably. Woman knows woman's heart,—man appreciates it!

"Then our dear Mam'selle will not oppose you," he said, with tact. "And I can venture to tell you what I have hesitated to confess,—that already I have the little scamp with me!"

"The—little—scamp, mon Colonel?"

"With you?" echoed Gladys; but her eager voice sank faintly. Unlike Mam'selle, she did not need to be told the identity of the little scamp. How she longed,—yet how she dreaded, to see him!

"Yes, I took him by storm from Mrs. Josselyn, and gave him the freedom of the Palace, while I broke the ice to you—"

But the Colonel's sentence was never finished; for as he spoke a strange sound had startled all ears,—a sound affrighting only in its uncanny mystery. Was it the moan of the sea, or the dull detonation of a storm in the distance? Or was it a far-away wind, gathering volume as it approached? No! the ominous rumble was like these, and yet unlike them,—a subterranean roll, as if of underground thunder. Simultaneously, animate Nature lifted its voice in panic. Discordant animal-cries sounded from the fields; and birds, flapping their wings, uttered notes shrill and startled. Terror seemed in the air, blind, helpless terror! Something hostile to life was imminent.

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Of a sudden the marble floor of the hall undulated violently. As Gladys cried out in fear, the Colonel's voice lifted.

"Out of the house!" he commanded, in tones ringing through the Ranch. "Out to the shore. Shun the buildings. It is an earthquake!"

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculated Mam'selle. Then she sank back palely. Fright had paralyzed her. She was limp and helpless.

"Out of the house!" repeated the Colonel, gesturing Gladys to obey him. As she staggered towards the door ceiling and walls swayed together. The Colonel unceremoniously gathered Mam'selle into his arms. Then, pushing the stumbling and reeling Gladys before him, he dashed down the steps towards the shore.

There was a hiss from the sea, and a retreat from the shore of the shallows, which seethed and then sunk, as if sucked down by some vortex. Then they swelled, sweeping inland in one monster billow, as the submerged beach rocked like a cradle. At the same instant frightened snorts from the mare preceded a clatter of hoofs, and, bit in teeth, she dashed away from her post, in mad terror. Glancing after her, the Colonel saw the glass house, and remembered. "O my God!" he cried. "O my God!"

"The child, Colonel, the little child," Gladys sobbed, straining forward. The glass house, shivering and slanting, scintillated dazzlingly.

Sinking to his knees, the Colonel laid Mam'selle at full length on the lawn. The frightened servants and Ranch-hands, fleeing from the out-buildings, huddled about her. Followed by Gladys alone, he forced his way towards the Palace. But she staggered and fell, as sea and earth heaved about her.

"*Come, boy, come!*" he called, gaining the glass-roofed portico; but his voice and extended hands were alike unheeded by the child they summoned. Midway in the main structure, one hand clinched on the fountain's ledge, one still grasping a long-stemmed cluster of water-lilies, little Joy crouched with distended eyes, and face blanched with terror. He had been so happy, so fearless,—then something had happened! What made everything move? Why were the big pots of flowers falling and breaking around him? Was the white lady of the fountain alive, that she tottered towards him? Was he dizzy, or was the whole world whirling?

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"I 'm fwightened," he sobbed as the Colonel reached him. Clinging still to his lilies, he hugged his rescuer convulsively. The quivering child-form touched the Colonel's fatherliness. He pressed the paling little face to his breast.

"Frightened? Shame, little man! We 'll be out of this in a jiffy."

But the Colonel, for once, failed to honor his promise. The last shock,—by far the most violent shock of all,—vibrated. It was verticose in its movement,—which means a fatality. As it lessened, he strained breathlessly towards the comparative safety of the portico. But on its threshold a blinding reflection of shimmering crystal flashed behind and about him,—plate-glass rasped and scraped against glass, as panes jolted from their casements, shattering one on another. Giant flower-pots, hurled from their tiers, crushed the jardinières at their base. Last of all, yet most significant of dire disaster, the white Aphrodite, tossed from her pedestal, crashed upon the fountain's ledge.

"Colonel, *quick!*" Gladys screamed, as, with a sway to the left, the Palace settled for its final fall.

The Colonel heard the despairing cry, and realized the gravity of its warning. Loosening Joy's clasp by main force, he flung him forwards, aiming for the soft grass of the safe, open lawn. None too soon, for at the same instant a massive pane felled the Colonel, and a shower of infinitesimal splinters buried and shrouded him in shattered glass. But the house, as it fell, carried the portico with it; and a descending pane collided with Joy's flying body. Its jagged edge gashed his neck, and he cried aloud in pain and fright as the sharp cut stung him. Then something warm and soft soothed the cruel smart, and he lay in the ruins, quite stilly. As the deafening crash of the glass house's fall, and the dazzling, stinging cloud of crystal-dust subsided, the Ranch-hands sped to the Colonel's succor, but Gladys,—Gladys sank on her knees by Joyce's child.

Still clutching his lilies, he lay on his side; his pale profile, his closed eyes, suggesting to Gladys, at worst, a mere swoon from shock and terror. She kissed him passionately, fondly believing that she kissed him back to consciousness. But as she lifted his light form, she cried out and shuddered at the red pool beneath it. From a severed artery little Joy's life-

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blood ebbed slowly, surely,—yet so painlessly that he made no cry, no moan. As she kissed him, and called his name, his eyes fluttered open,—eyes. so like Joyce's own in their violet beauty, sadly misted now by death's deepening film! Into her face he smiled tremulously,—bright, brave little Joy,—then closed his child-eyes for ever!

"*Joy!*" cried Pearl, as Mrs. Josselyn and Dolly alone met her, late that evening. Tidings of the earthquake had reached the travellers even en route; and though no particulars had been wired, the heart of the young mother was faint within her.

From their last stand she had rushed on ahead of the troupe. For Joyce's sake, for Joy's sake, she must arrive obscurely. But there was no little Joy to reward her discretion. "*Joy*," she demanded of Mrs. Josselyn. "My little Joy!"

Dolly, who knew the truth, flinched; but Mrs. Josselyn explained plausibly. She was not imaginative, and had no fear that all was not well with Joy. Within the city limits the shocks had been felt but lightly; and she had thought Joyce hysterical when, stunned by the news of the Colonel's elopement with Joy, just as despatches were pouring in reporting calamities along the coast, he had started in haste for the Ranch, turning back to say passionately the first words of awakening fatherhood!

"My little son!" he cried, (never before had he admitted the relationship, never before uttered the love-name!) "My little son! who loved 'his new papa,'—never knowing his wrong—his unworthiness! Only this afternoon I begrudged him the atonement I owed him. Only this afternoon I almost hated his beautiful little face, his tender lips, his clinging arms, his little hands, because his life stood between me and Gladys. Now, mother, I tell you that if Heaven gives me my choice, I say, spare me my son—my little son who loves me! If anything should happen to him while in our charge,—*how could you or I meet his mother?*"

But it had been an easy thing for Dolly to keep the bulletins and extras from the simple woman, and no knowledge of the truth disturbed her serenity. Yet Pearl was not comforted. A prophetic dread weighed upon her. She ignored Dolly's gallantries as though they were not; refused the supper set

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out for her in the special, and sat in silence, staring into the pane made opaque by exterior darkness. She was handsome, Dolly decided, but had the deuce of a temper. Finding his courteous inquiries answered only in monosyllables, he turned his masculine attention towards the demolishment of the supper. At the station Bob met them,—the Colonel's Bob,—though with the Golden Gate carriage. Tantalizing phrases of his excited aside to Dolly were audible to the interested bystanders.

"Could n't hold her, do my best, sir. Had to jump to save myself. Legs broken, poor old girl,—Colonel ordered her shot. —Yes, sir, one arm broken, and bad injuries, but not fatal. Almost killed himself to save—. Yes, sir, died off like—like an angel, sir!" And here poor Bob, in remembrance of the child who had won his heart, ignominiously broke down and sniffled.

"Who was killed?" questioned Pearl, in a voice low with dread.

"The Colonel's mare," shouted Dolly, slamming the brougham door; and whispered to Bob "to drive like the devil."

Over the dark road, through the silence, the wheels whirled recklessly. The sea surged, and the bell on Island Rock tolled its dirge. Pearl, crouching in her corner, shuddered.

It was Gladys who, at the open door, waited to welcome the strangers,—a wan Gladys, with eyes wearied with weeping.

"Dear Mrs. Josselyn," she faltered, "I will join you in the library, in a moment. This new friend I am going to ask directly up stairs. There is some one—who is waiting—to see her!"

"*Joy?*" translated Pearl, with an eye-flash of gladness.

Gladys' grave face saddened. Pearl began to tremble. Suddenly Gladys' tender young arms enfolded her.

"Oh, you *poor* girl!" she sobbed. "Oh, you *poor* girl, God help you!" And in that heart-cry the sad tidings were spoken.

Pearl sank down on the stairs, limp and numb, almost swooning. But she bit her white lips, and retained consciousness by force of will. "So," she said, when words came, "you have killed him between you!" Then sobs choked her,—rending sobs of heart-bitterness.

"In heroic effort to save him a brave soldier risked his life. No one could avert the sudden accident; it was caused

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by the earthquake. Dear, he went with a smile,—his little hand full of flowers. When you see him—you will feel—he is happy!"

"Oh, I knew it," raved Pearl, swaying to and fro in her anguish. "I think I have known always—that the end would come—suddenly! But not to be with him! My God, what a punishment! I was his mother—his mother—his mother—"

"Yes, you are his mother,—his mother for ever! The soul yours on earth awaits you in heaven. The way is so sure when a little child leads us! Life and death will be love's roads to —*Joy!*"

"Take me to him; oh, take me. My fatherless baby!"

"Not fatherless now, Pearl. Death is kinder than life to him. Forgive, dear,—in little Joy's name."

She led the way to an upper door, which she closed as Pearl entered. The room was fragrant with flowers, and lighted only by shaded candles. On a bed of bloom little Joy slept his sleep of innocence. His childish form lay at ease,—his little hand still clung to its sweet white lilies; in its restful beauty his face was as the pure, fair face of a sculptured angel. Here was not death, but immortal youth!

As Pearl swayed towards the bed, her eyes fixed in blind anguish on its exquisite burden, a figure kneeling at the opposite side rose and leaned across it.

"Pearl!" whispered a voice, familiar, sob-broken. All of remorse, all of pain, all of tenderest pity a man can know, rang true in the pleading accents.

Thus Joyce and Pearl,—the man and woman who had sinned in their youth, met again; with the child of their sin,—sinless, smiling, between them:

By the grace of the Christ who loved little children, called and chosen for the kingdom of heaven!

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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SIENA FROM BEHIND SAN DOMENICO.
(By courtesy of The Macmillan Company.)

THE HISTORICAL REVIVAL IN SIENESE TREASURES.*

IN TWO PARTS.

BY F. W. PARSONS.

PART II.

DURING that era of prosperity and civic pride to which I have alluded works of architecture and sculpture were multiplied on every side. The cause of art was truly "blended with that of an ardent communal patriotism; the Sienese troops were bringing back among the spoils of conquered cities those columns of oriental marble and those marble lions which support the pulpit sculptured by Niccolò Pisano."† Living in a community imbued with these sentiments it quite naturally ap-

* *The Story of Siena and San Gimignano.* By Edmund G. Gardner. Illustrated by Helen M. James, and many reproductions from the works of Painters and Sculptors. The Macmillan Company, New York.

† A. Geffroy.

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peared, therefore, to the administrators of Biccherna and of Gabella almost as a point of honor to invite the best masters to decorate their tavolette, or book-covers.

"The greatest artists of the middle ages and of the Renaissance disdained not either the least parts of their art nor the most familiar occasions for its exercise. The local archives" (of Siena) "show artists of renown, Simone Martini, or Memmi, the friend of Petrarch; later Sodoma, Beccafumi, and others, decorating, for the confraternities, or for the commune, banners, catafalques, coffins, coffers, altar-cloths, escutcheons. Art showed itself everywhere, as happens in times when its fecundity overflows, or, better yet, when the public taste, after a brilliant, quickened, and refined period, turns to utility the opulence of a society polished to luxury that a skilful daintiness sets off and makes the most of."*

Thus it happened that the Sienese book covers, or tavolette, were not long limited to portraits of the camerlingo. Outgoing officials desired to give their administration a certain distinction by adding to the covers of their registers artistic decoration, constituting complete pictures in miniature. The decoration soon adorned three-fourths of the cover and finally all of it.

The tavolette of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries commemorated truths in sacred history, Christian belief, or tradition; sometimes also events in local history, wars of the republic, or allegories of ideal government and its beneficent results. A right comprehension of Sienese art, in any of its manifestations, is not possible without a keen appreciation of the passionate religious faith of the people, as a whole, whether of high or low degree. In those times faith in the supernatural order of the unseen world was very real and intense. The direct interposition of Almighty God in human affairs, and the influence of the Blessed Virgin and of the saints, in behalf of cities, communes, and states were as much factors in civic and military life as the strength and number of contending factions, the troops that could be mustered into service, or their equipment in weapons of offence and defence.

By the first clause in their constitution, of the fourteenth century, the associated artists of Siena declared themselves to be, "through the grace of God, manifestors to gross men, that know not letters, of the marvellous things wrought by virtue

* A. Geffroy, *op. cit.*

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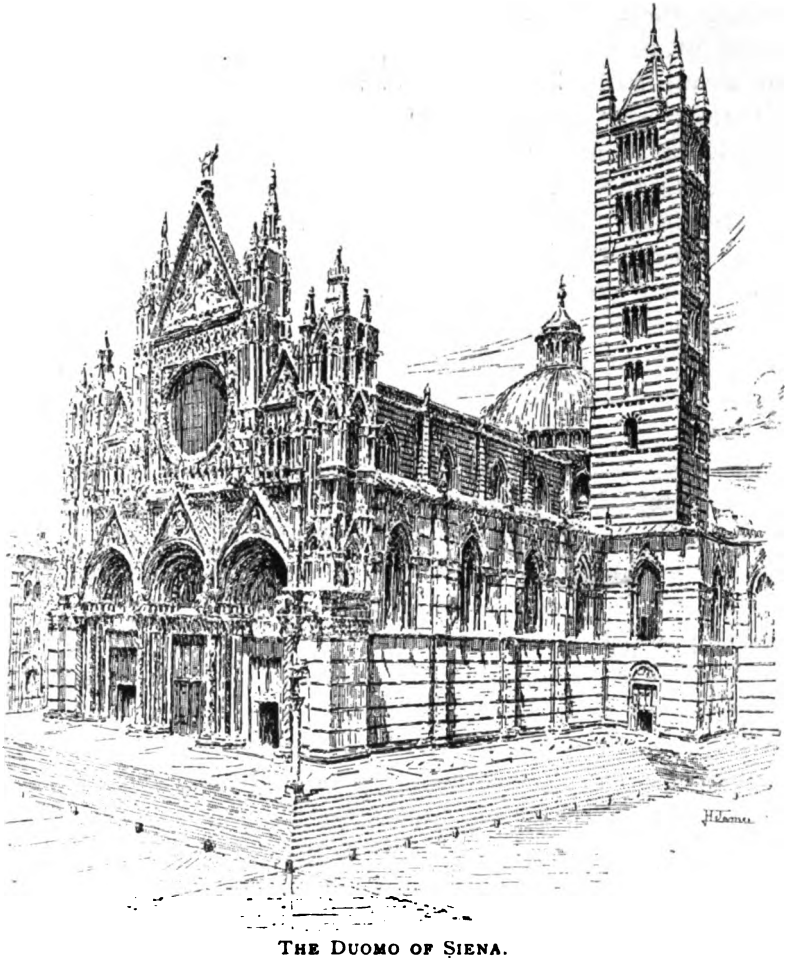

THE DUOMO OF SIENA.
(By courtesy of The Macmillan Company.)

and in virtue of the holy faith." This is the keynote to all Sienese art, a school too little known, and unappreciated by those who are either of the earth earthy, or incapable of seeing anything in representations of the Redeemer of the world, the great Mother of God, or the glorified saints of the celestial country, save only line, drawing, flesh-tints, and anatomy. Those who are blind to the soul of a picture, and see nothing there but technique, had better confine themselves to the art of decadent France, and class the art of Siena as that of "the primitives."

Perhaps through the spirit in which their work was conceived and executed, anonymity has been preserved by Sienese

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artists in these tavolette, or panel pictures, that adorned the exterior of books of financial record. Nevertheless, of such of them as are gathered together in the archives of Siena accurate attributions have been made by Signor Banchi, A. Lisini, and C. Paoli, of Siena, and by Americans (by birth or naturalization), such as F. Mason Perkins, Bernard Berenson, and William Heywood. The magnificent and richly illustrated work of Mr. F. Mason Perkins on the Sienese painters, just brought out in French (and soon also, I think, in English) by Lévy of Paris, covers the whole field of Sienese art, in which an increasing degree of interest is being shown, extending also to the wonderful architecture that remains to us from the middle ages, more perfect in Siena than elsewhere in Italy.

The tavolette of the fifteenth century largely illustrated notable events in Sienese history. An event leaving a very lasting impression on the Sienese people was the stay among them, for nearly a year, of the Emperor Sigismund. Rome was the objective point of his journey, but he lingered in Siena while engaged in controversy with Pope Eugenius IV. regarding the Council of Basil and the terms of his coronation. Two tavolette are known to have commemorated imperial acts; one, of the office of Gabella (now lost), represented the emperor enthroned at the entrance to the Sienese Palazzo Pubblico, surrounded by officials of his empire, and in the act of administering the oath of allegiance to magistrates of the republic; another, of Biccherna, depicts Sigismund's subsequent coronation, in 1433, by Pope Eugenius IV. This last event is also commemorated in the central panels of the great bronze doors of St. Peter's of Rome, executed during the pontificate of this same pope. In that wonderful series of pictures, in stone, that make the pavement of the Cathedral of Siena without a parallel in Italy, an inlaid, pavement portrait, designed by Domenico di Bartolo, in 1434, represents the Emperor Sigismund enthroned and seated under a classic canopy supported by pillars crowned with Ionic capitals. The architectural drawing of this design is beautiful.

In 1467 earthquakes of such violence occurred in Siena that the inhabitants forsook their houses and sought shelter in tents, wooden huts and booths, erected in the public piazza and elsewhere in and around the city. Girolamo Gigli, the Sienese chronicler, relates how Almighty God delivered the city from

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Decorated Book Cover, 1494 A.D. Work of Matteo di Giovanni, representing the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple.

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these trials and dangers by the special intercession (as was believed at the time) of the Blessed Virgin Mary, after public petitions had been offered up before a "miraculous image of the great Mother of God," at that time venerated near Viterbo. A tavoletta of this date represents the Madonna and angels in the heavens, while around the towered and walled city are the temporary habitations of the terror-stricken inhabitants. In thanksgiving a delegation of twelve prominent citizens was sent from Siena with a votive offering to the shrine near Viterbo, and a fresco, in the municipal palace of Viterbo, shows this Sienese deputation humbly kneeling in gratitude to God and to her who was the chief patron of their city for their deliverance from these dangers and disasters.

Giovanni di Paolo and his school decorated a large number of the tavolette, or book-covers, of the fifteenth century. This artist was one of the masters who, with Sano di Pietro, Lorenzo di Pietro (styled the Vecchietta), and Matteo di Giovanni maintained, in the fifteenth century, the prosperity of the Sienese school. Sano di Pietro especially labored for the commune and the guilds almost without cessation. Besides his wonderful miniatures, already described, and many tavolette of the Sienese records, his inexhaustible artistic energy turned out banners, altar-pieces, mural frescoes, etc.

The range of subjects, illustrated by the tavolette of the fifteenth century, comprises portraits of saints and beatified Sienese, truths of revelation, and a varied assortment of historical events and allegorical designs significant of local conditions, or history. To this latter class belongs a beautifully preserved tablet depicting the Blessed Virgin (for centuries known as the Advocate of the Sienese) recommending the city of Siena to God. The kneeling figure of the Madonna appears with uplifted face, of great sweetness and beauty, appealing to our Lord to infuse into the factious and turbulent Sienese a spirit of unity and civic concord. This much-needed public sentiment is symbolized by a cord or rope, drawn around a raised model of the city. In her right hand the Virgin Mother bears a scroll, upon which are inscribed the words: *Hec est Civita Mea* (This is my city, or state). This title of ownership originated with the Sienese, who, after Montaperti, stamped upon their coins, "City of the Virgin." This beautiful tavoletta is attributed, by M. Berenson, to Neroccio di Landi, but

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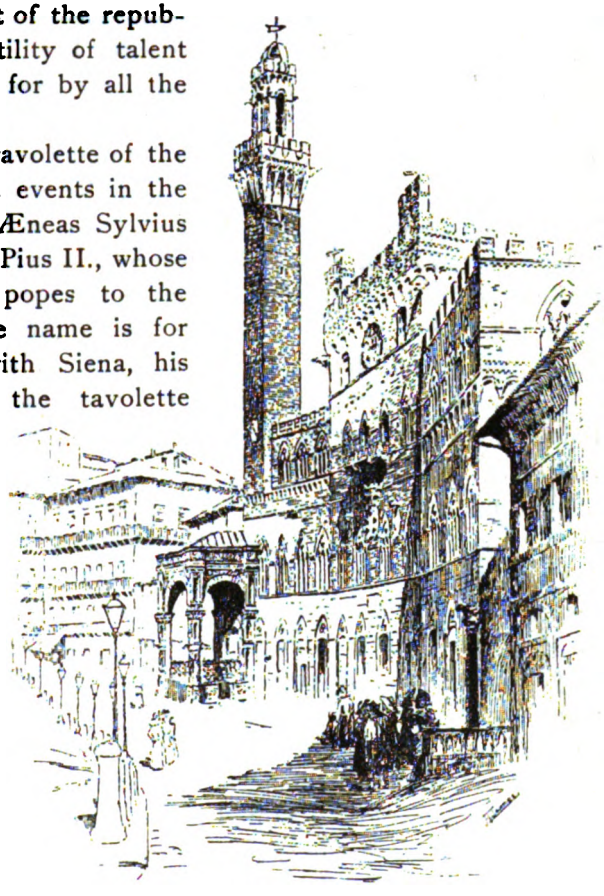
by Lisini of Siena and A. Geffroy, late of the French school of Rome, to Francesco di Giorgio Martini. This last attribution seems more probable. Painter, sculptor, engineer, architect, and soldier, Francesco di Giorgio Martini even had a hand in the government of the republic, and his versatility of talent made him sought for by all the states of Italy.

Four existing tavolette of the quatrocento record events in the life and career of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, Pope Pius II., whose family gave two popes to the church and whose name is for ever identified with Siena, his native city. In the tavolette which pictures him in the act of conferring the cardinal's hat upon his nephew, Francesco Piccolomini (afterwards Pope Pius III.), it is interesting to note among several armorial bearings, the coat-of-arms of the Pecci family. The genealogy of this latter family has been traced out by the industry of several Italian writers, and among the archives of Siena is a letter from Pope Leo XIII. to the Confraternity of St. Catherine, in which His Holiness expresses his belief in the Sienese origin of his family.



THE PALACE OF THE COMMUNE.
(By courtesy of The Macmillan Company.)

A tavoletta of 1473, executed by Sano di Pietro, at the age of sixty-seven, is remarkable for its exquisite finish and perfect preservation, and valuable also for its display of costumes of the period. It represents the marriage, at Bologna, of Roberto da San Severino, at one time captain of war of the republic of

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Siena, to Lucrezia Malavolti, of one of the most ancient and illustrious families of the city, and perhaps the most beautiful woman of her time.

Mr. Berenson maintains that Sienese art exhausted itself in presenting the ideals and feelings of the middle ages. Certainly, Sodoma came in from Lombardy, Fra Paolino from Florence, and Pinturicchio, Perugino and Signorelli, all of the Umbrian school, exerted a powerful influence upon Sienese art, but some or all of these were themselves influenced by its traditions. "There resulted," as Mr. Berenson says, "from all these mingled influences a most singular and charming eclecticism—saved from the pretentiousness and folly, usually controlling such movements, by the sense for grace and beauty even to the last seldom absent from the Sienese."* Signor Paoli, of Siena, has aptly said of this blending of different schools and its resultant art, that "Sodoma was its Leonardo, Baldassare Peruzzi its Raphael, and Beccafumi its Michael Angelo."

During the first half of the sixteenth century more than ever were the scenes on the covers of treasury registers borrowed from local history, religious personages or events. The manner and style of these productions then ceased to show the distinctive character which has made attribution of authorship easy, with those of the preceding century. Entries of payment for these artistic commissions, for the offices of Biccherna and Gabella, are more frequently absent from the current accounts. In many of them the identity of the artist is unknown. Giorgio di Giovanni executed a number of those whose origin is clear, and the influence of Beccafumi, or of his school, is apparent in others.

By the middle of the fifteenth century paper had, to a great extent, taken the place of parchment as material for treasury books of record, and buffalo hide and other kinds of leather gradually superseded tavolette, or boards, as covers, or binding, for the registers. The records of vital statistics and of hospital administration were still bound in decorated panels, leather backed; following the idea, and in a fashion somewhat similar to that established by the offices of Biccherna and of Gabella, and the pictorial character was preserved by the hospital managers as late as the seventeenth

* Bernard Berenson, *The Central Italian Painters of the Renaissance.*

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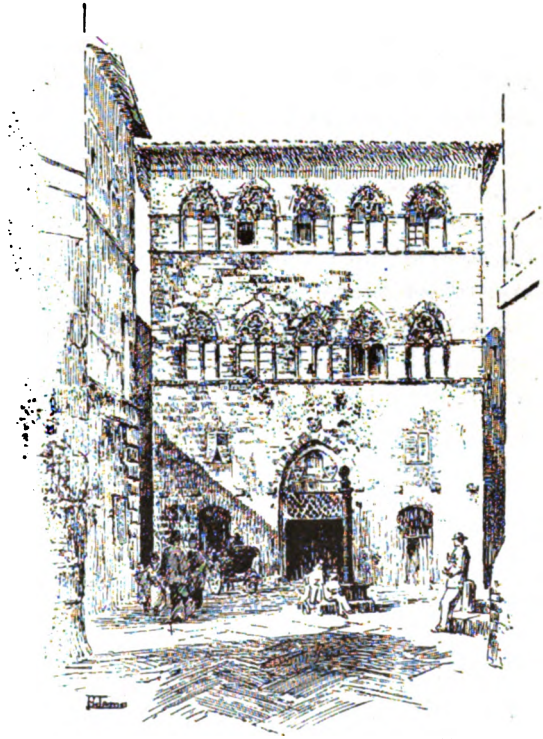
century. As specimens of panel or miniature painting, on gesso or wood, those of the hospital of Santa Maria della Scala are greatly inferior to those executed by order of the treasury offices. They have, however, a distinct interest and value for the student of Sienese life and history, or of mediæval costume. The adoption of paper insides and leather bindings, for treasury books of account, led to the abandonment of tavolette, the decorative panel covers, painted in distemper, on gesso, or gold ground.



THE GREAT GRAY STONE PALACE OF THE TOLOMEI.
(By courtesy of The Macmillan Company)

Officials of finance still desired to commemorate their administration by some tangible memorial of stirring scenes or events with which they had been identified, or which had largely occupied the public mind during their term of service. This impulse found expression in a series of panel pictures, which were practically an enlargement of the tavolette, now superseded by leather in the binding of books of record. These larger tavole (boards or panels) varied in size, but were intended for wall decoration, and they were synchronous with the treasury records of each administration.

One of the most beautiful of the tavole, or larger panel pictures, commemorates the reform of the calendar by Pope Gregory XIII. It is of date of 1582 and shows far greater artistic merit than most of these larger miniatures. In historic interest it has great value, for several reasons. In planning the reform the pope prepared a draft of the proposed change and referred it to learned men everywhere for an expression of their views. Among the Italian opinions sent to Rome were

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two from Sienese scholars, one from Alessandro Piccolomini, Bishop of Patrasso, and one from Father Teofilo Marzio, a Benedictine monk of the Cassinese Congregation. Moreover, while nations and states lagged behind in adopting the reform, it was proclaimed in Siena but a few months after the issuance of the Papal bull on this subject. Although the artist who executed this tavola has not been identified, there is reason to believe that some figures in the groups of churchmen and savants shown in the picture are actual portraits.

These tavole, or panel paintings, synchronous with treasury registers of corresponding date, continued to appear, at the retirement of each outgoing administration, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In 1557 Cosimo de Medicis obtained control of Siena, and although the rule of that house was oppressive everywhere, yet most of the republican offices were continued under the Medicis. The office of Biccherna was not finally suppressed until the latter end of the eighteenth century, and the esecutori of Gabella exercised their functions until the French occupation of Tuscany in 1808. There are nearly forty of these tavole, or panel paintings, now preserved among the archives of Siena. Towards the last they became more pretentious and were painted in oil and upon canvas. Some administrators of finance have commemorated their official incumbency by notable frescoes on the walls of their later offices, in the Palazzo Pubblico of Siena, that magnificent structure of the middle ages, with its stately Mangia Tower.

The first leather bindings that encased the treasury records were extremely plain. Later they received stamping of a more or less ornate kind, each stage of artistic development showing progressive skill and finish. Finally gilding appeared in designs of great delicacy and beauty. The leather bindings of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries show a complete evolution in the art of book-binding, in the quality, style, and color of the leather employed, and the character and variety of its decoration. The magnificent book-bindings, all executed by hand, in Siena to-day, and which are so highly esteemed by such art-lovers as are familiar with them, are reproductions in facsimile of the treasury registers in the Royal Archives of State.

The vandalism that marked the French domination in Tuscany was the first cause that led to the removal and sub-

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Q VESTI SONNO E NOMI DIQVELI SPETTABILI CITTADINI STATI
ALLO OFFITIO DELI EXEGVITORI DICABELLA GENAIO 1479 DAFINIRE
COME SEGVE PSEL MESI EPRIMA MACTIO DANTOGNIO DINERI CHA
MARLENGO MSIACOMO DIBENEDETO NICOLO DANT DIGVELFO FRNCCA
BRIELI ANTONIO DIBIAGIO DIGVIDO PAVOLO DISGIOVANI DIFRNCESCO GIO
VANNI DIMARIANO PACINELI 1480 SECODOLVILLO COME SEGVE MSOTI
VO DIFATIO BELIARMATI PAVOLO DITOMASO ORAFO ANDREA DIIACOMA
D DADREVCCO BART DACOTONO SGIOVANNI BAGNIOLO NIMANVCCIO

THE BLESSED VIRGIN RECOMMENDING THE CITY OF SIENA TO THE PROTECTION OF HER DIVINE SON. WORK OF FRANCESCO DI GIORGIO MARTINI, A.D. 1470.

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sequent loss of a vast majority of the beautifully decorated tavolette that served as covers for the treasury records. The French did not consider them "in the taste of the times." In more than one part of Italy sad evidence can be gathered to-day of the character of that vandal horde that overran the Peninsula under the Corsican adventurer. From a comparison of dates of such of the tavolette, or actual book covers, and of the larger panel pictures, as are now preserved in the Sienese archives, it is clear that this method of commemorating official terms of office continued for at least four hundred and thirty-two years. As a new set of accounts was opened every six months, with each incoming administration of the offices of Biccherna and Gabella, there must have been an enormous number of these panel pictures that have been lost, scattered, or destroyed. About fifty are now preserved in Siena of the pictorial book-covers; the Industrial Museum of Berlin possesses four of these pictorial covers of the fourteenth century and one of the fifteenth; three of the fourteenth century are in the department of manuscripts of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris; one hangs in the Christian Museum of the Lateran, in Rome.

After the first dispersion the pictorial book-covers of their records were so little appreciated, even by the Sienese themselves, that Ramboux, a German artist of Cologne, acquired thirty-one of them at very low prices, picking them up here and there at street corners and antiquity shops. The Ramboux collection was sold after that artist's death, in 1866. The city of Cologne purchased some and others passed to Berlin and Paris, there being added to the museum and library I have named. Thanks to the enlightened care and zeal of Signor L. Banchi, late director of the archives of Siena, the Sienese collection has been enlarged from various sources, notably by the generous addition of those formerly in the possession of Count Piccolomini of Pienza.

The archives of Siena, as at present constituted, are the outgrowth of a governmental effort to gather together in one place all records of a past rich in glorious or historic memories, immensely valuable in themselves, and forming, in their ensemble, a mine of interest or information to students of history, of biography, and of art. This work of the government has been supplemented by the aid of such institutions as the Monte

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dei Paschi, a powerful loan association, whose profits are expended in works of public utility, and by gifts of private individuals. In this way the archives have been successively enlarged in 1867, 1873, and again in 1885.

In 1867 an exposition hall was inaugurated in the Piccolomini Palace, with a view to placing before visitors important specimens of the varied letters, documents, manuscript books, etc., most characteristic of the different phases of Sienese life and history, in all their manifestations and many-sided activities. It was originally intended, by the late director, Signor Banchi, to change these exhibits from time to time, for the benefit of that increasing number of persons who make successive visits to Siena through the lapse of years. This last excellent idea has not, however, been carried out; at least, not for many years.

Siena, Italy.

HOUSE OF ST. CATHERINE.
(By courtesy of The Macmillan Company.)

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THE PERILS OF UNAUTHORIZED DOGMATISM.

BY CHARLES M. WESTCOTT.

BREADTH.

"Who hath weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. . . . Behold He taketh up the isles as a very little thing."—Isaias xl. 12.

IT is well at times to "take wings of fancy and ascend" to God's throne and look down upon the littleness of created things with His eyes; to remember that the value which things bear (and must and ought to bear) to us as great and important, is but relative to the smallness and narrowness of our life.

Yet to dwell ever in so high and rarefied an atmosphere would paralyze our energies; and for the most part it is better for us to yield ourselves to the self-magnifying illusions of our imagination, lest, wishing to be as gods, we should become as beasts. But to yield ourselves consciously, and not unconsciously, to this illusion, is what saves us from our pettiness; just as the knowledge of our ignorance and the sense of the inadequacy of our ideas redeem us from utter darkness and blindness. Therefore, from time to time we should "consider the heavens" and dwarf ourselves and our little earth by comparison with things sublime and immense, lest we should altogether give, instead of merely lending, ourselves to the play of life, in which we must bear our part with a certain outward seriousness, if the tragedy is not to be turned into burlesque. Without some such periodic bracing we shall not reach that divine magnanimity, that imperturbable tranquillity of which it is written: "They that trust in the Lord" (*i. e.*, that believe in him as the one absolute reality, beside which all others are shadowy, that care for him as the one thing worth taking altogether seriously) "shall be as Mount Sion that shall never be moved"; they shall share God's own mountain-like immobility as regards events and concerns which, however relatively serious, are ultimately infinitesimal.

Behind all their clouds they will be ever conscious of this clear, untroubled ether; beneath life's surface storms they will be aware of unfathomed depths of stillness. They will weigh

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mountains in the scales and the hills in a balance, and will take up the islands as a very little thing.

"Qui multo peregrinantur," says À Kempis, "raro sanctificantur"—great pilgrims are rarely great saints; what they gain at the shrines is lost on the road. And yet travel, in some sense of the word, is a necessity for the soul. Its effect is to open the mind and cure its provincialism or parochialism; to convince us of our ignorance and insignificance, for in small surroundings we loom big. Even in a very large empty room we are shrivelled up and begin to long for some cosier apartment of which we shall fill a more appreciable fraction. The field of our total experiences, past and present, seems, like that of our vision, to be of a constant and limited compass; so that, as new items are added to the mosaic, the rest are crowded together to make room for them. Thus, roughly speaking, to a child of seven, a year, being one-seventh of its total experience, seems ten times longer than to a man of seventy; and he who has now a thousand interests, cares ten times less about any of them than had he only a hundred.

Hence, it is characteristic of those whose experience is narrow, owing to youth or to other circumstances, to lose that sense of proportion which is gained by viewing things, not from a personal, parochial, or national, but from an historical and more universal stand-point. To travel through humanity, past and present; to view things as they constitute part of that universal experience; this gives us a most valuable aspect of truth. Yet, after all, it is but one, even if a more important aspect, and it needs to be complemented by the other and narrower aspect. If an event, relatively to humanity, is truly small, relatively to me it is none the less truly great; and only God, who can keep both the universal and the particular aspects co-present to his gaze, can judge events altogether justly. And even in the case of the widest outlook of which we are capable, events seem immeasurably larger than they would from the stand-point of the infinite, whence they would vanish into nothingness for minds constituted as ours are.

Thus the effect of a too great largeness of view is often weakening and enervating, except when the faculty of concrete imagination is relatively strong. Indecision and hesitancy characterize a mind which is possessed of more information

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than it can comfortably grapple with, which sees a thousand sides to every question, and range after range of mountainous difficulties stretching away into the future; nor can it ever possess that concentrated strength of affection and interest, that intensity and enthusiasm of which a certain narrowness seems the indispensable condition. For little creatures like ourselves narrowness is the lesser evil; for if we go too far from ourselves we shall perchance lose ourselves in the dreary void of the infinite. Life is love and action, and these are paralyzed by distraction and indecision; for they deal with the concrete and particular. But, with us, to be broad and comprehensive means leaving the concrete and particular for the abstract and general. For we are men, and not gods. It is the pent up steam that does work, not that which escapes; and since sanctification means intensity and enthusiasm, he will rarely be a saint who travels too much. Yet neither will he who travels too little; for man has a measure in reference to which "broad" and "narrow" have a true meaning, the one good and the other evil.

NARROWNESS.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate."—Matt. vii. 14.

There are broad and narrow ways of thinking and acting. Narrowness is a term of reproach; so that we usually affect "breadth," however much we all lack it. Yet Christ seems to censure wide, roomy ways of thought and life; and, moreover, it is accepted generally that there is a certain safety in narrowness. "Good people" are usually more or less narrow, not only with that voluntary narrowness which is implied in all concentration of energy and decision of purpose, and is simply a necessary mortification of rejected possibilities in the interest of that which has been accepted; but often with a sort of inborn narrowness which is the cause rather than the effect of their goodness. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God," seems to have its application here as well.

Again, the same anti-liberal disposition which cleaves naturally to tradition, custom, and precedent, and refuses to discuss moral or religious problems on their own intrinsic merits, is very conducive to uniformity of conduct, and thereby to depth or stability of habit. It helps much to decision and energy in well-doing to believe in sharply defined lines between truth and

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error, good and evil; to believe that there is no truth outside one's own creed or school, and no good whatever in worldly or irreligious people; to feel that there is everything to be said for one side, and nothing at all for the other; whereas resolution is often relaxed by the decay of this almost tribal instinct, this firm faith in conventional judgments, as a substitute for which our own dim intuition of things, not as they are said to be, but as they really seem to ourselves, is feeble and ineffectual.

If, then, all men tend to an excess either of conservatism or of liberalism, the virtuous will in the main be found in the former class. But none the less, nothing is more strikingly characteristic of Christ's own teaching and practice than its breadth and charitable comprehensiveness. If he was intolerant of anything, it was of intolerance; of the censorious Pharisee; of the tyrannical priest; of the pedantic scribe; of the hair-splitting lawyer and moralist; of the materialistic and literal, as opposed to the Catholic and spiritual interpretation of God's law. Yet he tells us that the path to the higher and eternal life of the spirit is narrow and hard to find; whereas the wide and easy path leads down to spiritual death.

The eternal life of the soul is the life of the higher thoughts and affections, the life of truth and love; and it is a matter of reason and common sense that all darkness and error is some kind of narrowness, some lack of experience, some unwillingness or inability to look truth in the face. It is because we never see all things together, but must always treat what is only a part as though it were a complete self-explanatory whole, that the broadest human view is narrow, inadequate, and to some extent positively misleading—so that all our truths are necessarily alloyed with error, and will ensnare whoever does not recognize the fact. And, as regards the affections, are they not dwarfed, perverted, and even exterminated by narrowness, by selfishness of every kind? Is not breadth of sympathy, catholicity of taste, comprehensiveness of love, the very essence of eternal life?

Plainly then, though eternal life means a certain breadth and expansion of the soul, yet the path that leads to it is narrow, and few there be that find it. Narrowness of mind and heart is as easy as selfishness and ignorance; the way that leads to that spiritual death is wide, easy, and down-hill, and

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many there be that go in thereat. Truth and goodness alike consist in a certain mean, in a difficult and delicate adjustment of the motives of belief and action. The path to life is along a narrow ridge from which it is easy to slip down on one side or the other, towards the contrary extremes of laxity or rigorism.

The former is the easier and more perilous slope and is thronged by those whose life consists, not of action and self-movement, but of passive drifting along the current of inclination, believing or denying, doing or not doing, according as less resistance is needed for one or the other; and also by those fewer who throw energy into their sin; who rush down the slope to destruction like the devil-possessed swine of Gadara.

The contrary incline is occupied by the well-meaning and ill-judging multitude of those who find it so much *easier* to live by hard-and-fast unqualified rules of belief and right conduct, than by a just and elastic application of living principles to each particular and individual case. What confirms them in their obduracy is the consciousness that they are going against nature and overcoming themselves, and their belief that the harder way is the better, or at least the safer.

Yet if they would but try, they might find something as much harder than narrowness as narrowness is than looseness. "It is easier to keep silence altogether than not to offend in speech"; and indeed everywhere total abstinence is easier than temperance. But it is not always better, nor as good. "I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world," says Christ of His Apostles, "but that Thou shouldst keep them from evil." Indeed, far from being the safer, the rigid way is often the more dangerous, as leading to strong reactions of disgust and rebellion on the part of violated nature; and as at best cramping that natural expansiveness of the soul which is the essential condition of its life.

As in the fine arts, so in the art of life, the right way is high, difficult, and narrow, and few there be, if any, that find it. Left to ourselves, we all slip down the easier slope; and if grace for a moment raise us to the summit, we slip down the other. But He has come to show to all the Narrow Way, and to make the lost secret common property. "I am the Way," He says, "and the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh to the Father but by Me."

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LIBERTY FOR OTHERS.

"Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not."—Rom. xiv. 3.

Though few desire real liberty, there is an element of liberty that all naturally desire. A man lost in the middle of the Sahara desert is not so free as a galley-slave chained to his oar, since the latter has the needful conditions for a certain limited degree of life; while the former is face to face with extinction. Yet it is something not to be coerced by another will than our own. Be such coercion just or unjust, the first instinct of our will is to resent it and rebel against it. Perfect freedom is doubtless his whose mind and heart are so attuned to just law, divine and human, as to obey without friction or sense of thwart; and who moreover lives in an ideal world where every law is just and divine. But even in such a soul it is not submission to just compulsion that satisfies and frees, but the conviction that the occasion for such compulsion will never arise; since perfect love has cast out fear and its torment. Hence the hatred of being tied down is natural and right, since it is our final destiny to be freed from such friction and coercion. It is this instinct which angers us against any attempt to advise or persuade us even to some course of conduct which else we had freely chosen; which makes us hesitate to commit ourselves to some one out of many possible lines of action, and thereby to put the alternatives out of our reach for ever; which makes us feel our most voluntary engagements an intolerable burden as soon as they are entered upon; which prompts us to puzzle people by unexpected and freakish turns of word and action, lest knowing the laws and uniformities of our conduct, they should be able to manage us secretly and play upon the several keys of our character at will.

Like the love of money, or of any other means of life, this love of being "let alone" and not interfered with becomes, if over-indulged, an unreasoning passion; the end being forgotten in the eager pursuit of the means. Few love liberty for justice's sake, and simply that they and others indifferently may lead the best and fullest life; and many love license in their hearts and call it liberty with their lips; but most love non-interference for its own sake without a thought of the end for which it should be desired,—just as we often love to hurry through work and to struggle for an unlimited ocean of leisure,

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without the faintest notion of what is to be done with the leisure when secured. All occupation is embittered by a secret sense of an infinity of alternatives and incompatible occupations which are excluded; for, if to be idle is to enjoy none of them actually, it is at least to be at liberty to enjoy any of them.

That we mostly love non-interference for its own sake, or for our own sake, and not for justice's sake—that is, not from the disinterested love of order as an absolute good—is clear from our readiness to interfere with others in order to secure fuller freedom for ourselves. We resent having the mind and will of another imposed as the norm of our own; but we would enforce our notions and tastes on every one else.

This desire to bring all others round to our way of thinking and acting is also a natural and useful instinct—one of the cohesive forces of society—and its absence is a grave defect; but it is a very subordinate principle of conduct, needing often to be checked and overridden by many. another and better. The social organism requires a nice adjustment of uniformity and variety; since an excess of the one means petrification; of the other, disintegration. And so in the Christian Church there are certain established points of faith that are held in common by all; but beyond, there is a region of opinion and free speculation as to matters in regard to which the church's mind is still unformed; and were no liberty tolerated in that region, there would be no variety of conflicting opinions illustrating and explaining one another, each holding an element of that full truth which is eventually to be accepted and appropriated as a development of the body of dogmatic teaching.

Again, there are obligatory practices common to all Christians, but a still wider region of individual variations in regard to which a wise liberty and mutual toleration should be maintained. Doubtless many of the existing uniformities and obligations were selected, by reason of their proven utility, from the mass of local and particular observances, and extended to the Universal Church. To suppress variations would be to suppress growth. Hence we should be as jealous for liberty as for law, since they are co-principles of social life; we should be indignant against unauthorized dogmatism—doctrinal or practical—in matters where the church has left us free.

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For example, as regards the greater or lesser frequenting of the sacraments, the usage of the church has differed immensely in different ages and countries, and saints have been formed on both systems; nor can we say that there has ever been a steady progress towards the present frequency, since this is but a revival of the most primitive practice. The truth is, that frequency is but one condition of fruitfulness, and fervor is the other: so that in some sense it is indifferent whether we go frequently and fairly well, or rarely and very well; whether we replenish our cup after every sip or wait till it is nearly empty. We do not drink more on one system than on the other. Outward circumstances often determine the matter for us; still more should we consult our mental temperament. For some, frequency begets routine and formalism; for others, it secures the stability of habit. Some can snatch only now and then the inner or outer leisure needed for that concentration which their sense of reverence demands in approaching the sacraments; others, owing to the evenness of their mind and circumstances, can keep themselves always at or near the necessary level of recollection.

Doubtless in each age or locality there is an established average of frequency—once a month, or once a week, or four times a year; and one should so far respect that rule as not to depart from it notably without positive reason; but such reasons so abound that we must leave men full liberty to go much more frequently or much less frequently without daring to rank them spiritually by the frequency of their communions. Wherefore "let not him that eateth, despise him that eateth not; nor let him that eateth not, judge him that eateth. He that eateth, eateth in the Lord and giveth thanks; and likewise he that eateth not"; *i.e.*, both have a good reason for what they do, and glorify God in opposite ways. We can go to heaven by sea as well as by land. "Who art thou that judgest another? To his own Master he standeth or falleth." These words are the too easily forgotten Magna Charta of Christian liberty. "In God's house are many mansions," and there is room for all sorts and conditions of men, even for the most unlikely and unimaginable.

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JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS ON SOCIAL UNREST.

R. BROOKS has collected in a volume* of four hundred pages a mass of facts and opinions on the subject of social unrest, which condensed into a few words is a brief in the case of Labor against Capital. Most of the matter is in the form of a running commentary on the conditions of the present day, without the customary set phrases of argument; in fact, the reader is left in doubt as to any possibility of a cure for the trouble, as the author himself is by no means sure that he has discovered any solution.

Mr. Brooks thinks the Social Unrest is due to the widespread extension of education. Modern political liberty has magnified the wants of the human race, and he sees only a partial cure as possible, for he says, page 96: "Popular education and the spread of democratic ideas evidently introduced influences calculated in their very nature to stimulate the feelings out of which *unrest grows*. It would puzzle one to conceive a more fertile breeding place of unsatisfied desires than that which present educational facilities offer. . . . Though in the coming sixty years the affluence of wealth multiply our material prosperity an hundredfold, *is it to be expected* that the margin of unquenched desires will be narrower? . . . We seem likely to the end of time to be whipped on by a multitude of wants that will overtop every means to gratify them." This is a hopeless outlook; and when he shows how the primitive races still abide in contentment while the educated races rush on madly to unrest and suicide, caused by the check on their unsatisfied longings, one cannot help thinking that the old adage, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," contains a wholesome truth for the modern world to learn. Mr. Brooks thinks industrial equality in the form of socialism will some day be realized, just as equality has been realized in the domains of religion and politics. Here the intelligent Catholic can scarcely follow him. "It has grown clear," he says (p. 103), "that when a certain state of civiliza-

* *The Social Unrest.* By John Graham Brooks. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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tion has been reached, religious and political inequalities are felt to be socially mischievous." To a Catholic the rebellion against authority in religion is rather to be regarded as a calamity, one of the worst that has ever befallen the human race, rather than a true light to guide the modern world into industrial freedom. "One cannot omit," he continues, "from the causes of unrest the slow decay of authority in religion." And he shows in a fierce light the atheism of the original socialist leaders, Liebknecht amongst others, who said in 1875: "It is our duty as socialists to root out the faith in God with all our zeal, nor is any one worthy the name who does not consecrate himself to the spread of atheism." Schall, the Stuttgart leader, also: "We open war upon God, because He is the greatest evil in the world." True indeed the leaders do not talk so now. Is it because they have changed? Not at all. But these "jaunty critics," Mr. Brooks says, saw how deep a hold religion had on the masses, and when they could not disillusionize them, they changed their policy so that they could the more readily manipulate them. Fine leaders of a new and great principle! But, in spite of this duplicity, Social Unrest has grown by their agitation, and Mr. Brooks enumerates the causes: Education, machinery, employers rich and laborers poor; state charters for privileges given to the favored few; light taxes on the rich, heavy taxes on the common people; growth of trusts and corporations;—in fact, all the causes which make for industrial inequality, and the conviction that labor is not getting its just share of its energies, while capital is getting too much; loss of faith in the regulation of these evils by the state, and, worst of all, a distrust of the courts of justice as being the hirelings of wealth. The chapter on machinery is worth reading, as it seems the story of a magician. What a laborer took ten hours to perform by hand in the removing cotton seeds from one and one-half pounds of cotton, he now by machine removes in the same time from six thousand pounds. A steam shovel does in eight minutes what a hand shovel did in ten hours. One stone-crusher does the work of six hundred men. Upon an old hand-loom one man could weave forty yards in a week; to-day by machine sixteen hundred yards.

Small wonder that an unrest has entered the ranks of labor when machines are daily throwing thousands out of the labor

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it took them a life-time to learn. Mr. Brooks thinks socialism the only answer to the present industrial inequalities; but, like most socialists, he has only meagre plans. He thinks partial remedies will be applied as the struggle goes on, but they will be satisfactory only for a time. They are, briefly, legislation, co-operation, division of stock and profits, compulsory arbitration of strikes, workingmen's pensions; last of all, and the most radical, what he calls the abolishing of capital, namely: "There is to-day no clearly conceived socialism that does not aim first of all at the socializing of the 'three rents.' If socialism were to triumph and be carried to logical completeness, no individual could draw a penny's income from interest, rent, or profits. These would pass to the community. So to organize industry that the coupon-monger in every form shall be suppressed is the *raison d'être* of socialism" (page 270). These political experiments, more or less dangerous, are all in the present programme of the socialist leaders. Mr. Brooks acknowledges that all the schemes for making a Utopia for humanity in the past have failed, and the socialists can point to no fact in history which justifies any hope that their promises now can be fulfilled. In fact, he admits that there is in human nature an innate rebellion against uniformity in social life. Man cries out for variety with a vehemence that never will be smothered; and Mr. Brooks says (p. 230): "If there is a single lesson to be read from the long list of insolvent Utopias it is that the thing we call human nature will not submit to have thrust upon it the externals of a literal equality. . . . Certainly the chief sources of our social troubles are old-fashioned ignorance and selfishness. If one choose to conceive a race that is without ignorance and without selfishness, the new society is at hand." True enough; but that race never did and never will exist, and the socialists are planning a country for angels while half the inhabitants do not belong in that company.

The most important chapter in the book is the one on socialism at work. Here we have the real thing: what they have done, what they are doing. Politically, Mr. Brooks does not see much profit in the socialist experiments, especially in France (p. 291): "In most towns I asked the mayor, or his secretary, what had been done to realize the socialist ideal. Many communities have had from eight to ten years' experi

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ence with collectivist administrators. The first, and often the paramount occupation, has been to vote larger budgets in favor of the poor. Also voting higher pensions to socialist soldiers, and free medical attendance to the poor. "It is for the most part," he says, "an extremely loose and promiscuous form of out-door relief." He is impressed that such work is a raw attempt to catch the working-class vote by giving away public money. But in the work of co-operation, Mr. Brooks finds much to praise in the Belgian experiments; and here certainly no one can object to socialist ideas if they remain in these channels. Hundreds of co-operative societies have been formed for the manufacture and sale of every kind of article. The result has been satisfactory in reducing the cost of the necessaries of life to the poor, although it has destroyed many small tradesmen. The saddest outcome of these co-operative societies, from the stand-point of the workingman, has been the adoption of methods in their management which labor has always railed at as the tyranny of private capital.

Socialists, as their own managers, worked some of their men ten hours, and argued the justice of it. Piece-work, the bane of the operative, had to be adopted, because even the socialist would loaf and shirk on his co-operative employer. Day's wages were abandoned for the same reason. And they even found that the day's wage man, who did not earn his pay, brisked up and earned twice as much on piece-work. When they needed money they borrowed from their own employees, who charged them interest. Think of it! The socialist, who looks on the coupon-monger as a child of Satan, becomes a coupon-monger against his own brother socialist. It reminds one of the famous remark of an Irishman when the cry of "The Chinese must go" was so prevalent among the laboring men. "The Chinese must go—all but one Chinee who lives in Mulberry Street; he'll not go till I get my shirt." Socialism is all right for the man who has nothing, but for him who has and wants more, it is the dream of the idler or the raid of the pirate. Mr. Brooks' final word is to give the socialist a chance; he predicts that he will soon be in evidence in the administration of cities as mayors and councilmen, and he says: "Once in office he should have safe tether for practical experiment." Conjectures about the future of socialism in the United States are futile. There will, no doubt, be experiments

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made more or less revolutionary, but we may be sure of one thing: while human nature lasts there will always be private property, private manufacturers, private capital, which all in their various spheres will demonstrate the love which human nature has for individual effort and personal ambition for the glory to be gained; and all socialist efforts to squeeze the human race into one mould will only result in the bursting of the mould and destruction to the moulder.

ONE USE OF DEATH.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

DEATH hath sweet uses, when one sees
The breadth of his economies;
And one there is I count most dear—
To bring true-loving hearts more near.

If one has died, and I forget,
Or loose him farther, farther yet,
Ours was not love. We lived as friends
Because it served some other ends.

But when my heart-true friend has died,
He draweth nearer to my side.
I love him deeper, warmer too;
He fitteth closer than I knew.

O Death! I thank thee for this test
That proves my nearest, dearest, best!
How sure it makes me, spite of pain,
That kindred souls must meet again!

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Views and Reviews.

1.—Apologists for theism are emerging from a period of darkness and depression into the strong light of a perfect and peaceful day. In the latter years of the eighteenth century, and during two-thirds of the nineteenth, the outlook for belief in a personal God was very gloomy. Scientific men laughed at the "God-hypothesis"; university undergraduates made merry over Paley's "Carpenter" evidences; and the ordinarily well-read man of affairs talked easily of how natural selection had displaced design, and of how the unconscious All had driven a Deity of intelligence and will from His immemorial throne. As in all periods of momentous transition, men saw only the shore from which they had cast loose and the turbulent sea that bore them off, but perceived not any further resting-place, or any harbor beyond the storm. The evolution theory certainly did call for a restatement of the teleological argument, and for a time the impression prevailed that to admit the need of such a restatement was a confession of vital defeat. "Whither are we drifting?" "What disturbing discovery will come next?" "What new comprehensive idea will be developed that will advance still further the boundaries of matter and force?" These were questions put to themselves by many an adherent of the old order; and meantime science, as represented in many a high place, became daily more insistent, more aggressive, more impudent.

To-day there is a great change. Human reason is fast recovering from its delirium. It is brought out into clearer light with the passing of every day and with nearly every recent utterance of profound scientific men, that apart from an intelligent God who is the origin and the Conserver of the finite universe, that universe is absolutely inexplicable. If we were animated animals of flesh merely, with no ideals of Beauty, Truth, and Righteousness; if our knowledge consisted in the unrelated and disordered impressions given us by a madhouse of a world of fortuitous occurrences, then, welcome atheism, agnosticism, and despair. But our souls and our world are quite other things than chaos. They are orderly; they are sublime; they are teleological. They demand God; and demand him so imperatively that all non-theistic systems are a

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subversion of intelligence, and mean destruction for every moral aspiration.

We have gone into this long preamble to our notice of Professor Bowne's book because this volume gives a remarkably fine review of the vicissitudes of theism which we have mentioned, and insists with timeliness and vigor upon the futility of atheism in providing an explanation for those ideals of conscience, mind, and heart to which we have referred. Dr. Bowne's main purpose is to prove that belief in a personal God is the sole salvation of human reason and human morality; the salvation of human reason, because without it there is absolutely no word to account for the teleological character of the world outside us which we know, and of the world within us which knows, and the salvation of human morality, because on any other than a theistic view of life, ideals of righteousness, in themselves essentially holy, are nonsense. As a complement to the fine presentation of argument and criticism which make up the body of the book, there are three searching chapters on Pantheism, Optimism, and Pessimism and Atheism, as affecting the moral value of life.

In the chapter on pantheism the strong idealistic tendency of Dr. Bowne will give offence to many. For example, such statements as: "Only selfhood serves to mark off the finite from the infinite, and only the finite spirit attains to substantial otherness to the infinite. The impersonal finite has only such otherness as a thought or act has to its subject." And again: "Identity, unity, causality, substantiality, are possible only under the personal form. The notion of the impersonal finite vanishes upon analysis into phenomenality." Howsoever one may differ with Professor Bowne in these subsidiary metaphysical speculations, the verdict sure to be passed by all thoughtful readers upon his work is, that it is a magnificent defence of the race's oldest and sublimest belief, and a vigorous assault upon the already disorganized but still assertive forces which would destroy it.

2.—Whatever may be the actual cause of religious discontent and unrest in unfortunate France, it cannot be a lack of good religious literature, doctrinal as well as devotional. In this country we have only too many occasions to deplore the extreme paucity of books of solid worth that would help in

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the work of instruction and apologetic for the faith; we are everlastingly crying for something, if it be only a readable and popular adaptation of the standard works of doctrine. In France this need is always quickly supplied. A new school of apologetic makes its way among the scholars, and behold the ideas it gives rise to are scarcely matured when the results, at least those that are preliminary, are set forth for the people in good, substantial, yet wonderfully readable expositions.

Such a welcome work is the present volume* from the pen of the Abbé Klein. He has thrown into popular shape the gist of the historical argument for religion and for Catholicity. Though aiming expressly to deliver his doctrine simply and familiarly for the people, he takes care to lose none of the trustworthiness of solider volumes, and does in reality build up a logical and consistent, a straightforward and reasonable defence of the true religion; or perhaps it would be better to say that he gives the fundamental and preliminary instruction that would lead to an entire apologetic along the line of argument that starts with things as it finds them, with facts that are patent to every student of human nature or of history, and leads to a conclusion that the end and the explanation of these facts is nothing else but the truth of Catholic dogma.

There is nothing old-fashioned in the method, and we may say too that the author fits his thought, his style, his whole work, as well as its methods, to the bent of the modern mind.

In the last chapter Abbé Klein summarizes briefly the main points of the teaching of Christian revelation, aiming to show their harmony with one another and with the essential facts of the religious consciousness which he constantly insists upon as his starting point, the undeniable, visible, tangible fact of the history of Religion.

We would wish that some able writer would do a similar work for us in the United States. It would be an apostolic task.

3.—We welcome and heartily recommend this new edition—the ninth—of Père Gratry's *Connaissance de Dieu*.† The book, it will be remembered, places the foundation of the argument for the existence of God in the aspirations of the soul for the ideals of Truth, Righteousness, and Love; in the

* *Le Fait Religieux et la Manière de l'observer.* Par l'Abbé Félix Klein. Deuxième edition. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

† *De la Connaissance de Dieu.* Par A. Gratry. Paris: Librairie Téqui.

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élan of humanity for the Infinite. It is an extremely powerful argument when well developed, and seldom has it been treated so well as by Gratry, that beautiful spirit, so lovable in his tenderness, so lofty in his mysticism, so ardent in his enthusiasms, so mournful in his misfortunes. Père Gratry's great heart, as well as his acute mind, is in these pages, so that they are at once a study and a prayer. The historical sketch of theodicy is a very valuable contribution to theism, and the concluding chapters on the relations of reason and faith contain some of the finest passages and profoundest thoughts of the entire work. We hope our readers who care at all for philosophical literature will do themselves the good of studying these two volumes. They contain, it seems to us, that presentation of the theistic argument which will ultimately be regarded as not only the most practicable for persuasion, but also the most powerful philosophically.

4.—Dr. Alois Wurm has given us a fine critical study* of the alleged Gnostic and Ebionitic errors in the first Epistle of St. John. The monograph is highly technical, and appeals consequently to professed Scripture-students rather than to the uninitiated in such branches. It is exclusively an historical and exegetical study, and does not deal with the celebrated problems in textual criticism contained in this epistle. Very finely done is the account of the mental attitude of the early Jewish converts, when confronted by that greatest of scandals in their eyes, a Messias not exalted upon the throne of David, but shamefully put to death upon the cross; and by that other scandal scarcely easier for them to accept, that their old Mosaic law was in many points to be set aside, and the ancient revelation given by God to the fathers of Israel was to be complemented and perfected by the new dispensation of the Gospel. Dr. Wurm is one of that group of loyal Catholic German scholars who are laboring so heroically to bring modern Catholic scholarship into a place of distinguished honor, if not of pre-eminence.

5.—The usual defects in the text-books of scholastic philosophy are so patent, that it is not to be wondered at if most professors yield to the desire—or rise to the ambition, if this be better—to produce a better manual than what our present author admits to be the "innumera alia." His special

* *Die Irrlehrer im Ersten Johannesbrief.* Von Dr. Alois Wurm. Freiburg und St. Louis: B. Herder.

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claim to excellence—he makes it modestly enough—is that he has accommodated his work* to "tironibus facili methodo instituendis," and that he has consequently aimed at "brevity and clearness." But five hundred pages for Logic and Theology is scarcely brief, and we imagine, from a rather cursory glance at this volume, that the beginners for whom it was written can scarce agree that it permits one to say that any "facilis methodus" is possible.

6.—Mr. Felix Adler is the recognized head of what is called the Ethical movement in the United States. The Ethical cult is a substitute for religion. Those who pursue it profess, as their first principle, the nobility of following the moral law and of doing good to mankind. The deductions from this principle which nearly all of mankind have drawn, namely, that if there is within us a seat of moral obligation, there must be above us a supreme moral Governor, whom it is our chief duty and privilege to know, serve, and love. These deductions the new Ethical school refuses to formulate. Morality with an unknowable sanction, a soul with an unknowable destiny, a Deity with an unknowable nature—this summarizes a position which many a noble spirit has been misled into adopting.

From this word of description our readers may readily estimate the nature of the meditations, thoughts, and excerpts recently published by Mr. Adler.† They consist of exhortations to a strict, pure, and helpful life, which are inspiring indeed, and enough to make us feel a veneration for their author; they consist, secondly, of reflections upon social institutions and moral ideals which are as admirable as pure naturalism can ever be, but faint away into hollow fragments when judged by the perfect whole of Christianity; and they consist finally in speculations upon natural theology which labor under the limitations noticed in the last paragraph. Frequently the extract is too brief for the full expression of the idea it would present; sometimes the idea seems too commonplace to find entrance into a book like this; and now and then neither idea nor expression is as striking or graceful as Mr. Adler's reputation would lead us to expect.

* *Prælectiones Philosophiæ Scholasticæ.* Tironibus facili methodo instituendis accomodatæ. Auctore P. Germano a Soto-Stanislao, C.P. Vol. I. Complectens Logicum et Ideologiam. New York: Fr. Pustet.

† *Life and Destiny; or, Thoughts from the Ethical Lectures of Felix Adler.* New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

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7.—These two booklets* of M. Ermoni are a very admirable summary of the present position of Oriental learning as affecting the Old Testament. The question is a very delicate and momentous one. It calls for the judgment of cautious scholars and for sure expressions of view which we shall not have to change to-morrow or the day after. There are striking resemblances between the Hebrew Scriptures and the ancient literature, especially the religious literature of Assyria, Babylonia, and Egypt. But therefore we are not to go headlong into the extravagant claim of a science as precipitate with conclusions as it is hostile to faith, and declare that Genesis and Exodus are only transcripts of Oriental legend. Three processes a cautious mind will call for: first, find all the resemblances in question; secondly, determine the importance of the alleged importations from pagan sources; thirdly, examine our theory of inspiration, and if necessary modify it so that it will exclude no certain result of science. M. Ermoni in a brief space helps towards this threefold method. He gives us the similarities between the Hebrew and the older literatures, and shows that their importance, so far as discrediting the Bible goes, is very slight indeed. For, as a manifest and constant and humanly inexplicable testimony to the providential guidance of the chosen people, it stands out in clearer day with every progressive step of modern discovery, that though surrounded with polytheism and a gross and monstrous mythology, the children of Abraham clung fast to the purest monotheistic belief, and conceived it to be their destiny to pass on that faith incorrupted to posterity. Once the significance of this fact is grasped, it need give us no disturbance to admit that the Bible, like every other literary production, shows traces of the age in which it appeared. M. Ermoni very seasonably and sensibly warns us not to deny that these traces exist, but advises carrying the war into the enemy's country by insisting upon the moral and doctrinal supremacy of the Bible—a supremacy of such a nature as to drive us to the divine and supernatural to account for it. Naturally in a summary so short as that contained in these pamphlets, there can be no full exposition of so vast and recondite a problem. But so far as they go they are of considerable value, and every educated Catholic will profit by reading them.

* *La Bible et l'Égyptologie.* Par V. Ermoni. *La Bible et l'Assyriologie.* Par V. Ermoni. Paris: Librairie Blaud et Cie.

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8.—In 1861 William Edward Hartpole Lecky, then in his twenty-third year, published a series of studies on the great recent leaders of public opinion in Ireland. The book, as he says himself, "fell absolutely dead." Ten years later he carefully revised the production and once more presented it to the public. This time it had a very respectable measure of success; in fact the entire edition was sold within a reasonable period. And now for the third time, forty years from the original publication, the aged historian puts his youthful venture into print.* The book now is very different from the anonymous production in which the young university graduate made his first bid for fame. It consists of two volumes, and contains nearly all of the new biographical matter that has come to light respecting the characters dealt with, and contains besides the mature reflections of the author on some of the deepest problems and most momentous epochs in the political history of Ireland. Mr. Lecky's views are known to every one. He is a Tory, and represents Trinity College in the House of Commons. And as to religion, he is a rationalist with pretty strong notions on the influence in history of the Catholic Church. This influence he thinks has been in a large degree helpful, and has always aimed at moral growth, but in the long run has proved inimical to human liberty and enlightenment. Consequently it is easy to perceive that Mr. Lecky judges the Irish people from a very remote point of view. He is not one of them. He has but a feeble sympathy for the tragedies of their mournful history; he has only a lordly pity for their intense and simple Catholicity; he has nothing but intolerance for their constantly defeated but tenaciously persistent national aspirations. And so we can almost tell beforehand what he will have to say concerning the great men of whose lives and deeds he writes. These men are Flood, Grattan, and O'Connell. Why Mr. Lecky did not choose more than these three in treating of great modern leaders of Irish public opinion, it is not easy to understand. Not to mention others, Parnell was a man whose influence on his countrymen was so great as to be historic; yet Mr. Lecky does not give him the honor of a chapter. Still, our author so fully expresses himself upon the national interests of Ireland in the monographs contained in these volumes, that even if he had discussed the character and influence of Parnell, he would

* *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland.* By W. E. H. Lecky. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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have added little beyond biographical detail or interesting reminiscence.

The account of O'Connell occupies the entire second volume of Mr. Lecky's work. It is fascinating reading. Mr. Lecky admits that O'Connell was a genius of "amazing abilities." He venerates the great Councillor's sincerity of patriotism and purity of private life. He tells us over and over how lovable the man was, how affectionate to wife and children, how absorbingly devoted to his faith, how rigid in interpreting the moral law, how strenuous an apostle of peace, how uncompromising an opponent of violence and war. The descriptions of O'Connell's forensic abilities and oratorical triumphs are lingered over with an almost tender touch. Indeed Mr. Lecky seems himself to have been softened, subdued, and won by the music of the matchless voice that held a quarter of a million of men entranced upon the hill of Tara. All this in O'Connell's praise. But, adds Mr. Lecky, the Liberator had in him a strong strain of the demagogue. He could descend to "mob oratory"; he was uncouth; he never commended himself to the conventional and conservative temper of the English people; he was bigoted; he was dangerous. And as for the general influence of his career, if we consider "the sectarian and class warfare that resulted from his policy, the fearful elements of discord and turbulence he evoked, and which he alone could in some degree control, it may be questioned whether his life was a blessing or a curse to Ireland." This is a characteristic specimen of Mr. Lecky's spirit as expressed in this work. Our readers can form their own judgments as to the value of the performance. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. Lecky is a man of great ability, of recognized scholarship, of wide experience in public life, and of trained talent in shaping his thought to words. In any work of such a man there must be much that is permanently valuable and profoundly interesting.

9.—To all lovers of the old classical erudition we commend this work* of the Abbé Dedouvres. It is a study of the old Latin character as revealed in the social, political, and military genius of the Romans, and especially as manifested in their language and literature. The book is full of erudition, and as for enthusiasm, judge of that from these words of the preface: "Sans latin, point d'*humanitas!*" Roman life in town and

* *Les Latins, Peints par eux-mêmes.* Par l'Abbé Louis Dedouvres. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils.

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country, the army, the forum, poetry lyrical, tragic and didactic, Latin prose and Latin philosophy, and a comparison of Greek and Latin as literary instruments, these are the topics dealt with, and none of them has M. Dedouvres touched without adorning it. It is a book about which clings the very odor of ancient lore. We can imagine it written by no other than an old *magister* who has kept himself unspotted from the world of ephemeral literature, and has preserved green and fresh and constant his plighted love to Cicero and Seneca, Tacitus and Livy, Horace and Virgil, Suetonius and Catullus. To every heart that has ever known aught of the same high affection, it is a book to bring great delight.

10.—Mr. Baxter deserves our gratitude for presenting a list of the cardinals who may be said to belong to England, inasmuch as they were born in that country. All Catholics must have an affection for the country known of old as Our Lady's Dower, and an interest, therefore, in the distinctions obtained by Englishmen in the service of Holy Church. From Robert Pullen, who died in 1147, to Herbert Vaughan, over whose remains the widowed see of Westminster is mourning, the illustrious list includes thirty-four wearers of the Roman purple.

We can recommend this little book.* The information is valuable, and has been collected from various sources with no inconsiderable difficulty. Any inaccuracies we discover are really of a very excusable character, such as making Cardinal Repyngdon a peer of the realm *ipso facto* because he was Bishop of Lincoln. He was not a peer; he was a lord of Parliament in virtue of his bishopric, which conferred this status upon him.

We think, too, we must accept the universal testimony of history—say the testimony of such men as Hallam—as to the reality of the name, "Morton's Fork," for the well-known dilemma, on the horns of which the cardinal named Merton impaled those who objected to pay a tax in the reign of Henry VII. "Those who lived splendidly could pay the tax because their expenditures proved their wealth; those who lived sparingly could pay it because their economy must have made them wealthy." Our author seems to think the story and the characteristic judgment of the people embalmed in the nickname for the dilemma mythical, because Merton "did his best

* *England's Cardinals.* By Dudley Baxter. London: Burns & Oates; New York and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

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to *restrain* (the italics are not ours) Henry's avarice." We see no connection between the "reason" and the conclusion, something like that which makes Tenderden steeple the cause of Goodwin Sands.

We are disappointed in the memoir of Pole; and we have to point out an inaccuracy in that on his Royal Highness the Cardinal of York, in which the tutor of the princes Charles Edward and Henry (the cardinal) is spoken of as an Englishman. The writer might as well have said that the Chevalier Wogan was an Englishman, he who with five or six other Irishmen brought the Princess Sobieski, their mother, to the arms of her future husband, in spite of the difficulties which the policy of states and sovereigns put in the way of this marriage.

The first of the list, however, who really belongs to England is Stephen Langton (the three before him, Pullen and the Breakspears, being in all save the accident of birth foreigners). Curzon was for awhile apostolic delegate to England, but except the time he filled this office it would seem his life belonged to France and Italy. Somercote (1238) was, except in name, an Italian. Then we come to a man who really served the church in his native country, Kilwardly, who was consecrated archbishop in 1273.

The name of Langham is associated with the see of Canterbury, but what perhaps causes it to be remembered by school boys is, that when speaking from the woolsack at the opening of Parliament in 1361 he used the English language.

Langley's election to York was annulled by Innocent VII., in consequence of what Mr. Baxter describes as the murder of Archbishop Scrope. We think high treason has been always deemed a capital offence, though no doubt a churchman had a right to "his clergy" until degraded. If we judge rightly, Scrope was engaged in a treasonable conspiracy, breaking out into a formidable rebellion that was almost successful. Not only were those concerned in that rebellion traitors against their prince, but they were enemies of their country in a special sense; for they had invited the help of the Scotch, the hereditary and bitter enemies of England, against their king and fellow-countrymen. We should have preferred the author's omission of the topic to his singular way of writing about it; but while saying this we are very far from disliking the spirit which, we think, prompted him to present the matter as he did. We have hinted our notion of the element

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suppressed in the account; namely, the immunity of the clergy until degradation or "unfrocking"; but Mr. Baxter would have been wiser, in the face of strong feeling on the subject of the "double" allegiance, to have left out the name of Scrope altogether, or, having introduced it, to say all he meant.

The book will be very useful to students who desire to become acquainted with a phase of English ecclesiastical history.

11.—*Anchoresses of the West** is a volume describing the life of that strange class of recluses who lived immured in cells built into the walls of churches. Consequently it is bound to contain much that is new and interesting to the general reader. The authoress' work has consisted mainly in arranging and summarizing bits of information drawn from a few reliable sources not within the reach of all who would willingly learn more about a form of living so curiously different from anything familiar to the English-speaking twentieth-century world. No very profound scholarship has been called into play in the performance of this task, however, and that the pages are entertaining is nearly all that can be said in praise. The preface deals with a matter that suggests many a puzzle, and Father McNabb's discussion will assist in the understanding of some of these.

12.—The *Breviarium Romanum*† of Wiltzius & Co., which we have just received, is an excellent example of the printer's art. It is the smallest and the handiest breviary that we have seen, and yet the print is by no means so small as to tax unduly the eyesight. The arrangement of the offices is of the best, and though references are more common than in a larger volume, still they are remarkably few. An excellent frontispiece accompanies every volume. The entire work has been brought up to date, the latest additions and the new offices being inserted in their proper places. The prayers for thanksgiving after Mass and the usual supplements are also included in the neat and handy volumes. Those who are bound to the recital of the divine office will find the work an excellent investment, and on occasions of ordination or anniversaries the friends of the priest will find it most suitable for a worthy and acceptable gift.

* *Anchoresses of the West.* By Francesca M. Steele (Darley Dale). With Preface on Mysticism by the Very Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P. St. Louis. Mo.: B. Herder.

† *Breviarium Romanum.* Romae-Tournaci. Milwaukee: Wiltzius & Co.

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13.—Dom Cisneros, nephew of the illustrious Cardinal Ximénès, and abbot of the famous monastery of Mont-Serrat, was the author of a treatise* on spiritual exercises widely known, frequently published, and translated into several languages. Perhaps among ourselves both writer and book have come into commonest notice as being associated with the first steps in the path of sanctity taken by St. Ignatius Loyola; for as it was to a former disciple of Cisneros that the saint made the general confession which marked the turning of his soul from the world to God, so it was from Cisneros' book, apparently, that the inspiration was drawn for the composition of that masterly treatise which has appropriated as its own for ever the title of *The Exercises.*

Written long ago though it was, this volume, now again translated into French, shows itself to be possessed of that perennial aptness which makes true spiritual teaching. It presents a programme of exercises for each day of the week, and many a suggestion calculated to excite spiritual ambition, to foster earnestness, and to direct progress successfully. If it differs from the Ignatian Exercises in being less precise and methodical, it differs again in this—that it imparts masterly teaching on those higher states of prayer which St. Ignatius leaves outside his scope. Instructions on the contemplative life and encouragement to follow the path that leads to contemplative prayer occupy no small portion of the work, and for this alone it would be a welcome thing to those who find so little reading of the kind put within their reach. To the present volume, then, we draw the attention of those who are willing to aspire as high as God will permit, all that is presented in these pages being truth stamped by age-long approval.

14.—Most people possibly get out of their spiritual reading what they put into it—a spirit of piety and a willingness to serve God with devotion. To this extent the pious reader will be helped by Father Raycroft's recent volume of May conferences.† But we cannot always rely on having our readers pious before they come to our books. The problem for the writer of popular spiritual literature, it seems to us, is to attract and

* *Exercises Spirituels et Directoire des Heures Canoniales: Écrits en espagnol en l'an 1500.* Par Dom Garcias Cisneros, O.S.B. *Traduits en Française* par l'Abbé Joseph Rousseau. Paris: Victor Retaux. 1902

† *A Little Chaplet for the Queen of Angels; or, a Short Meditation for Every Evening in May.* By Rev. B. T. Raycroft, A.M. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet.

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hold the attention of some minds from among the multitude who are not too well disposed to piety and to holy reading. To do this one needs more virility of instruction and of stimulation than is evident on every page of Father Raycroft. This is not saying that the volume in hand is not good. It is good.

15.—These are two very attractive little volumes* on the Lives of the Saints, which—unless we do not know children—the little ones will read with as much enjoyment as they would a set of fairy tales. It might be objected, by some sinister critic, that our comparison is too apt, for the short "lives" are crowded as full of the marvellous as can be; but, with a judicious father or mother to explain just what lessons we are to learn from the sometimes more allegorical than veritable parts of these stories, they can do no harm, and must do a great deal of good. And if the good be done, it will be done pleasantly, for the volumes are beautiful, the pictures are charming, the stories are short and of captivating interest.

16.—In the series of articles which M. de Kirwan has brought together from the *Cosmos* † he treats of a great variety of those psychical phenomena which are very interesting to the popular mind on account of their more or less extraordinary strangeness. Under the name of *Dissociation psychologique*, M. de Kirwan treats of sleep, dreaming, hypnotism, double personality, mediums, etc. The great variety of the subjects considered makes scientific treatment impossible in the short space of fifty-two octavo pages. However the brochure will probably do its work in offering to the popular mind an interesting exposition of these strange phenomena.

17.—*Roderick Taliafero* ‡ is the title given to a story of the last days of Maximilian's empire. It is full of excitement, builded upon an impossible structure of challenges, duels, bull-fights, flirtations, embraces, arrests, ambushes, battles, executions, etc., and no doubt is meant to keep the imagination heated feverishly and unintermittently. In the course of the book its author gives—unconsciously, no doubt—a series of

* *Short Lives of the Saints* (for children). From approved sources. Two vols. First and Second Series. Illustrated. Boston: Marlier & Co. 1902.

† *Quelques observations sur la dissociation psychologique.* Par M. C. de Kirwan. (Extraites du *Cosmos*, 1902-1903). Paris: Feron-Vrau. Pp. 52.

‡ *Roderick Taliafero.* By George Cram Crook. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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object lessons in mushy sentimentalism, unabashed stupidity, and silly speculation. Fragmentary scientific allusions, raw and doughy enough to cloy any appetite, are dished up, half-cooked, here and there throughout the volume. If by any chance this volume should succeed, no one can trace that result to the fact that Mr. Crook knew what he was writing about, or wrote about it well; but indeed we fancy the book will find little favor except from readers who believe that the irreligious and salacious tendencies of men are to be encouraged rather than repressed.

18.—This book* consists of scenes in peasant life in Donegal; they affect the reader like the reminiscences of one who bore a part in them, valuing them in some way more deeply than even sympathy values those things to which it responds. There is here a fulness of insight into the nature which lay below the listening of the groups to the tale beside the fireside, the arguments, the genial cynicisms, and the pranks which constitute so many manifestations of that poetic, careless, laughter-loving Celtic soul breathing in each one of the people, young and old, presented to us in these pages.

That pure and profound passion of breast and heart which in so many spots amid "the green hills of holy Ireland" gives a finer touch to young lives than is dreamt of in Greek idyl, is shown to us by Mr. MacManus as it is, a commonplace fact; and being so shown the reader, in spite of himself, in a manner unconsciously, becomes a true critic because he feels the naturalness of it together with its delicacy. It is this spiritual softness which later on becomes so strong and tender in matronage and makes marriage a religion in the poor homes. Men talk of that gaiety of heart which sustains, and which so long sustained, the Irishman when circumstances pressed upon him with a weight that other men could not bear and live. There may be a degree of truth in this, but the real resisting and conquering influence was soul in harmony with religion, religion strengthening and consecrating the domestic virtues.

Chatham finely said when speaking of the inviolable sacredness of an Englishman's house guarded by the constitution: the wind and rain may enter through the roof, the broken windows, the creviced walls, but the King of England cannot enter that house, nor his soldiers, nor his power. And we say,

* *A Lad of the O'Freels.* By Seumas MacManus. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

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though the king could enter into the Irishman's poor cottage with his writ of ejectment, though the bailiffs level it to the ground, though death on the roadside were his, or what would be as hard to face, emigration, there was that within him strong enough not only to put aside despair but rise superior to every calamity.

Such reflections are suggested by the 24th chapter, which bears the title "At Uncle Donal's Fireside again." As an accompaniment to the sadness and strength of spirit displayed by Dinny when telling of his intention to emigrate we point to an early chapter, the sixth, in which Uncle Donal speaks with weariness of heart and almost of scorn about O'Connell's promises repeated after fresh disappointments, but at the same time when at his prayers we have the good old man, shrewd and suspicious though he was, offering "wan Pater-and-Ave for poor sufferin' Irelan'."

On the wild humorous side the growing boys perform feats as reckless, as dare-devil as any we find in Lover's novels, making allowance for age and opportunity. Under the guidance of the "Vagabone," who has the most perfect mad devil of fun outside Shakspere or Ireland, there is enacted a siege of Dunboy which deserves to rank with the greatest achievements of boyhood ever since boys deserved to be loved and flogged—a reach of time which we apprehend includes years long anterior to Babylonian records or the mysteries shrouded in Irish Oghams.

We have very great pleasure in recommending this work; and as we write this, a curious contrast presents itself to our minds. When Mr. Townsend French gave to the world an historico-autobiographical book called *Realities of Irish Life* he dealt in part of the publication with the same locality and people. Nothing could be falser than the impression produced by the serious work; nothing truer than that made by the one before us, though it only professes to be sketches revivified by the imagination from associations of the memory.

19.—New editions* of the Barnes' school histories have reached us, which conduct the pupil from the discovery of America to Roosevelt's administration. An attractive typography and interesting illustrations add a new recommendation to these well-known works.

* *Barnes' School History of the United States. Barnes' Elementary History of the United States.* New York: American Book Company.

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Library Table.

The Month (June): Fr. Smith continues his investigation into the causes which led the Pope to suppress the Jesuits, and the suspicions of a schismatical plot entertained against their Superior-General, Ricci. Fr. Thurston contributes a paper to the controversy regarding the authenticity of the Twelfth Promise made to Blessed Margaret Mary, first printed in leaflets and widely disseminated in 1870. Laying aside, for the time, all questions of the validity of her revelations, the writer concludes there is much excuse to be made for those who have accepted and published the Twelfth Promise, but "that the text should be accurately quoted, and that the essentially conditional character of all such assurances should be explained is imperative."

The Tablet (6 June): Correspondents ask for facts and figures in regard to the effect of the "Nine First Fridays," and seem to think that more scandal is likely to be given by this prolonged discussion than by the devotion itself. Roman Correspondent reports an important experiment which is being made under the auspices of the Christian Democratic Association in Romagna to unite the interests of capital and labor in the cultivation of the soil. Mgr. Moyes contributes the first number of a series of articles on the Pre-reformation Church in England.

(13 June): Father J. H. Pollen, S.J., begins an article on "Oates' Plot," called forth by a recent publication by Mr. John Pollock on the same subject. In a paper entitled "The Last English Carthusian" Dr. L. C. Casartelli shows that this distinction does not belong, as has been stated, to Prior Williams, who died in 1797, but to the Rev. James Finch, who died in 1821, and was buried at Fernyholgh in Lancashire.

Fr. McNabb, O.P., reviewing Fr. Thurston's article on the "Nine Fridays" in *The Month* for June, reaches a different conclusion from that of Fr. Thurston and seems to think that the article proves that the mind of the church was unfavorable to the "great promise." Father Thurston, S.J., and other correspondents give state-

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ments for and against the beneficial effect of the "Nine Fridays."

(20 June): Fr. Kenelm Vaughan, in an article on the Religious Condition of South America, shows that there is at present a remarkable revival in religion in the Republic of Uruguay, the country of which he treats in this article. Fr. Thurston, S.J., writes in answer to Fr. McNabb, O.P., calling his attention to the fact that it was the historical question concerning the "Nine Fridays" which was the chief point at issue. He repeats that he expresses no opinion as to the objective value of the Twelfth Promise, but says, "if the critical faculty is to be brought to bear upon such pious beliefs, then we are beginning at the wrong end in occupying ourselves with the revelation of the Blessed Margaret Mary."

(27 June): Fr. Sydney F. Smith, S.J., thinks that the "First Friday Communions" do not diminish the number of "Feast-day Communions," but "have a natural capacity for fostering the spiritual life generally of a parish, and increasing its Communions all round, on Sundays and Feast-days as well as on First Fridays.

(4 July): An account of Cardinal Vaughan's funeral, with the full text of the sermon preached by Father Bernard Vaughan, is given. Fr. Wynne, S.J., denies that he is the author of the article on the "Nine First Fridays" which appeared in the American *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* of February, 1898, as stated by Fr. McNabb, O.P. He accuses the latter of an "erroneous interpretation" of the assertion in the article which says "that the great promise goes further than the promise found in the gospel" (John vi. 52). Fr. McNabb, after apologizing for the oversight of considering Fr. Wynne as author rather than editor, prints without comment a long extract from the article, "for the benefit," as he says, "of those who wonder why many simple-minded Catholics are distressed in mind by the way in which the Twelfth Promise is propagated." An interesting announcement is that of an approaching marriage between Mlle. Lucie Faure and M. Goyau.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (May): S. L. pleads for intellectual honesty in the teaching of Old Testament his-

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tory. The intellectual world is largely drifting away from religion because so many Christian teachers insist upon denying all value to the conclusions of Biblical criticism. We look on the Old Testament as dropped *talis qualis* straight from heaven. Such a view cannot live in the face of critical study. We must admit development in Israel's history as in every other. We cannot honorably deny that the religious ideas of the Hebrews grew up amid legends which were more or less absorbed by them. But after all this is admitted, the Bible, with its Messianic hope, its providential preparation of the Jews, its Christ and His disciples, stands upon an irrefutable foundation of divine truth.

(June): G. Lechalas, reviewing Lucien Arréat's recent study of the state of religion in France, notices that while there are sad vagaries in popular piety, the abuses are not really so deep as they appear. He observes, however, that an intellectual appreciation of the grounds and motives of faith is lamentably lacking even among educated believers.

Études (5 June): Writing of the discussion now in progress on the practice of the "Nine Fridays," P. Vermeersch criticises the interpretation of the "Twelfth Promise" given by P. Le Bachelet, S.J., in a recent issue of *Études*. By making the gift of final perseverance dependent upon the due fulfilment of all the conditions usually required for salvation, P. Le Bachelet, he thinks, has departed too much from the literal and evident meaning of the text, besides destroying altogether the distinctive character of the promise. Joseph Boubée continues to discuss at length the arguments advanced for the Baconian authorship of Shakspere's plays.

(20 June): As the result of a careful examination and comparison of the extant versions of the "Twelfth Promise," Auguste Hamon concludes that while the loss of the original text is to be regretted, those texts we possess are evidently genuine, and furnish a sure and sufficient basis for present belief and practices.

La Quinzaine (5 June): P. Laberthonnière, writing on the relation between religion and the modern critical philosophy, gives a clear and vigorous answer to many of the objections brought against the "supernatural." In reply

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to the objection that supernatural religion is something out of all relation to human life, and hence can have no real interest for humanity, the writer shows clearly that the reason why supernatural religion has always appealed so strongly and still continues to appeal to the minds and hearts of men, is precisely because it, and it alone, gives a satisfactory answer to the complex and perplexing problems of life, it alone fully satisfies the highest cravings of man's heart and fills the empty void within his soul. François Veuillot contributes a full and interesting account of the new "Social Movement" among the Catholic youth of France, and traces its origin, nature, purpose, past achievements and future prospects. The lively and intelligent interest in the social, religious, and political problems of the day manifested by the rising generation, their courage and energy in face of present difficulties, their whole-hearted devotion to the cause of religion and true progress, are all sources of joy and hope to those who have at heart the welfare of France and of religion.

(16 June): "The Separation of Church and State," by Abbé Naudet, is an able contribution on a question of much interest, in view of the present crisis in France. While fairly acknowledging the evils that have beset the church in the past because of her union with the state, and pointing to the mutual independence of church and state in their respective spheres, combined with mutual respect and co-operation as the ideal, the author is nevertheless of opinion that, owing to present conditions in France, total separation is not as yet possible, and he looks forward to an amendment of the Concordat as the best means of securing to the church that measure of liberty and independence which is hers by right.

(1 July): A full account of the liberal democratic movement in Italy, with a sketch of its founder and able leader, the Abbé Murri. The object of this movement—which has the approbation of the Holy Father—is to bring the Catholics of Italy into closer sympathy with the existing social political order, to counteract as far as possible the evil effects arising from the increasing activity of the Socialists, thus paving the way for the future reconciliation of church and state.

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Revue du Monde Invisible (June): Mgr. E. Méric criticises the various theories professing to account for the relation of the human soul to the body by postulating a *tertium quid* as a medium of their interaction, among which are the *Astral Fluid* of the Hindoos and the *Plastic Medium* of Cudworth; as a result of his observations he declares that although some phenomena, both physical and mental, may seem to lend some plausibility to these hypotheses they are nevertheless baseless and untenable. Albert de Rochas, writing on the subject of stigmatization, begins with the regret that the question is rarely treated without prejudice, and then proceeds to give the history of a case which he believes to be of particular interest because of the full and detailed account which is given of it and the impartiality of those who reported the fact and circumstances.

Revue de Lille (May): Contains an address delivered before *l'Association de la Jeunesse Catholique* of Douai on Agricultural Syndicates, in which the nature and history of these organizations as well as their religious, moral, and social influences, and the many pecuniary advantages which they afford their members, are fully and clearly described.

Démocratie Chrétienne (June): Mgr. Delamaire declares that in their own activity lies the remedy for the deplorable condition of the proscribed Religious. He makes an earnest appeal to them to penetrate and leaven the masses of the French people with the training they have and which the masses need; and suggests a programme which, as he believes, if prudently carried out, will produce a moral influence terminating in their own re-establishment. Delcourt-Haillót says the strike of the American miners is a victory which involves one for their French brothers, for no longer will French strikes be thwarted by the threatened purchase of American coal. He commends President Roosevelt's breadth of mind in placing on the Board of Arbitration Bishop Spalding, who, he remarks, is called the Lacordaire of the United States.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (May): Rev. Victor Kathrein, S.J., writes on the Study of Philosophy, and insists on the very important place which it holds in a liberal education, and the intimate and necessary relation which it bears to theology and the natural sciences. Father

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Wassman, S.J., concluding his series of brilliant articles on the nature and habits of insects, adds to his own investigation and study the observations and discoveries made in the same line by two of his correspondents in the Orient.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 June): Lina Maestrini writes upon the published correspondence of Rosmini and Manzoni, which makes it possible to understand and love both the writers better than the great works in which the genius of poet and philosopher shine brilliantly. E. S. Kingswan calls attention to the press notices of a recent article in *La Rassegna* on the Temporal Power, and to the summary of it given in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, "which not believing it lawful to praise the article, and not having the courage to ignore it, cites it briefly without comment." (16 June): "Spectator" replies to Bishop Keppler's recent arraignment of the progressive Catholic movement in Germany. The bishop's utterance is characterized as a caricature of a nobly-motived endeavor on the part of some of the ablest and most faithful Catholics of Germany to bring the Church into closer touch with the modern spirit. The leaders of the movement hold as sacred as any others the teachings of Catholicity. They are not men whose faith has been diluted with love for modern learning, but on the contrary they are filled with zeal for the faith which they recognize as the salvation of society and the true guide of science. In a word, the discourse has gravely misrepresented a great and good cause, and has cast unmerited discredit upon noble and illustrious names.

Civiltà Cattolica: Replying to a recent article in the *Tribuna*, suggests that all who indiscriminately accuse the church of having sanctioned slavery, *in her canons*, are either excessively ignorant or dishonest. Announcing the first volume of Vigouroux's *Dictionary of the Bible*, states that each article has been personally overlooked by the abbé so as to insure its "complete orthodoxy." When the writer on the First Epistle of St. John contents himself with stating that the arguments against the authenticity of the Three-Witnesses passage seems to prevail, every well-informed reader will understand and approve his reserve.

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Comment on Current Topics.

Religion in Education.

The unprecedented numbers of men and women who attended the meeting of the National Education Association just held in Boston give evidence of the intense and universal interest in the matter of education. It is estimated that about 50,000 were present, and they overflowed from the headquarters in the buildings of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to the churches of Back Bay, the New England Conservatory of Music, and other buildings. Every character of topic connected with education was freely discussed, and the outcome of the debate on the important subject of the baccalaureate course, engaged in by such men as Eliot of Harvard, Harper of Chicago, and Butler of Columbia, was only to show, by the positive diversity of opinions expressed, the chaotic condition of higher education in the American universities.

But together with this convention was held also a meeting of the Religious Education Association. This association is not of great age, but the eagerness with which its organizers have gone about their work, and the success with which that work has met, have given it a considerable power for bringing into our educational system what it most sadly needs—religious instruction. It includes in its membership men of many different creeds, from all parts of the Union, professional educators, clergymen, and journalists, and their conventional work shows at least that, however they may differ in their views, they are alive to the mortal danger that besets the present system of non-religious education and are willing to adopt any practical plan to offset it. At the meeting in Boston, Professor George Albert Coe, of the Northwestern University of Illinois, stated that religion was the father of modern education, but the child seems to have disowned its parent and built up a system of apparently independent principles. Though not too clear in the reports given, Professor Coe seems to have argued the necessity of religion for the true development of the individual. Dr. Pace, the well-known professor of psychology at the Catholic University, agreed in the main with the conclusions of Professor

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Coe and followed with a logical exposition of the necessity of religious training.

A most certain sign of the mind of the convention was found not alone in its evident agreement with Professor Coe and Dr. Pace, but also in its decided disagreement with the statements of Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, who said that the matter of religion must be left to the church alone, and that the doctrine of separation of church and state demanded its complete divorce from the public system of instruction. Other members of the convention immediately took decided exception to his remarks. Dr. N. C. Schaffer, State Superintendent of Schools in Pennsylvania, showed himself a particularly earnest champion of religious instruction, and emphasized a good point when he said the teachers of nature-study were too apt to accentuate the material and the animal to the exclusion of the intellectual and the spiritual. The convention, of course, came to no practical conclusion as to a working plan, but the very holding of it and the nature of its discussions are an immense satisfaction in themselves. As Dr. Pace wisely remarked: "It is a great problem, which is not insuperable, and the fact that open discussion of it has begun shows that it will be settled in America."

The Association will meet again in Philadelphia on the 3d of March next. Perhaps then further strides will be made toward a practical remedy, which is so sorely needed.

Pilate's What is Truth? and the Self-satisfying Attainment of the Truth

There is an exulting glory in the possession of the truth, apart from the rightness or wrongness of our conduct in other respects. Intellectual well-being is an important element, as well as moral and physical well-being, of that whole which makes a man.

We take pride in physical prowess, as we also experience satisfaction in right-doing. Right-thinking has its satisfactions, perhaps too little attended to, undervalued or evaded. The exercise of mind in the pursuit of truth has, in the main, a natural reward similar to the exercise of muscle in the pursuit of strength. Again, there is an intrinsic moral value in the right exercise of the mind, as there is in proper conformity to the laws of hygienic and physical well-being. For our faculties are bound up into such an indissoluble unity that perforce

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they all more or less actively share in every exercise of life of our one personality.

And so the will, the right-seeking and right-assenting will, is more or less involved in the very problems of right-thinking; and the will to find, and the will to believe when found, is an essential element in our intellectual grasp for and hold of truth.

It is therefore true that the possession of truth may be in some measure both a personal reward and a moral value of our whole character and personality: and that the seeking after truth and the duty of inquiry is not dispensed with by the easy self-complacency of our otherwise moral conduct and life.

These reflections are awakened at the thought of many whom we know, whose practical standards of conduct in many ways are high; who, gauged by the natural laws of intercourse and relation are perhaps more strictly just, honest, and kindly than ourselves. And yet, who lack the light from above, the higher and sublimer truths, the faith in duty to God, Creator and Redeemer, the Christian inspirations and graces, which so deeply hold the homage of our own intellect, however imperfectly they affect our will and outward conduct.

How many there are among our acquaintances so naturally high-principled in ordinary human relations that they shame us by contrast with our deflections from the divine tenets which in mind we profess!

But do they who know less of truth than they might and they should, who settle themselves in a more or less indolent and self-satisfied complacency of their general and natural righteousness, who are kind, honest, just, helpful, *un-angular*—do they not also lack in total moral worth? It is a defect in our moral nature to be un-inquisitive of duty to God; un-inquiring of truths of higher range than the requirements of immediate environment and the goodnesses of the present hour.

While kindly they pity our moral deficiencies, they are, perhaps, amazed at the serene light which the possession of truth has imprinted on our countenance; little reflecting that in their own regard the lack of it, the lack of a longing for it, has blurred the picture of the total character and veiled in themselves the image of God, so nearly otherwise developed and worked out.

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With the sun and sky in his face, man can scarcely, without moral deficiency, confine his gaze—the active exercise of his mind's eye and of his will's desire—to the earth at his feet and the small "*paysage*" limited to immediate contact and, as it were, the mere sense of touch.

"*Altiora peto*" was engraved and burnished on man's nature, and his moral character fails to be true to the natal hall-mark who seeks not higher, feels not deeper, and does not quiver with the greater appetite and thirst for the fountain of living waters of eternal truth.

There are many people so lovable in many ways; so correct in human conduct; so easily-to-be got-along-with; but is our un-antagonized disposition to their personality enough, and the true standard and measure of their right-being? Is there no higher, truer, greater personality and standard with which and towards which a true equation is called for?

Is there no Truth, on-beckoning to the intellect, enticing to the will, appealing to the heart, asking for intelligent and willing assent and embrace by us; beyond and above the truth of inoffensiveness to others and self-satisfaction in the knowledge of it?

Or will you side with Pilate, when face to face with the Divinity, he turned and went away without awaiting an answer, having asked the question: "*What is Truth?*"

The "New York Times" and Papal Infallibility.

The *New York Times* is very fast acquiring the reputation of being a distinctively anti-Catholic paper. This fact is very much to be regretted, because after all there is a certain ability and decency about it that make it in many respects an admirable paper. Scarcely a day passes but there is printed some fling at the things that its Catholic readers hold very close to their hearts, and this fling is given not in the way of honest opposition, but rather by suggestion or innuendo, or by stupid misinterpretation. An honest antagonist may be respected, but not a hypocritical one.

The latest bit of *Times'* wisdom is the editorial on *The Pontificate of Leo XIII.* (issue of July 21).

It is the one discordant note in the chorus of praise that has come from the secular press in its estimate of Leo XIII. It is discordant, not because it does not give Leo a due meed

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of praise but because it is stupid and ignorant. The writer evidently knows nothing of the great work of Leo from the point of view of scholarship or of letters or of statesmanship or of social reform. He sees only the unpleasantness between the Popes and the Italian government, over what he terms the "miserable temporalities of their little province." It has all along been not so much a question of "temporalities" with the Popes as it was of the independence of the Holy See. Temporal power was necessary for independence—either that or the attitude of protest. Independence must be secured at all hazards.

The stupidity of the editorial lies in the statement that "Probably no intelligent Catholic regards the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, speaking ex-cathedra on questions of faith and morals, as any more sacrosanct than, in the view of any intelligent lawyer, is the 'dogma' of the infallibility in their respective spheres of the Supreme Court of the United States and of the Court of Appeals in the State of New York."

The decisions of the Supreme Court are final as a *finis litium*, but the decisions of the Pope in matters of faith and morals are final because in these matters, when teaching ex-cathedra, he is preserved from falling into error by the Spirit of Truth. This on account of the promise of the indwelling of the Spirit of Truth in the church, "all days even unto the consummation of the world." Hence of a necessity every intelligent Catholic must deem the infallible decisions of the Pope more sacrosanct than the decisions of the Supreme Court.

But why link together the Papal policy in Italy and the infallibility of the Pope, and speak of the wisdom of the Papacy in leaving a loophole through which it may reverse its decision. The editor has some very vague notions about the scope of the gift of infallibility, and probably thinks that infallibility includes all questions of political policy as well as of poetical license. The backwoods editor of a country paper said recently: "Now, where is the boasted gift of Papal infallibility? The Pope said he was going to die on July 16, the feast of the Carmelite Madonna. He did not. You cannot convince me any longer of the infallibility of the Pope."

The *Times* did not make this mistake, but probably if the editor would read some little treatise on the Infallibility of the

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Pope, like "*Christianity and Infallibility: Both or Neither.* Lyons" (Longmans), he would not make so many other mistakes.

Catholics and Socialists in Germany.

The recent visits of both the Kaiser and Edward VII. to the Vatican mean more than is ordinarily attributed to them. A very strong side-light is thrown on the Kaiser's visit by the result of the elections in Germany. The elections were practically a defeat for the throne and a victory for the socialists. The government's candidate was defeated by his socialist competitor in the town of Krupp, and in order to secure the election of the supporter of the government the Emperor paid a visit to this town. The socialists practically doubled their adherents, and now divide the Reichstag with the Catholics. An election of this nature in England would mean a new ministry. In Germany it is altogether an anomalous position for the government. It practically means that the government must rely solely on the Catholic members for its support in the popular assembly.

In the light of this fact the visit of the Kaiser to the Vatican, and the interest the Kaiser is taking in Catholic things, and the expressed favor he is showing to Catholic prelates, and the influence he is said to be exerting in the election of the new Pope, his entire attitude towards the Catholic Church, takes on a new significance.

Bismarck attempted to destroy the church. He would stamp it out by tyrannical law. In one short generation all this is changed. The Kaiser needs the church to support his throne and to uphold his power. Without it he would be at the mercy of the enemies of the throne and of all monarchical power.

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PROTESTANTS AND THE POPE.

ON Sunday prayers for the dying Pope were offered up in several Protestant churches of whose services we have particular reports and, probably, in many more as to which we have no such information.

They were indicative of a change in the attitude of Protestantism toward the Roman Catholic Church which is one of the most remarkable religious developments of recent years. Even not more than a quarter of a century ago that church, by far the greatest in Christendom, was usually excluded from consideration by Protestants when they were discussing the means and agencies for the propagation of Christianity. The article on the Pope in the *Westminster Confession*, in which he was described as "that antichrist, that man of sin and son of perdition," represented the prevailing Protestant belief.

Twenty-five years before this whole country had been stirred by a political agitation against the Roman Catholic Church which seemed to some prophets ominous of a religious war. That church, then comparatively feeble, has now grown into the strongest in the Republic, yet, instead of the bitterness of hostility against it proclaimed and predicted by the old Know-Nothingism, there have come harmony and respect. In Protestant churches prayers were offered up for the suffering and dying Pope. The Roman Pontiff has become a Christian brother, and Protestants join with Catholics in celebrating the spiritual exaltation of his character and the services he has rendered to Christianity. He was described by a Methodist preacher of New York on Sunday as "a leader of the great army of the Lord's hosts," a "spiritual commander-in-chief," a "champion of the faith who has never wavered from the Catholic position and the theology of Thomas Aquinas," "who has done much for the progress of civilization," who "has restored the golden age of the Papacy in its best sense."

Such a tribute to a Pope from a Protestant pulpit would have been impossible when Leo XIII. ascended the Papal throne. The bitterness of the old Protestant controversy, as expressed in the article of the Westminster Confession to which we have referred, had been moderated even then, but it had not been mitigated to an extent which would have made possible such expressions in a Methodist pulpit, or in any other Protestant pulpit. Even then Catholicism was looked upon by Protestantism as apart from Christianity.

A prayer for the Pope offered in an Episcopal Church of Brooklyn, however, was in terms which suggested an old-time controversy, for he was described simply as "the Bishop of Rome," and, in a sermon preached by the rector, as the head of the "Italian Church." That is, the Rev. Mr. Swentzel took pains to emphasize his rejection of the Papacy, though he looked on "the general interest in Leo XIII." as "a happy omen for the future, as showing how people come together." "The old furious cries, 'No Papacy' and 'Protestant heretics,'" he said, "will find no echo to-day."

This leads us to say that we have observed a steadily growing spirit of toleration and respect in the many letters of religious discussion we receive from Catholics and Protestants. The time was when they flung the most offensive epithets at each other. Now, as it must have been observed, they reason together calmly and respectfully, and even leave to each other some chance of escape from the wrath to come.—*New York Sun, July 14.*

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

IT is to be hoped that the study of New York City, recently begun by the celebration of the first Charter, will be continued on broader lines to show the elements of strength that have contributed to the growth of the great metropolis of America within two hundred and fifty years. Many trading expeditions from Holland followed Hudson's discoveries, but the first permanent settlement was made on the lower end of Manhattan Island in 1623. Three years later Peter Minuit, the third Dutch Director-General, purchased the island from the Indians, who then owned and occupied it, founding the new city under the name of New Amsterdam.

It has been computed that a single inch of the soil of Manhattan has been sold for more than was paid for the 13,487 acres. Had the price of the island been paid for in cash, instead of merchandise, the sixty guilders, or $24, would at present, with compound interest at the rate of 7 per cent., amount to $4,539,240,000, much more than the assessed value of the real estate of Manhattan Island for 1903, which is $3,490,679,832.

In 1653, the little settlement of New Amsterdam, which had been ruled for six years by brave, honest, sturdy Petrus Stuyvesant, the last of the Dutch governors, received its charter and was duly incorporated as a city. Eleven years later an English fleet appeared under Colonel Richard Nicolls, and the place having no adequate means of defence it became by right of conquest an English town named New York. There had been much friction between the Dutch of the New Netherlands and New-Englanders, which continued in a measure even under Nicolls, the new governor, for we find him in 1666 writing to the Earl of Clarendon, advocating a direct trade between Holland and New York, and using as an argument these words:

The strength and flourishing condition of this place will bridle the ambitious saints of Boston.

From the quaint little New Amsterdam settlement of 1653, with its fifteen hundred inhabitants, let us glance for a moment at the New York of to-day, with a population of 3,752,903, increasing from immigration alone at our own gateway with most wonderful rapidity. Not only may we claim to be commercially second among the cities of the globe, but we are taking a proud position in other respects. Our hospitals, our libraries, our museums, and our parks and schools are challenging the supremacy of the foremost capitals of Europe.

There is also an increasing tendency among scholars and men of national reputation to seek homes in New York. In our city the famous Farragut found a harbor; to our city came also the hero of Appomattox, and the illustrious soldier Sherman, whose equestrian statue now commands attention at the entrance to Central Park. Here in New York may be found seeking homes men rich beyond the dreams of avarice, who are more or less wisely distributing their millions in the interest of charity, art, and education.

According to the estimate of a writer in the *Evening Post*, while celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the granting of her charter, New York took note that its population in 1653 was 1,120, and in 1903 it is 3,752,903;

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value of real estate in New York in 1653 $35,000, and in 1903 $3,490,679,832. Those who wish to argue that Christianity is falling behind, or that it is not doing so, may be glad to have material for controversy in what follows: In 1653 there was one Christian church, and its seating capacity was 212. There were no Jews in the community. Excluding them now, one person in three attended public Christian worship when an actual count was made last November. The value of the one church mentioned was $900. The value of churches in New York to-day is $133,400,000. This sum does not include many other millions invested in education, in charity, and in social enterprises, all dependent on Christianity for existence and support, but churches and their sites only. So near as can be ascertained, it cost considerably less than $1,000 a year to maintain the one church of 1653. In 1903 Christianity, in all its varied forms, costs New York, for maintenance and extension of its own enterprises, and not including what it gives to the rest of America and to the world, $28,000,000.

The close of the city celebration calls to mind the fact that the names of Dominie Megapolensis and Governor Kieft, the Director-General preceding Peter Stuyvesant, are held in reverence by Catholics. It was during Governor Kieft's tenure of office, in 1643, that Isaac Jogues, a Jesuit priest, was captured by Iroquois Indians and brought down through Lakes Champlain and George to the Mohawk River. For fourteen months Father Jogues remained a slave, and while in captivity at Auriesville was dreadfully tortured. His body was mangled, his fingers crushed and burned until only the stumps were left, and finally his white companion, Réné Goupil, was killed.

Hearing that the Indians had with them a French prisoner, Dominie Megapolensis and other Dutch residents of Albany offered to ransom the captive, but were unsuccessful. Finally Father Jogues came down the river with his captors on a fishing expedition, and arriving at Albany was persuaded by the Dutch to board a vessel which was soon to sail for Virginia, and then Bordeaux. After some difficulty he eluded the guards and boarded the vessel. For two days the priest remained in the hold of the ship, and then was brought ashore again, where he went into hiding, living for six weeks in a loft behind a number of barrels.

Emaciated and weakened, Father Jogues was brought down the Hudson River by the Dutch minister, the Rev. Joannes Megapolensis, who had ever been his friend, the voyage to New Amsterdam consuming six days. The priest was entertained by Governor Kieft, who gave his guest good clothing in exchange for the savage costume he wore. There were then only two Catholics in New Amsterdam, a Portuguese woman, the wife of the ensign of the fort, and an Irishman from Virginia, and both received absolution from the first priest of their faith who had ever visited the town.

Three months later Father Jogues sailed for France, arriving there on Christmas Day. Owing to the mutilated condition of his hands the priest could not observe the rubrics, and he journeyed to Rome to obtain permission to celebrate Mass, which was granted. He remained but a short time in Europe, and again started for the New World. Arriving at Montreal, he was sent again to Auriesville to conclude a treaty of peace with the Indians. In this he was successful.

Then Father Jogues went back to Canada, but soon was granted permis-

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sion to begin missionary work among his former torturers. He had barely started on his journey when the war broke out afresh; and half-way down Lake Champlain the priest was captured, and this time condemned to die. At Auriesville the heroic missionary was put to death, his body being thrown into the river.

The first priest to visit New Amsterdam was not forgotten, and to-day there is a shrine at Auriesville to which thousands of Catholic pilgrims journey each year.

The Champlain Summer-School at Cliff Haven, N. Y., had in its programme for July 7 a special study of Governor Dongan by Alice Sterne Gitterman, M.A. (Columbia), representing City History Club of New York. The synopsis of the lecture was as follows:

Boundary Lines: Pennsylvania, Connecticut, East New Jersey, Maryland, Massachusetts, Montreal; the Great Colonial Governor's Policy.

The Provincial Charter, 1683: Charter, a written grant; three Kinds of Colonial Charters; previous New York Charters; the Duke's Laws, 1665–1683; the Dongan Provincial Charter of 1683 (Charter of Liberties and Privileges); the People—a Popular Assembly, Free Suffrage and Majority Rule, Religious Tolerance, Taxation by Consent only, the First Expression of Popular Legislative Authority.

The City Charters, 1686: Corporation, a Legal Person of Continuous and Perpetual Identity; Corporation Rights in England; Esopus and the Riot Law; Albany Charter; The Dongan New York City Charter of 1686; Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty, One Body Corporate and Politique; Common Council; Courts of Justice; Excise; Free Citizen Privileges; Market Days; Trust Property; The Basis of City's Municipal Rights until 1828.

Books of Reference: Stubbs' Select Charters; Magazine of American History; Dillon's Treatise on Law of Municipal Corporations, Chapters i., ii., v., viii.; O'Callaghan's Documentary History of State of New York; Chancellor Kent's Notes on the City Charter; Hoffman's Treatise upon Estate and Rights of the Corporation of New York; Brodhead's History of the State of New York; Banks' Albany Bi-Centennial.

* * *

A series of conferences bearing on Parish schools and Sunday-schools will be held at the Catholic Summer-School, Cliff Haven, N. Y., August 17, 18, 19, at 11:45 A. M. Symposium on Wednesday evening, August 19, on the work for Italians and other Catholics from foreign countries.

The Sunday-school Conference for some years has been a prominent and pleasing feature of the Catholic Summer-School of America. The conference this year will begin August 17, and will occupy three days.

The first session will be devoted to a discussion of the training of teachers. Course of study followed in the Normal Class for Catechists in New York City. Reports from Sunday-schools.

The second session will be given to the standards of study for First Holy Communion, under the following heads:

Questions from the Catechism, how many?

Lessons from Bible History.

Pictures and hymns as aids in arousing the devotional spirit.

At the third session the following topics will be considered:

Missionary work for the children through the Parish School and the Sunday-school.

How to reach all the children of the parish. The Children's Mass. Statistics of progress in Parish Schools.

Reports on Sunday-school work should cover briefly the following topics:

1. Catholic population of the diocese.
2. Number of parishes.
3. Number of Catholic children.
4. Number of children in attendance at Catholic schools.
5. Number of Sunday-schools in the diocese.

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6. How many Sunday-schools continue the whole year? (No summer vacation.)

7. How many branch Sunday-schools in remote country districts?

8. How many Sunday-school conferences or conventions have been held during the year? What was the nature of the work at those meetings?

9. What methods are in general use to encourage attendance?

(*a*) Rewards of what nature?

(*b*) Number of Sunday-schools that have Christmas-trees, picnics, excursions, etc.

The undersigned Committee respectfully invite pastors, Sunday-school teachers, and all interested, to be present and to take part in the discussions.

Rev. THOMAS MCMILLAN, C.S.P., Chairman, Director of St. Paul's Sunday-school, New York City.
Very Rev. M. W. HOLLAND, Port Henry, N. Y.
Rev. RICHARD ORMOND HUGHES, New York City.
Rev. THOMAS J. O'BRIEN, Superintendent of Parish Schools, Brooklyn, N. Y. City.
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Tales from Wonderland. By Rudolph Baumbach. Pp. 122.

ART AND BOOK COMPANY, London:
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MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:
Round Anvil Rock. By Nancy Hutson Banks. Pp. 356. Price $1.50.

MCCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO., New York:
Darby O'Gill and the Good People. By Herminie Templeton. Pp. 294. Price $1.50.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:
Report on the Hawaii Bulletin of the Department of Labor, July, 1903. Monthly Bulletin of the International Bureau of American Republics. Pp. 1,836.

M. H. WILTZIUS & CO., Milwaukee, Wis.:
Breviarium Romanum. Pars Æstiva. Romæ-Tournaci.

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.:
Karma: A story of Buddhist Ethics. By Paul Carus. Pp. 47. Price 15 cts.

CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL COMPANY, New York:
Life of Leo XIII. and History of his Pontificate. By Francis S. Furey, A.M. With an introduction by Very Rev. Thomas C. Middleton, D.D., O.S.A. Pp. 562.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, San Francisco, Cal.:
Luther and the Reformation. By Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, D.D., Archbishop of San Francisco. Pp. 32. Price 5 cts. (Pamphlet.)

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Creighton University Reminiscences. By M. P. Dowling, S.J. Pp. 272. Price $1.25.

J. B. LYON & CO., Albany, N. Y.:
State of New York Department of Labor Bulletin. Published quarterly. June, 1903.

BLOUD ET CIE, Paris:
La Bible et l'Égyptologie. Par V. Ermoni. Pp. 63. *La Bible et l'Assyriologie.* Par V. Ermoni. Pp. 63.

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LIBRAIRIE FISCHBACHER, Paris:
La Doctrine de l'Expiation et son Évolution Historique. Par Auguste Sabatier. Pp. 115.

GINN & CO., Boston, Mass.:
Boston: A Guide Book. By Edwin M. Bacon, National Educational Association. Pp. 190.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Chicago, Ill.:
The Decennial Publication Studies: concerning Adrian IV. By Oliver Joseph Thatcher. Pp. 238. Price $1.

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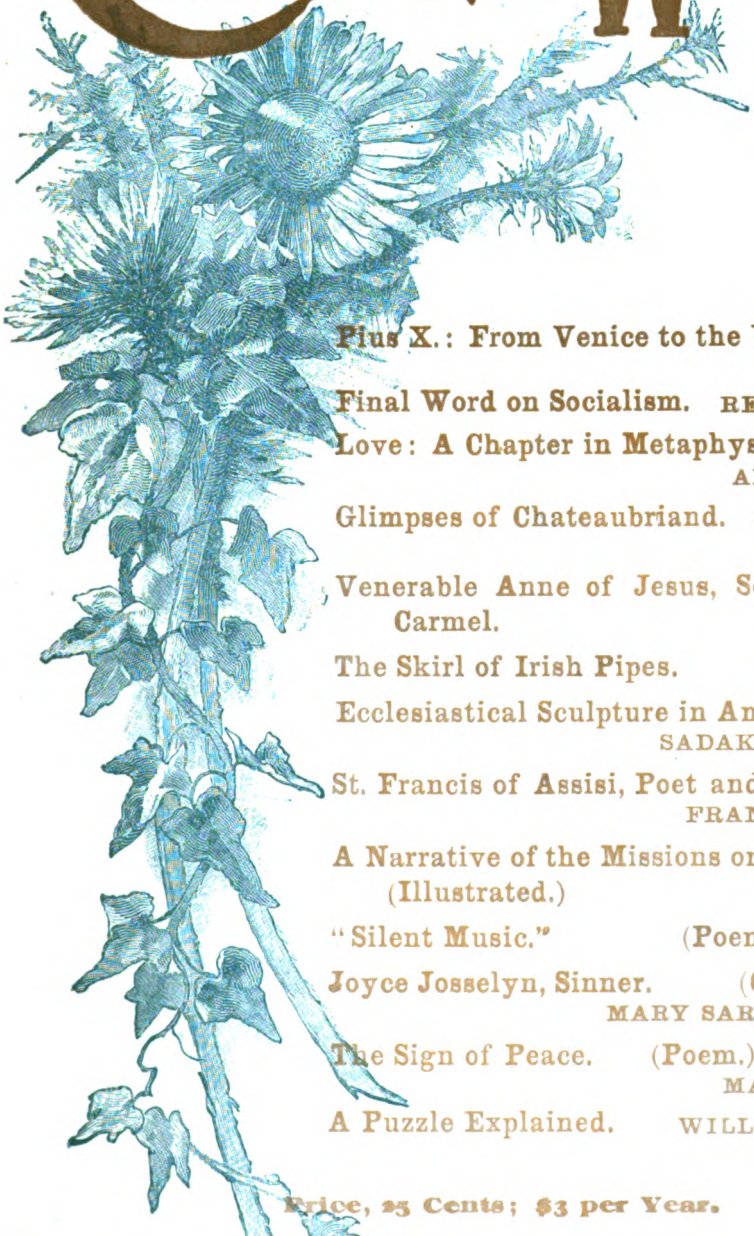

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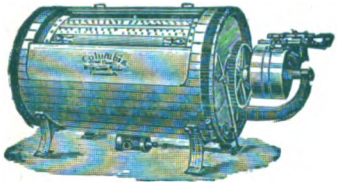

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A LETTER FROM CARDINAL GIBBONS.

THE Very Rev. George Deshon, C.S.P., Superior of the Paulist Order, received, yesterday, the following letter:

MY DEAR FATHER DESHON:

It gives me great pleasure to inform you that his Holiness, Pius X., grants to yourself and to your congregation of the Paulists his Apostolic Benediction. This favor was granted to me personally after I had introduced to his Holiness about seventy American pilgrims this very afternoon. Hoping, dear Father, that you are well, I am,

Yours Faithfully, in Christ.

J. CARD. GIBBONS.

August 24, 1903.

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JOSEPH CARDINAL SARTO,

THE PATRIARCH OF VENICE, WHO IS NOW REIGNING AS

Pope Pius X.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXXVII. SEPTEMBER, 1903. NO. 462.

PIUS X.: FROM VENICE TO THE VATICAN.

BY A. DIARISTA.

AFTER six ineffectual ballots, Joseph Cardinal Sarto, the Patriarch of Venice, received the requisite suffrages from the Cardinals in Conclave, and was duly proclaimed Pope-elect on August 5, assuming the name of Pius the Tenth. Of the many who were spoken of for the Papal Chair his name was rarely mentioned. Cardinals Rampolla, Serafino Vannutelli, and Gotti, were the leaders, and, as far as we know, in the early ballots, they received the greater number of votes; but no one of them could command the required two-thirds. Cardinal Sarto was selected as a non-political religious personage, with no pronounced policy to pursue towards the existing governments, and with an eye single to the highest interests of the church. He immediately drew unto himself almost the entire vote of the Sacred College. When the votes were read out he was overcome with emotion. He arose without a word, and walked towards the altar. All of a sudden the burden of the vast responsibility seemed to overpower him, and he became deathly pale, and tottered almost to a fall, but he quickly recovered himself. For a few moments he knelt in prayer, and then rising, he turned to his colleagues and said: "It is a great cross that I receive from you," and, in a few well-chosen words, he made known his willingness to accept the burden and the responsibility, for the sake of souls and the good of the church.

Outside in the great square of St. Peter's many thousands had waited for four days with increasing impatience for the result

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1903.

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of the deliberations. For six times did they see the black smoke issue from the chimney, and when the white smoke came at the conclusion of the seventh ballot, a great shout filled the air. The throngs rushed into St. Peter's and out again. The Italian soldiery had all they could do to restrain the excitement, and when the vibrant voice of Cardinal Macchi was heard high up on the central portico, a hush as still as death fell upon the throngs. "Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum; Habemus Pontificem Emminentíssimun Cardinalem Josephum Sarto qui sibi nomen imposuit Pium Decimum," continued the announcement, and then as the crowds caught the name Sarto, it was passed from mouth to mouth till the whole immense square seemed to ring with it. Expectant Rome took it up and it was not long before the news was being sent to the ends of the earth.

In that immense crowd there could not be detected a note of disappointment. During the days of the balloting the air was filled with reports of intrigues that were being carried on by the civil governments, and the human element in the cardinals was eagerly discussed by their favorites. It impressed one as one passed in and out among the crowds very much as an election day in the United States does. As a matter of course every one had made his own choice, but when the result was announced there was a shout of exultation, and there was no one that did not appear to be gratified by the selection.

Of the personality of the new Pontiff, little is known in Rome. His figure was rarely seen in the gathering of cardinals. He has the reputation of loving the work in his own diocese, and adhering closely to his duties in his patriarchal see. This much is certain, he was the idol of the Venetians. When he came out to celebrate in San Marco, the crowds that were gathered about the various altars left their places to follow his Mass. When he was leaving Venice for the Conclave the outburst of enthusiasm that greeted him was unusually warm, and in his wonderment at the sight of the crowds that gathered to bid him God speed, he remarked: "Why, I am coming back, I have taken a return ticket." He was born in Riese, a village in the diocese of Treviso, north of Venice, on June 2, 1835. He is, therefore, sixty-eight years and two months old. He however carries his nearly three score years and ten with an elastic step, and with a promise of many years of life.

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He studied in the seminaries of Treviso and Padua, and was ordained priest in Castelfranco in 1858. For many years he performed the ordinary duties of parish priest in several parts of the Venetian territory, which was then under Austrian domination.

It was not till 1875 that he was employed in subordinate diocesan offices in the diocese of Treviso. In 1884 he was made Bishop of Mantua by Pope Leo, who, in the consistory of June 12, 1893, created him cardinal, and three days later appointed him Patriarch of Venice. He was Cardinal Priest of the title of San Bernardo alle Terme.

Cardinal Sarto's appointment as Patriarch, gave rise to an animated dispute with the Italian Government, a nineteenth century revival of the question of investiture. The government claimed the right, as the successor of the Republic of Venice, to nominate the Patriarch, while the Holy See denied the right. The government finally granted Cardinal Sarto the exequatur.

In his office he has done all things that were bishop-like, and proved himself a strong and competent administrator. He has reformed the abuses that had crept in among the clergy, and in the performance of divine service. Among other things he insisted on the reading of the Gospel lessons and on having them explained in Italian to the people.

He also encouraged the restoration of the Gregorian chant in the church service, and was one of the first to discover Dom Perosi. He is venerated in his diocese as a saintly man, whose whole life is given to the care of his flock.

Cardinal Sarto's whole career has, therefore, been that of a parish priest who has risen to be bishop and then archbishop. He has had none of the diplomatic or court experience of the ex-Nuncios and Cardinals of the Curia, who make up the bulk of the Roman cardinals—those whose names have been mentioned most frequently as candidates, like Rampolla and Vannutelli.

He is, moreover, a diocesan priest and not a monk or other regular, like Gotti, a fact that may well have had weight in the election, on account of the acute state which the question of the religious orders has reached in France, and other strongly Catholic countries.

Cardinal Sarto's relations with the Italian Government were always extremely friendly, in spite of the difficulties made

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about recognizing him. He was looked upon as a Liberal, but his love for Italy was probably due to his being a Venetian, who had lived under Austrian rule when the rest of Italy had become united. He may become more conservative as Pope, but his attitude has been such as to warrant hopes of conciliation and peace, so far as the contradictory positions of the Vatican and the Quirinal in Rome will permit.

The Pope is of humble origin, but his family for generations has been noted for its fervent piety. He refers with pleasure to his humble extraction, and counts himself a son of the people. His grandfather, Leone Sarto, was a soldier in the Papal Army under Gregory XVI. His mother was noted for her charitable works and great faith.

When Giuseppe Sarto was seven years old, his mother took him to the City of Treviso on a pilgrimage, and there made a novena, that the legend that every soldier of the Pope's army gives to holy orders at least one child, should be fulfilled in her boy.

After his ordination he received his first appointment as assistant priest at the Church of San Rafael, in a small village named Tombola. He remained at this post from November, 1858, until May, 1867. The vicar-general promoted him to the pastorate of St. Peter's Church in Salzano, where he remained from May, 1867, until March, 1875.

While at Salzano Father Sarto established a conference of St. Vincent de Paul. As his rank increased he became more enthusiastic in this work. He has probably done more to spread the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society throughout Italy than any other prelate.

In 1875 Father Sarto was selected chancellor of the diocese of Treviso, spiritual director of the Treviso Theological Seminary, and examiner of the clergy. In 1876 he was made judge of the ecclesiastical tribunal of the same diocese. In 1877 the bishop conferred the highest office in the diocese upon him, the vicar of the Chapter of the cathedral. It was while administering the affairs of the Treviso diocese that he began the collection of what has since developed into one of the finest private libraries in Venice.

During the nine years of his reign at Mantua, Bishop Sarto led a life as abstemious as that of his poorest parish priest. It was often said of him that the poorest man or most unfor-

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tunate woman could approach him for advice or aid. Denying himself all social amusements, he devoted many hours during each day to scholarly application. In 1880 he wrote several learned treatises on the authenticity of relics of the martyrs. He also prepared a manual of prayer, which has since been adopted in a number of Italian provinces. He wrote a number of poems dedicated to the Madonna.

Unlike his predecessors, Sarto, as Patriarch of Venice, mingled freely with the poor of his jurisdiction. He had an hour each morning in which the lowly might approach him and tell their grievances. When he appeared in public, children flocked around him, and it is said that many times he has carried an afflicted child in his arms through the crowded thoroughfares. The gold chain of the pectoral cross and the episcopal ring were the only evidences of his high rank.

Walking one afternoon, he met a poor woman with a child in her arms, seeking aid. Stopping to question her, he learned the pitiful story of her fall and of efforts to secure employment. The Patriarch, after giving her substantial aid, added these comforting words: "All mothers are good, and no queen is greater than a good mother."

The Patriarchate of Venice has always carried with it the additional honor of cardinal. In 1893 Leo XIII., at the fall consistory, bestowed the red robe on the Patriarch. The ceremony of his elevation to the cardinalate was one of the most memorable events in the history of the church in Venice. In addition to the nobility and the foreign diplomats a multitude assembled at the great cathedral to witness the ceremony and receive the first blessing of the new cardinal. On this occasion Leo XIII. presented to the Patriarch one of the costliest pectoral crosses to be procured. It was seven inches long, with eight of the largest rubies in the Pontiff's possession in it.

Although his elevation to the title of Prince of the Church, of necessity, placed certain social obligations upon the cardinal, he continued to lead the same austere life he had followed during his earlier life.

There is much conjecture among those who pretend to have unusual sources of knowledge about the policy of the new Pope. It is put down here not because there is absolute reliance to be placed on it, but rather because it may have more

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or less of a foundation in real facts. It seems to be very true that Pius X. has no political affiliations. His selection was an effort to get away from the cardinals who had been somewhat pronounced in their relations with existing governments. He begins his reign with perfect freedom to consider the knotty problems arising out of the Italian question, or from the attitude of the French government, or from the complications of the Triple Alliance. All these problems as they arise will be settled on their merits without any past to apologise for or any future to pre-empt.

It seems also very certain that Pius X. is a man of more than ordinary intellectuality, who has followed the teachings of Leo XIII. as a disciple follows the voice of his Master. As far as Leo could express a desire for his successor he has pointed to Cardinal Sarto. We may then anticipate that the new Pontificate will not only not be in any sense a reversal of the policies of Leo, but will be their echo. A man of Leo's stamp, with his great dominant mind, and his eagle-like spirit which pierced the clouds of the future, should be followed by one sympathetic with his ideas, who can hold things together until all his followers learn and assimilate them. It takes a whole generation for the crowd to assimilate the policies of a great leader. Principles are enunciated, they are then affirmed by the teachers, and finally they find their way into the text-books. The newer generation is then brought up under the influence of them.

Leo's great work was formulated in his encyclicals. He faced an intellectual world that had torn up the very foundations of truth. Hence, it was necessary to relay these foundations, and to reaffirm the rights and duties of men to society, and of Christians to each other. The new Pope will watch over these newly-laid foundations until they may afford a secure footing for men of all nations and of all creeds. Pius X. is, naturally speaking, if we take into account the traits of his character, just the man who is best fitted to do this work. Look at his picture, and his character can easily be read from it. His type is that of a man of great spirituality, with a kindly heart that goes out in sympathy to the poor in their sufferings. In this trait of his nature may be found his vast interest in social problems. As the result of his labors the Patriarchate of Venice is now covered with a system of insti-

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tutions like co-operative banks and associations, helpful to the small tradesmen and the peasant farmer. He has the practical side of his nature strongly developed. The new pope is well fitted to take the great principles that Leo has enunciated in the Encyclical on the *Condition of Labor*, and make them issue in practical form of relief for the alleviation of the condition of the workmen. His head indicates a good balance between his powers, so he is not likely to be carried away into extremes. He is a man of great deliberation. He is sensitive, but his sympathies are always in control. He has that peculiar poise of head and face in which students of character say that the eyeball is balanced both ways. It looks within and it sees without. Such is the man who is destined to round out and complete the work of the great Leo. His reign will probably not be memorable for the inauguration of new things. Leo has done enough on these lines for one century. But the advance guard will now mark time till the rest of the army comes up. Pius X. will draw all hearts unto him so that the constructive elements will solidify and make homogeneous the entire body of the church.

The spiritual welfare of the church will command his best thoughts. His administration will not be with governments, but with the people. Strife and intrigue will be far from his methods, and peace and conciliation will inspire them.

He will in all probability take up the work of Leo on Christian Unity; and here his peculiar gifts will contribute to an early success. The spectacle of the entire Christian world kneeling about the death-bed of a pope has not been witnessed before in Christendom for three hundred years. The way the non-Catholic heart has gone out to the new Pope, is striking evidence of the ripeness of the desire of the English-speaking races to come back to the old Mother Church. If his first address to the Christian world contains a note of conciliation and soulful invitation to all to come back to the old home, it will be eagerly listened to, and by many as eagerly accepted.

The Eastern churches, too, are ready to return to the Mother Church. They are showing signs that the slavery of the civil power is becoming well nigh unbearable. Their patriarchs and their bishops have been obliged to accept any infamy and condone any crime, and then publicly sing a Te Deum for it, as was done in Servia recently. Men who have

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consciences revolt against this thraldom, and, as a consequence, they yearn for the liberty of a spiritual principality. Leo has marked out the way for return. Their ancient privileges shall not be withdrawn, their immemorial rites shall be preserved intact. All that is needful is to recognize the spiritual authority of the Church of Rome, and conform in doctrinal life to her teachings. Cardinal Sarto, as Patriarch of Venice, was in touch with the East. He knows as much of their immemorial customs as any one in authority. He will undoubtedly hasten their return to the unity of Christendom.

Moreover, the new Pope is in closer touch with Northern Europe, than any of his immediate predecessors. He speaks German fluently as though it was a mother tongue. In fact, when he was born Venice was under the domination of Austria, and German was the prevailing language, in court circles anyhow. This familiarity with German has brought him in contact with the Teutonic mind and traits of character. It is an easy step from this to the English-speaking races. One of the first acts of his pontificate was to receive a large band of American pilgrims, and it was easy to detect that his interest in things American was already awakened. He has watched the growth of the church in the United States, and his admiration has been elicited not only by the strength of the faith among the American people, but by the wonderful expansion the church has received.

The American people, too, will like him. The fact that he has risen by sheer force of his own merits from an obscure origin to the highest position in the world, and in it all he has preserved his love for the simple ways of his early life, will commend him to their admiration. He has come from the loins of the people, and he loves their strength and their energy. He is pronouncedly democratic in his tastes, and in his daily life. There is, moreover, a very large human side to his character. All the world will love him as soon as they begin to know him.

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THE FINAL WORD ON SOCIALISM.

BY REV. W. J. MADDEN.

STRIPPED of the verbiage of "economic conditions" and "political economy," socialism simply means the revolt of the poor against scanty living and rough wearing toil. This inequality of men and women, at all times and everywhere prevailing, ranks among the mysteries—puzzling problems of life. The discontent of the poorly equipped is aroused by the contrast of their lowly condition with the refinement and elegance surrounding the lives of others—men and women like themselves. When "my Lord Dunraven" brought his yacht, *Val Kyrie*, across the Atlantic to race in New York harbor for the American cup, a man in the crowd said, "That's how the money of the poor Irish tenants goes." This remark struck the fundamental note in the plaint of the socialist. Why should this man with a title of "nobility" possess thousands of acres of rich land in County Limerick, Ireland, which he seldom or never sees, and gather in an enormous rental, which he does nothing to earn, from the poor and hard-working tenants, to squander it in the idle and expensive pursuit of yacht-racing on another continent? To the man in the street there is something in this monstrously unjust. Compare his life of spendthrift luxury in London and other places with the penurious existence of the cottage farm-homsteads of the tenantry on his so-called "estate," and who can refuse to share that feeling—at the first blush at any rate? So the awful inequality in the human lot strikes and puzzles the ordinary average mind of the observer of things in this world. Visit on the same day the "Dock" end of London and the "End" of the palaces and mansions in the West. These are but the large models of what may be found in every city in the world, less extensive, but still the same. You will see there in undeniable realism the wide inequality in the human lot—the impassable gulf between the roughness of rude toil, dirt, discomfort, coarse raiment, coarse food, and scanty wage—and

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grandeur, clean lives, elegant costumes, dainty food, abundance of money, rounds of easy pleasure of spendthrift wealth. What is to keep the swarming mass of comfortless toilers from fierce grumbling and imprecations when they turn their eyes on the pampered elegance of this favored minority? Here is the root and reason of socialism. It has, to all seeming, a just and crying grievance to work on. On natural grounds there could not be a juster cause of discontent and revolt against such intolerable unfairness. The world offers no remedy—has none to offer to these arguments of the poor, but opposes the force of organized government to repress the discontent and revolt, were it actively to move on the possessions and position of the rich. This is the root of anarchy, which is socialism in despair. Away with this barrier bristling with bayonets and cannon that stand between the too rich and the too poor! That is the logical and natural conclusion and result for those who, with eyes on this world ponder only on this fearful inequality of human fortunes. Is there anything to restore content and persuade resignation to this condition of things? It is an irony at this late date of the world to have to ask such questions.

The condition of things is not new. It always existed. Still, it must be admitted that in a sense it is new to each passing generation of mankind, that is, it becomes new when the current generation refuses to avail of the experience of the past, to be satisfied with the motives which urged their forebears to accept and contentedly make the best of it. Nothing in the history of the race so powerfully contributed to this end in the past as the teachings of Christianity. It is impossible to reconcile the multitude to a life of unequal and inferior fortune here without reference to a future life where compensation shall be made them. But our current generation has, at least in a large and ever-growing majority, discarded Christianity, and put a future life entirely out of view. It faces the old problem in a new attitude, and wants the matter settled here and now in this world.

Since the year 1793 new theories for its solution have been set afloat. No country set to work on them so vigorously as France. In violence and blood it abolished the upper classes, and proclaimed its famous trinity—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, for all the people and for ever more. But since then I have lived in France some years, yet failed to see any aboli-

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tion of inequality in the human lot. The same sharp division of classes existed there as elsewhere, the same masses of hard-working and struggling poor, the same numerous minority of the well-to-do and the rich is there, as everywhere. Liberty was a thing of sentiment. At most it was an exchange of one set of rulers for another, and in private life it meant there as elsewhere and everywhere, "obey the laws, work hard, and pay your taxes." Fraternity was a sham—an empty sham. The arm-chair theorists in other countries took up the problem of equalizing things for the vast human family and that great, modern question "Socialism," was floated. Its ensign bore the word "Eureka." It was the key of the great puzzle. A more equal distribution of wealth and goods of life would cure everything, and bring contentment to all. It soon found itself in angry waters. The possessors of the wealth and goods raised a storm for their rights and possessions, and a hurricane clamor answered back from the hungry multitudes for their just share. It was a battle of the elements. It lasts still. Then out of the baffled socialism came forth a hideous offspring, the *pallida mors* of anarchy. "If the rulers will not part with power, nor the rich give up their wealth, let us kill them all, let us reduce all things to chaos and build up again," said the toiling, sweating, needy masses. A few crown heads and prime ministers and presidents of republics actually fell to assassin blows. Then the angry and organized forces of the rich swooped down on the assassins and choked their lives out. And so the hopeless war goes on, and men are as far from equal in their lots of lives as ever they were. Is it always to be so? Is there no chance that the levelling up and levelling down process of socialism shall ever be realized?

There are two or three things in the human condition that would make such socialism utterly unworkable. If every one had enough no one would do any work, at least any very toilsome work. The busy world would be brought to a stand-still. Now it would be utterly impossible for this to last more than a day or two. The craving for food would goad to work again. Food production and clothing production are at the base of all human labor, most of it very hard, irksome, and dirty work. If all started again on the same level everyone would want to shirk the dirty work and clamor for the clean

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and easy, as men and women always do. The world would perish of its own dirt-disease before the dispute could be decided. Again, that socialism should be at all feasible, the workers of this scheme should be able to arrange for an equal distribution among all the sons of men talents and mental capacity and physical aptitude. Can they so arrange that everyone shall have the same mental endowments, no one having more and no one having less talent than another? Never! They know they cannot. They therefore ought to know that even after the equal distribution of material goods were made and a fresh start given to the human family on equal footing of material fortune, very soon the talented, the quick-minded, and the strong would again gain ascendency, and the same old trouble would be on their hands once more. But supposing all minds could be trained to the same mental capacity, as some foolishly say can be done by universal education, there are the moral or immoral qualities to be reckoned with, virtue and vice. The well-known vicious tendencies of men would soon upset those peaceful theories of a happy and fraternal equality, which look so fair on paper. Rogues and idle vagabonds would still abound. The keen-witted gambler, whether in stocks or dice, the panderers to liquid gluttony and fleshly lusts, the pick-pockets and burglars, the bandits and smugglers and forgers and counterfeiters and murderers, all would still be there to make quick wreck of the smiling, peaceful contentment and equality with which socialism so simply aims at dowering mankind. Some natural virtues, it is true, would still survive; but the motives to practice them proposed by socialism, namely, self-betterment and worldly well-being, are but incentives to that struggle which bring out all the meaner tendencies of human nature which quickly swamp and sweep away the milder virtues if found to be hindrances or are even seen to retard the end to be attained.

Forty years of socialistic experiment, while in a few countries it has gained for the wage-earner a little more money and shortened the hours of work, has by no means abolished the inequality in the human lot. This is a matter of fact. It is as glaring and as sharply marked to-day as ever it was, and what is worse, the vast masses in the lower and lowest scale, that is in the inferior and lower callings, are much more con-

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scious of it than ever before. Socialism has called their attention to it so clamorously, and they are, therefore, more discontented, and, in addition, more embittered by the failure of foolish hopes so luridly held out to them, leaving them in a state of chronic and smouldering revolt. This inequality in the human family may then fairly be pronounced unalterable and incurable. What then is left to be done? Why, it is simply to reconcile people to endure peacefully and as contentedly as may be a condition of human life that is above their power and beyond their reach. It is manifestly so. There never was perhaps a question on which such concentrated effort, open discussion, and honest, earnest, and eager endeavor were brought to bear, as on this one of equalizing the conditions of the human race, but, as everyone must admit, with almost unappreciable result. So it seems that reconcilement is the last word in this eventful debate. If the view of the sufferers by this inequality, and they are the great majority, be confined only to their temporary existence on this earth and all their hopes centred on that and only that,—then their case is indisputable, but also is very hopeless. They have been made vividly conscious of the inferiority of their lot, they have become painfully aware that it cannot be, generally at least, ever altered. So they are and must be discontented. When this discontent becomes acute, they make an end of it, or think they do, by ending life itself. Suicide, that revolt against our lot, the last reckless resort of the despairing, is notably on the increase. It looks as if the agnostic pleaders for socialism (they are all at least ignorers of Divine Providence) had sent forth their final message—"We have tried, and failed to bring you remedy, therefore kill yourselves, O all ye poor! that is all we can now suggest"; and many of them are doing it. That would be well, had they any assurance they were going to better themselves by suicide, and who of their naturalist friends can give them that assurance? They profess to know nothing of what happens after death. They may carve, as they do, "At rest," on the suicide's monument, or on the monuments of unbelievers like themselves, but how can they know?

I do not think it can be much clearer that there is left but one cure, and one only, for the revolt of the discontent so prevalent in all the world about us, and that is, reference to a

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future state, such as revelation presents to our minds. Not a vague thing, or a clouded hope, but the clear substantial fact that the soul survives into immortal life, where full compensation shall be made for every inequality submissively borne, a time of restitution and restoration for the patient and faithful, also a time of disgrace and punishment for the wayward and unreasonable. This is the only incentive to men to bear with life at all. As long as religion-haters continue to "dispel eternal hopes and sweep away from human vision the life of the world to come," so long will they keep the threatening and angry spectre of social discontent, like a Damocles' sword, dangling over the heads of men.

To be practical, there is nothing left but to get the people everywhere to listen to God's message and messengers. This life, they proclaim, is not to be taken by itself, but only in reference to another, which will be its just and fair measure—work and wait for that. The Emperor of Germany has recognized this, and with a courage which does him great credit, in face of a scoffing and unserious world, he pleaded the other day, in a public speech, for a return to religious faith. President Roosevelt, a man not unlike him, but of far solider build, feels the same way, and shows it in word and example. And President McKinley's dying words were a counsel and a legacy of wisdom, in the same sense, to all this great but too proud American people. Bismarck (who would have thought it?) said in a letter to Arnim, his brother-in-law, 1861: "We are all in the powerful hands of God, and if he deign not to help us we can only bow in submission to his will. We must not attach ourselves to this life and think ourselves at home here, when we know that in twenty or thirty years at most, we shall be freed from the cares of this world. If everything ended with this life, it would not be worth the trouble of dressing or undressing."

As against the unbelieving, worldly-minded rich, the agnostic socialist has a most logical position. By the example of the rich they are taught to look to no eternal future for compensation or betterment; they are taught to look for everything only in this life, and to take to the full every enjoyment that this world can give, regardless of every supernatural injunction—which is only, of course, a myth, and does not exist.

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Therefore the poor naturally say, let us possess ourselves how we can, and by every means we can, of what will give us a chance to enjoy ourselves in this world; we should be fools if we did not; let us compel the rich to share with us; we are too poor to have any of the fun we see the carriage-folk and the club-men enjoying, therefore, let us invade their pleasant world; they have no more right to enjoy it than we, and if we cannot do that, at any rate we can break it up and spoil it for them.

This is unanswerable, and remains unanswerable, as long as the rich are sensual unbelievers, and stake all on this present world. That they may have an answer at all for their less fortunate and envious brethren, they must show them a better example, become more spiritual, more unworldly, less selfish, and begin again to study and put in practice, under the guidance of the one true Church, the teaching of Him who first proclaimed to men the strange truth: "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Thus the true cure for aggressive, rebellious, and discontented socialism, if not the only one, is in the hands of the rich themselves.

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LOVE: A CHAPTER IN METAPHYSICS.

REFLECTIONS FOR ORDINARY CHRISTIANS.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.

THE highest conception of Being, as an intelligent reality, is Love. Love is the most intense reality. It is life in its supreme and most dynamic activity. The primal cause of created being is Love; as in last analysis it is the final cause of morality. Perhaps the simplest definition of the Divinity, the Supreme Being, is Love.

Do these seem unguarded expressions?

Hear St, John the sublime, saying: *Deus caritas est.* God is Love.

These affirmations are the highest teaching and the furthest reach of metaphysics and philosophy.

In real ontology, the world of real existences, being and life, crowned with intellect, become unintelligible without them. For as actualized intellect (whatever abstract theories may try to fancy) necessarily implies will, so intellect and will together inevitably postulate love. The fundamental and permeating assumption in ethics, to its final chapter, will be found built on the same affirmations; or it would be as meaningless as to speak of the morality of stones. Even in the cold world of logic and pure ideology we cannot think without the so-called principle of contradiction, which is simply the compulsory love-embrace of mind with being.

In our world of contingent existences and realities, we cannot rationally explain their origin any more than their purpose or destiny; nor harmonize them in any synthesis consonant with our consciousness and conscience; except upon the fact of an absolute and infinite love—of which the other name is God.

Origin, cause, purpose, law, order; any intelligible correlation of all these other realities with ourselves and of ourselves with them;—all these must be suppressed and banished, if we banish love. As in turn when we expel these principles from our concepts, our motives, desires, and our best and noblest aspirations, we have simply succeeded in turning the universe into chaos, and life into the most unlovely and unwishful element of it.

Without love, man, thought, will, morality, any unifying force and systematic cohesion of the whole cosmic world, fail and commit suicide—*having attempted deicide.*

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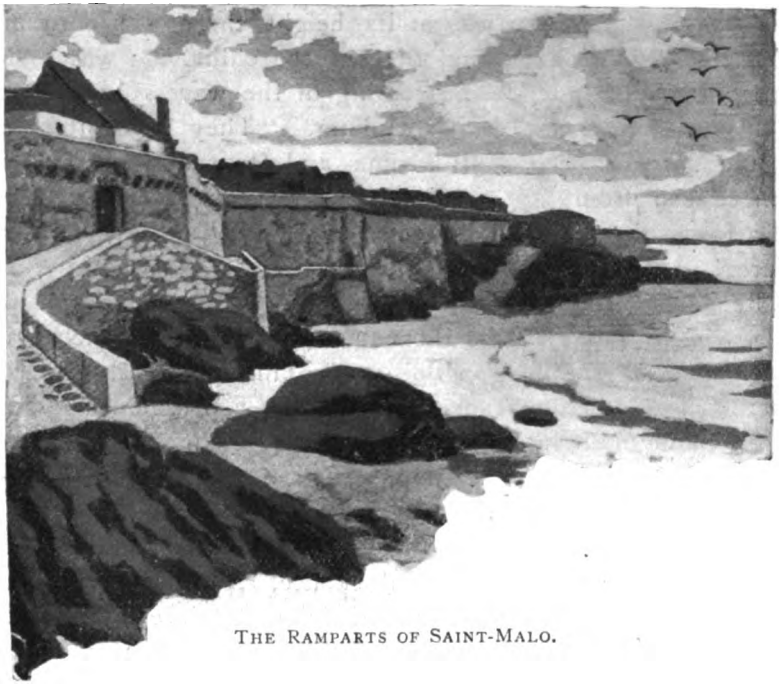

THE RAMPARTS OF SAINT-MALO.

GLIMPSES OF CHÂTEAUBRIAND.

BY G. LENOTRE.

PROBABLY no one had done so much by his writings to bring France of the eighteenth century back to a recognition of the beauties of religion as the author of *The Genius of Christianity*.

During the first days of the month of September, 1768, the old walls of Saint-Malo were racked by a fearful tempest. For a whole week the waves lashed themselves in fury against the ramparts; gusts of wind tore off roofs, beat down chimneys, and rushed through narrow streets with pieces of broken slate and a torrent of brick and stone. The people, terrified, sought the church where the relics of Saint Malo were exposed, as in a time of great calamity. Finally the storm abated, and on Sunday, the 18th of September, the saintly relics were carried in a procession upon the ancient ramparts about the town, while the people assembled on the beach and chanted hymns of praise and thanksgiving.

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When this tempest was at its height there was born in a house near the château and the sea the child who was to become Châteaubriand. "The roaring of the waves drowned the sound of my first cry," he wrote later. "They have often told me the story of that fearful time, and its sadness has never been effaced from my memory; the heavens seemed to unite their forces in order to place in my cradle an image of my future."

The house where he was born was situated in the Rue aux Juifs, and, in 1768, it bore the name of Hôtel de la Gicquelais; it belonged to the Magon-Boisgarein family, and is to-day a part of the Hôtel de France. His father had established himself at Saint-Malo in 1758, and had engaged in some commercial operations with the hope of retrieving his fortunes. Although the poet has treated the pretensions of his family to nobility as childish, he nevertheless passed over these speculations of his father in disdainful silence, as not being of any interest. The maritime archives of Saint-Malo are less discreet. They say that he made much of his money in privateering. With the profits of his speculations he finally set out to realize a long-cherished dream. He bought one of the ancient fiefs of his family, the estate of Combourg, rich in feudal rights; he proposed to live there as a gentleman. The eldest son was now in the army and one of the daughters in a convent. The little René thus became Monsieur le Chevalier, and, weeping bitterly, he bade adieu to his little playmates of Saint-Malo's shores.

It was one evening in May, 1777, that he beheld for the first time the walls of Combourg. He had set out from Saint-Malo in the morning, with his mother and sister, in an enormous old carriage, with gilded panels and purple tassels, drawn by eight horses, caparisoned after the Spanish fashion with bells around their necks. The journey lasted the whole day.

They supped that evening in the great hall, which occupied the whole body of the house and looked out upon a great pool of water; then they put the "chevalier" to bed under the roof, high up in a little tower chamber which had been prepared for him.

Who would dare to rewrite the story of the youth of René, the history of that passionate heart, after the touching confidences of "Outre-Tombe"? A subtle sympathy grew up

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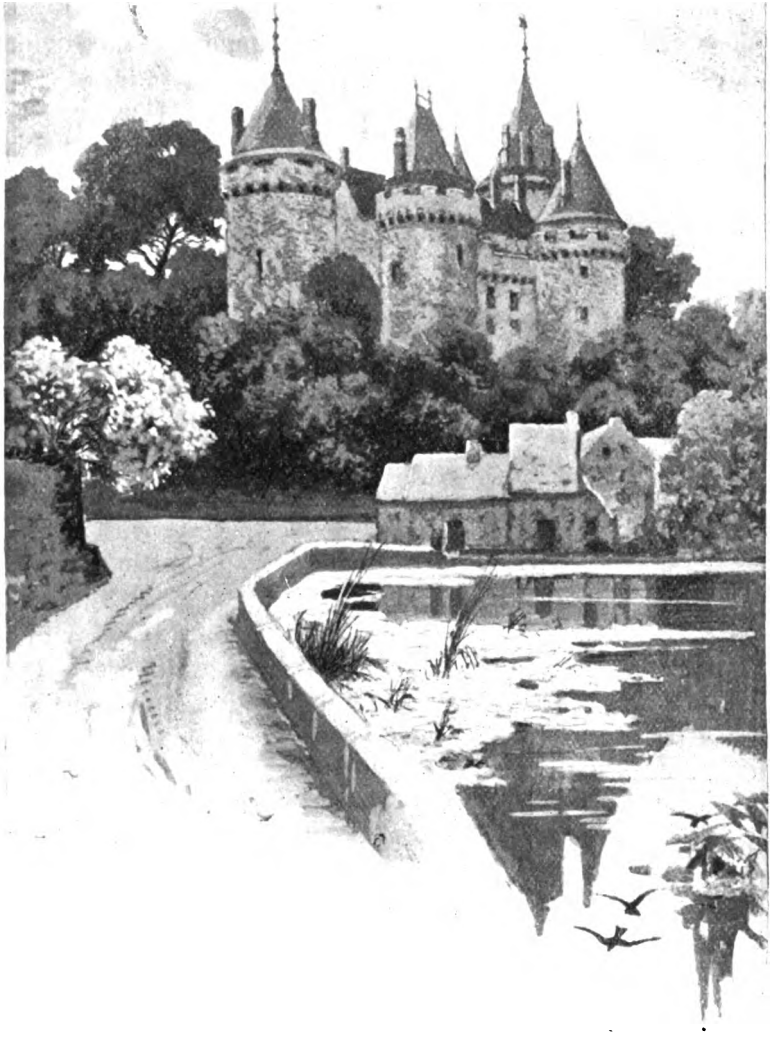

THE CHÂTEAU OF COMBOURG.

between the child and the feudal manor where he spent his youth; those ancient walls taught him a respect for ancient France; the aspect of the country over which the sea breezes swept engendered in him those poetic germs from which, later, came "Velléda," "Cymodocée," "Abencérage," and "Atala." His genius was formed and grew apace in this lonely spot as the most precious pearls grow in the depths of the sea.

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The enormous castle with its four towers, its high salons, its galleries, was inhabited by only four persons: M. and Mme. Châteaubriand, René and his sister, Lucile. A cook, a housemaid, two footmen, and a coachman composed the domestic establishment. A hound and two old horses were in one corner of the stables. These twelve living creatures were almost lost sight of in a mansion which could easily have sheltered a hundred chevaliers, their wives, their maids, their valets, the hunters and the hounds of King Dagobert.

M. de Châteaubriand was a gloomy, taciturn man, whose habitual melancholy seemed only to increase with age: haughty with his equals, harsh with his servants, despotic in his household, one experienced a feeling of dread, or fear, on seeing him. He arose at four o'clock in the morning, summer and winter; he went immediately to the turret stairway and called his valet; a cup of coffee was brought him at five o'clock, and he worked in his study from that time until midday. Mme. Châteaubriand and her daughter never appeared in the morning; the little chevalier had no hour fixed for his rising, or breakfast; he was supposed to study until midday, but most of the time he did nothing. At half-past eleven o'clock dinner was served. The grand salon was at the same time dining-room and drawing-room; the family dined at one end of the hall. After dinner they remained together until two o'clock. Then M. de Châteaubriand went to fish or hunt, the mother shut herself in her chapel, Lucile in her chamber, and the chevalier returned to his little turret chamber, or ranged over the fields. At eight o'clock the bell rang for supper; then, in fine weather, the family sat out of doors under the trees. M. Châteaubriand, armed with his gun, shot the screech owls which appeared upon the battlements at the approach of night; Mme. Châteaubriand, Lucile, and René looked at the sky, the woods, the last rays of the sun, the first stars. At ten o'clock they went to bed.

The autumn and winter evenings were of another sort. The supper finished, the four gathered about a table before the enormous fireplace in the great hall; the chevalier writes: "My mother threw herself, with a sigh, upon an old couch near a small table on which was the one candle. I seated myself near the fire by Lucile; the servants cleared the table and retired. My father began walking the floor, a perform-

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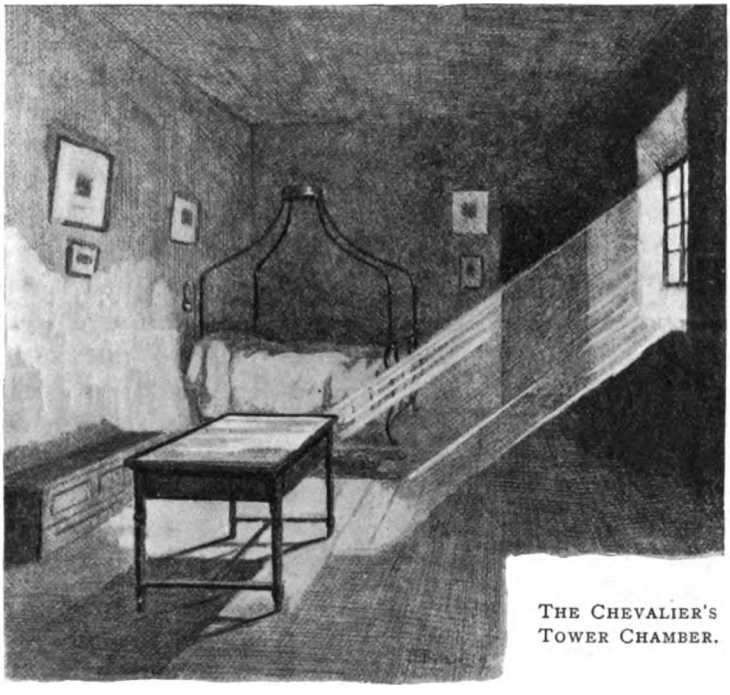
ance which lasted until bed-time. He wore a coat, or rather a kind of cloak, of white cotton stuff, a garment that I have never seen worn except by him. His head, half bald, was covered with a great bonnet, which stood erect upon his head. When in promenading he left the fireside, the vast room was so dimly lighted by the single candle that we could not see



THE CHEVALIER'S TOWER CHAMBER.

him; we could only hear him still walking in the darkness; then he would slowly return toward the light and emerge by degrees from the obscurity, like a spectre, with his white robe, his white bonnet, his tall, spare figure. Lucile and I exchanged a few words in a low voice when he was at the other end of the room, but were silent whenever he approached. He said in passing: 'Of what were you speaking?' Seized with terror, we made no answer, and he continued his walk. The rest of the evening there was no sound heard save the measured footsteps, the sighs of my mother, and the moanings of the wind.

"Ten o'clock struck: my father stopped; the same spring which had started the hammer of the clock seemed to have

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suspended his footsteps. He drew out his watch, wound it, took a huge silver candlestick with a great candle, entered, for a moment, the small tower-room on the east, then returned, candle in hand, and advanced toward his bed-chamber next to the eastern tower. Lucile and I arose and kissed him, wishing him good-night. He bent a lean and wrinkled cheek down to us, without answering, and continued on his way to his room, whose door we heard close behind him.

"The spell was broken; my mother, my sister, and I, transformed into statues by the presence of my father, now recovered our usual manner. Our relief at his departure manifested itself in a lively torrent of words; if the silence had oppressed us, we made up for it now. Afterward, I called the maid and conducted my mother and sister to their rooms. Before leaving them, they made me look under all the beds, in the chimneys, behind the doors, visit the stairways, the passages, and the corridors. All the ghostly traditions of the château returned to their minds. The people believed that a certain Count de Combourg, with a broken leg, dead three centuries ago, appeared at certain periods, and that he had been seen in the grand stairway which led to the turret; his wooden leg also sometimes promenaded with a black cat.

"These tales occupied the whole time which my mother and sister spent in preparing to go to bed, to which they went half dead with fear; I withdrew to my turret chamber."

Twenty years ago, when some repairs were being made at Combourg, the workmen, in tearing away a wall on the ground floor of the castle, unearthed the skeleton of a cat, which must have been buried alive. It was, no doubt, the spectre of this creature that had haunted the castle for so many years and caused so many terrors to Mme. de Châteaubriand. No one knows what gave rise to this legend. The whitened bones of the mysterious animal are placed on a cushion in the great library.

Above, in the turret, is preserved intact the chamber inhabited by Châteaubriand; it is a small room, dimly lighted, in which there are several souvenirs of the author of "Atala." From this room Châteaubriand went to join the regiment of Navarre, at Cambrai; his father died while he was there and his mother returned to Saint-Malo. Combourg remained deserted.

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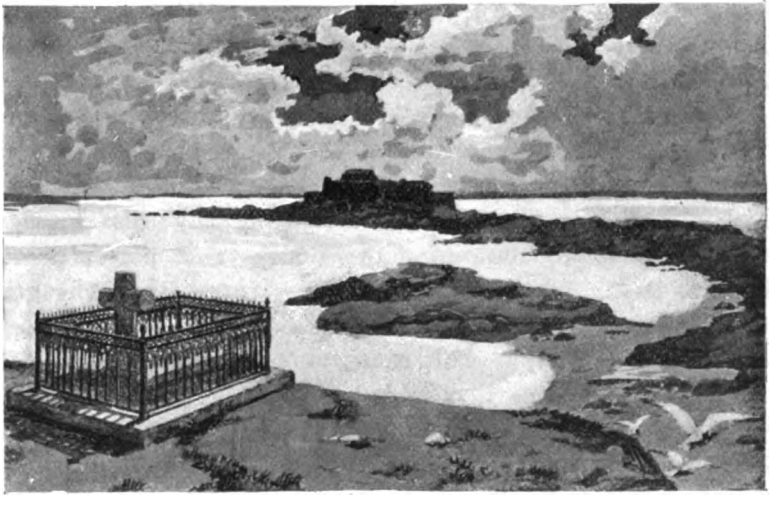
Châteaubriand saw the court of Louis XVI., visited the new world, visited England, the Holy Land, Germany, sojourned at Rome, Berlin, Prague, Geneva, experienced the rigors of the imperial power and the prisons of the liberal monarchy of July, and, finally, famous but old and disillusioned, always faithful to his royalist creed, and always poor, he came to establish himself in a small house in the faubourg of Paris, where he hoped to end his days.

He had bought, after 1830, a pavilion situated in the Rue d'Enfer, behind the Observatory and next to the Infirmerie



THE TOMB OF CHÂTEAUBRIAND.

Marie Thérèse, which had been founded by Mme. de Châteaubriand. The place was extremely solitary; from the windows of his salon the author could see a wood, a stretch of meadow, and a poplar alley; the demolition of a wall brought his plot of ground in communication with the infirmary garden; he awoke in the morning at the sound of the Angelus; he heard from his bed the chanting of the priests in the chapel; he saw from his window the Sisters of Charity in their sombre robes, the hospital patients and the old ecclesiastics walking about in the old garden. The room in which he worked was filled from floor to ceiling with books, and its entire length was occupied by an enormous oak table; he spent almost the whole day there, dressed in a long, dark-blue redingote, buttoned up to his chin, and a pair of loose slippers. He had

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for a companion a large gray cat that had been born in the Vatican. Leo XII. had brought the animal into the room in the folds of his robes when he received the ambassadors. The Pope being dead, the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* inherited the cat, which was called Micetto, and, in his quality of the Pope's cat, enjoyed at the Marie-Thérèse a great amount of consideration.

In 1836 Châteaubriand left this place and went to lodge in the Rue du Bac in order to be near Mme. Récamier. The man who had for so many years wandered over the face of the earth could now make only a daily journey from his hotel to the Abbaye-aux-Bois. Death had already begun its work; his limbs were paralyzed. Besides his daily visit to the Abbaye-aux-Bois he went scarcely anywhere, except to the Missions Étrangères, near by, and to the Academy, where he went, for the last time to assure the election of Ampère. His days were spent in reading the papers, dictating the last of *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, and in sitting by his high windows, which looked out upon the hedges and parterres of the Mission. After breakfast his visitors were received; he greeted them with an affability which preserved a touch of haughtiness. To the Bretons who came to see him he always asked with a sad smile this invariable question:

"You come from yonder? Have you been to Saint-Malo?" That meant, have you seen my tomb? For twenty years he had been soliciting the municipality of Saint-Malo to cede to him on the eastern point of the islet of Grand-Bey a spot of ground just large enough to contain his coffin. The mayor of Saint-Malo had answered that the sepulchre would be prepared by the loyal Bretons, and he added: "A sad thought is blended with this fraternal care! May the grave remain empty for a long time!"

The concession, however, had not been obtained without difficulty. The Grand-Bey belonged to the military department, and the Department of War was somewhat disturbed over the seizure of its lands by the municipality. However, the mayor, M. Hovius, gained the day—the conference had lasted six years—and a subscription was raised for the construction of the tomb, which Châteaubriand, in Paris, directed.

Châteaubriand died on July 4, 1848.

Fifteen days later, his body, accompanied by members of

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the family and the curé of the Missions Étrangères, arrived at Dol de Bretagne, where a deputation from the municipality of Saint-Malo came to receive it; a guard of honor watched near the body during the night. On the morning of the 18th the cortège took its way to Saint-Malo. All the inhabitants of the town were assembled and accompanied the body of the illustrious Breton to the cathedral. For twenty-four hours an immense crowd defiled sorrowfully before the catafalque. The next morning Mass was said by the curé of Combourg; then the coffin was carried at the head of a procession through the streets of the town; cannon thundered salutes, a band of music played the melody of the popular ballad,

"Combien j'ai douce souvenance
Du joli lieu de ma naissance,"

while the convoy passed the house where Châteaubriand was born. Symbols of mourning, attached to poles as well as to the rocky cliffs, marked the way which led the procession to the sepulchre. A great crowd gathered in the streets, at the windows, even upon the roofs, on the beach and upon the rocks which bordered them.

The cortège reached the isle of Grand-Bey at two o'clock, and the coffin was there reverently lowered into the grave which had awaited it for twelve years.

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VENERABLE ANNE OF JESUS, SECOND FOUNDER OF CARMEL.

ANNE DE LOBERA was personally a most attractive woman. We are told that she was rather tall, her countenance grave and intelligent, her skin remarkably white, and that her well-shaped hands were apt at every occupation. She was full of energy and firmness, and it was said of her that she could have ruled a kingdom. Because of her brilliant qualities of mind and character; and in part, perhaps, because of her noble bearing and the beauty of her oval face, she was admired wherever she went.

She was born November 25, 1545, at Medina del Campo, in the kingdom of Leon, in Spain, of Don Diego de Lobera and Dona Francesca de Torres, both of noble and ancient families. Her father counted among his ancestors the famous Loba, Queen of Galicia, who collected and saved the precious relics of St. James. Her parents dying before she reached womanhood, she lived with her maternal grandmother, who used every effort to make her accept one of the many suitors who tried to win her. But Anne de Lobera, at the age of ten, had made to God a vow of virginity This vow at such an early age was, of course, not binding; but on learning this the elect spouse of Christ only remarked that, if such were the case, she would renew it each day until it became so.

To rid herself of these importunities she went to Placentia to her father's mother, but there she was even more sought after than at Medina. One morning there was a breakfast for the family and friends of a young relative, who had just been ordained to the priesthood. Anne, the chief among the guests, alone was missing. Suddenly the door opened and she appeared with shorn locks, her face bound in white linen, a veil over her head, her dress sombre and simple. All were astounded, but in the end applauded the determination of her farewell to the world.

She now began a life of piety and seclusion almost monastic, such as was frequently led by the devout of those days in

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Spain. Her guide in the spiritual life was Father Pedro Rodriguez, of the Society of Jesus, a learned and enlightened man. Among the mortifications he imposed on his fervent penitent, one rather amusing is told. It seems he was having a catechism class of little children on one of the Christmas days; and sending for Anne de Lobera, who immediately left the home festivities, he placed her among them. Whenever a child missed a question he would say, "I know one who would answer better than that"; and it was passed on to Anne. She, happening to glance up, saw peeping at her from their tribune all the fathers of the college. The discomfort to a naturally haughty nature can be imagined.

With permission of her confessor, she gave herself to many severe penances, and God began to bestow upon her those supernatural states of prayer which afterwards became so constant and reached such an eminent degree. About this time she made two vows: one was to allow herself no satisfaction in anything whatsoever; and so great was her mastery over herself, that she was able to say at the end of her long life she had kept it even in the drinking of a cup of water. The other vow was to enter the religious order that was the most austere and the most perfect; and this she and her confessor agreed was the Order of Carmel, the reform of which had been undertaken eight years before by that great woman and genius, St. Teresa of Jesus. Father Rodriguez applied for her admission, and his testimony made St. Teresa thus write to her: "It is with the greatest pleasure, my daughter, that I admit you among my nuns; from this moment I receive you, not as a novice and subject but as my companion and coadjutrix." She then offered her a choice of the six convents already founded, but added that she would prefer to have her enter at Avila, her first-born, of which she was then prioress.

August 1, 1570, Anne de Lobera received the habit of Carmel at Avila, changing her name to that of Anne of Jesus; a custom which St. Teresa was the first to introduce, as such, in her monasteries. From the first day Anne of Jesus was a perfect Discalced Carmelite; and St. Teresa could not admire enough her talents and her virtue. Only three months after her entrance she called her to Salamanca, where she was making a new foundation, and constituted her mistress of novices. Her knowledge and direction of souls was remarkable, and her

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own soul was reaching the highest states of prayer and union with God.

The house at Salamanca, not having enough room for separate cells, St. Teresa shared hers with Anne of Jesus, and gave all the time possible to instructing her, and this often far into the night; treating her with the greatest confidence, and speaking to her of all her affairs. When visiting the cells at night to give the usual blessing, St. Teresa would stop at that of Anne of Jesus, and look at her long and intently, saying nothing. Noticing this she asked the holy mother why she did it. "Ah! my daughter," the saint answered, "it is because I love you so." She then made a little sign of the cross on her forehead, and caressed her with maternal tenderness.

October 22, 1571, Anne of Jesus pronounced her solemn vows, in the presence of a multitude of people gathered in the chapel. Advancing to the double grating she repeated three times the irrevocable words, when, carried away by the impetuosity of divine love, she entered into a profound ecstasy; she was surrounded by light and her face reflected the beauty of heaven. St. Teresa, on hearing of this, had inserted in her constitutions that henceforth the nuns should make their vows in the chapter room, with no one present except the community.

From this time her raptures became frequent. Once on being sent from the choir to attend to some commission at the "turn," the prioress, wondering why she did not come back, went to look for her, and found her rapt and immovable.

Four years after her profession she was sent by St. Teresa to the new foundation at Veas, where she was immediately made prioress. St. John of the Cross was the confessor of this community for several years, and a strong and enduring friendship sprang up between him and the Venerable Anne of Jesus. He admired her greatly, and even went so far as to compare her with St. Teresa, and after the death of the holy foundress he always spoke of Anne of Jesus as "Our Mother."

During her priorate at Veas she was enabled to render great assistance to the Friars, once in aiding them in the purchase of a house, and again by making every arrangement and provision for the journey of two fathers to Rome to negotiate for the separation from the Friars of the Mitigation. Her part in this action, so advantageous to the whole Reform, was such

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as to cause St. Teresa to write to her: "My daughter and my crown, I cannot thank God enough for the grace His Majesty has given me in bringing you to our order; for as when His Majesty brought the children of Israel out of Egypt He provided them with a column that enlightened them during the night, and during the day protected them from the sun, so, my daughter, your reverence is the column which guides, enlightens, and protects us. All that your reverence has done has been exceedingly well ordered. God is certainly in your soul, since you put such grace and ability in what you do."

She was greatly beloved by her subjects, and when St. Teresa, who wished to send her to found a monastery at Granada, bade them not to re-elect her, it was with sorrow and regret that she was obeyed. The Venerable Mother herself, however, laid down the burden of office with great joy; and it was said of her, that she showed herself more humble and obedient than the least novice, while she was more respected than the prioress.

The foundation at Granada was the only one that St. Teresa entrusted to another. But, in allusion to the great service and assistance Anne of Jesus had been to her, she often spoke of her, in her humility of course, as foundress rather than herself; and once said to her, "You have the works, and I the name." And now, when St. John of the Cross made known to her the desires of her holy daughter to have her with her, she answered, "Where Anne of Jesus is, my presence is not at all necessary."

On arriving at Granada the nuns remained some time in the house of a devout lady named Anne de Peñalosa, a penitent of St. John of the Cross, until a suitable place could be purchased, About one hundred applicants begged admission to the order, but none was thought suitable for the life. God, however, soon sent her some excellent subjects. Father Jerome Gratian, the provincial, commanded the Venerable Mother to write an account of the foundation, which is somewhat after the style of St. Teresa's intensely interesting Book of Foundations, and is to be found printed with it in the Spanish editions.

It is to the Venerable Anne of Jesus that we owe the wonderful and sublime work of St. John of the Cross, entitled

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"The Living Flame of Love." Recognizing the profound depths and beauty of the spiritual canticle composed by this saint, beginning "Where hast Thou hidden Thyself, my Beloved?" she urged him to enlarge upon it with commentaries and explanations. This he did, dedicating his now famous book to the Venerable Mother. In the title as well as the prologue he states that it is at her instigation that he has composed his work; he also says that it is for souls such as hers that it is written, who know the subjects of which it treats not by scholastic science but through having experienced them.

St. Teresa, during her life-time, had greatly desired a foundation at Madrid, the capital and the residence of the court. But permission was obtained too late for her to accomplish it. Anne of Jesus was chosen by God to undertake this important work; important not only to the order in Spain, but because of the presence there of the Infanta Isabella, who, with her consort, the Archduke Albert, was soon to reign in the Netherlands, where, as we shall see, her devotion to the Venerable Mother caused her to send for her from France.

When the nuns arrived at Madrid they remained about a week with Count Garcia de Alvarado, major-domo to the king, and his wife, the Countess Maria de Velano. The Empress Maria, who was much interested in the new enterprise, desired to see them. She designated as the place of meeting the monastery of Discalced Franciscans, where her daughter, the Infanta Margarita, had taken the habit, and where many noble ladies had consecrated themselves to God. On seeing the great daughter of St. Teresa and her nuns the empress welcomed them most warmly, presenting them to the members of her court, who had accompanied her. She led them into the enclosure to the Infanta and the rest of the Franciscan community. The latter wished to keep Anne of Jesus among them, and even proposed this to her; and many of the court ladies, more free to dispose of themselves, begged her to admit them among her daughters. One of them was so earnest that she obtained, through the intercession of the empress, permission to be the first to receive the habit.

Father Nicholas Doria, the provincial at this time, found for them a small house, which they entered September 16, 1586. To those who know St. John of the Cross, it may be interest-

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ing to learn that he was charged with purchasing for the new monastery a frying-pan and some other kitchen utensils.

The empress frequently visited the Venerable Mother, whom she venerated as a saint, saying she had no other satisfaction upon earth. And the Infanta Isabella, to whom the Order of Carmel owes almost as much as to her father, Philip II., was no less devoted. This pious princess had the privilege, in her infancy, of receiving the blessing of St. Teresa, with these words: "May God bless you, my child, and give you the grace to serve him and to accomplish your great destiny."

One of the most signal services that Anne of Jesus has rendered to God, to the Church, to the Order of Carmel, and to the entire world is the active and zealous part she took in the publication of the writings of St. Teresa. While the chief honor is no doubt due to the superior of the order, Father Nicholas Doria, it was greatly owing to her initiative and to her untiring energy that the work was accomplished. She regained the Life of St. Teresa from the hands of the Grand Inquisitor, and gathered the scattered manuscripts; she spoke on the subject to her superiors, to the king, and to many men of learning and influence. Father Louis de Leon, a famous and erudite Augustinian, was commissioned to publish them. He dedicated his work to the Venerable Anne of Jesus and the Carmelites of Madrid, in words that prove his high esteem of them.

The Constitutions which St. Teresa wrote for her nuns never having been approved at Rome, several of the prioresses of the different monasteries, fearing that changes might be introduced, wrote to the Venerable Mother concerning them. She, after consulting the most learned men in Madrid to assure herself of the expediency of appealing directly to the Holy See, obtained the desired security in a brief to that effect. Her prompt and decided action preserved the Constitutions from possible mutilation.

In 1594 she left Madrid for Salamanca, and on her way there was permitted by her superiors to stop at Alba de Tormes to visit the body of St. Teresa, and to assist in placing it in a new and magnificent case, the gift of the Duchess of Alba. She recounts in her deposition of the canonization of the saint:

"Because of the contentions that had arisen as to whether it should remain here or not, the superiors had kept such severe

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guard over it that no one had been allowed to see it. They authorized me to open the iron chest closed with three keys. I had with me all the community and the two fathers who had accompanied me on the journey, the Director General, Father John of Jesus-Mary, and Father Diego of St. Joseph. We contemplated the body with great respect inspired by its state of incorruption, the sweet odor it exhaled, and the freshness and beauty of the flesh, which was like that of a living body. I began to arrange the clothing, and to consider it with attention, and I saw near the shoulders a place so colored that I showed it to the others, saying that it looked to me like living blood. I applied a linen, which immediately became tinged with blood, and which I handed to the fathers. I asked for another, which became saturated in the same manner. Meanwhile the skin remained intact and with no mark of a wound or break. I placed my face against the part of the body whence the blood flowed, reflecting on the grandeur of the marvel; for the mother had been dead for twelve years, and her blood was that of a person yet living."

It was while prioress of the monastery at Salamanca, where she arrived a few days after this, that she was called to the great work of establishing the Carmelites in France. M. de Bretigny, M. (afterwards Cardinal) de Berulle, and Madame Acarie were the chief instruments which God made use of in carrying out his design. In their earnest desire to have the daughters of St. Teresa in their own country they labored untiringly, and through obstacles of every kind; the principal of these being the reluctance of the father general to permit the order to extend beyond the limits of Spain. He feared lest the Reform, which had been established with so much difficulty, might thereby become relaxed. Anne of Jesus herself, however, was very zealous for the work, and at last, with the permission and blessing of the father general, departed with five nuns. One of these was the Venerable Anne of St. Bartholomew, a lay-sister, who had been constantly with St. Teresa during the last four years of her life, attending to all her personal needs. She also assisted at her death-bed.

They were warmly welcomed at Paris by the Princess de Longueville, who, at the suggestion of Madame Acarie, had accepted the office and title of foundress, using her influence and generously supplying means. The ancient Benedictine Priory of

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Notre Dame des Champs, just outside the city, had been prepared for them. The church was allowed to remain, but an entirely new monastery had been built under the supervision of the three priests, MM. Gallemant, Duval, and De Berulle, who were their superiors.

The Venerable Mother, following in the footsteps of St. Teresa, would not permit the first Mass to be said until she had obtained the blessing and consent of the Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal de Gondy, who sent his vicar-general for this purpose the next morning.

Three days after the arrival of the Carmelites the Queen, Marie de Médicis, the princesses, and a great cortège came to visit them, and bid them welcome to France. The Queen asked for M. de Bretigny, and thanked him, in the name of the King, Henry IV., for having bestowed such a gift upon his kingdom.

All who came in contact with the Venerable Mother acknowledged her great capabilities of mind and force of character. She had many difficulties to encounter, but she met them with virile firmness and undaunted courage. And Madame Acarie, who loved and admired her exceedingly, was astonished at the influence she so soon acquired. Meanwhile she was so visited by interior anguish and aridities that it seemed to her, as she said, God and her soul had remained in Spain.

Vocations were so numerous that she soon thought of making a new foundation. About a year after their entrance to Paris she, with three of the Spanish mothers and two novices, left for Pontoise to establish there the second Carmel of France. At the first reception of novices Anne of Jesus said to them: "You are in a most holy order, the Rules and Constitutions of which are so perfect that if you keep them faithfully, you will go straight from your death-bed to heaven." In this monastery of Pontoise, Madame Acarie, who entered the order as a lay-sister, spent the last years of her life, renowned for virtues and miracles. She is now venerated as Blessed Mary of the Incarnation.

Towards the end of 1604 the superiors sent the Venerable Mother to found a Carmel at Dijon, where the sweet odor of the virtues of the new religious had already reached. Indeed, the peaceful condition of France at this time, after so many wars, was universally attributed to the arrival of Anne of Jesus

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and her companions. And Father Coton, S.J., confessor to Henry IV., being present at an exorcism, saw the devil constrained to avow that there was no one in France who made such cruel war upon him as Anne of Jesus.

In the monastery at Dijon took place one of the four remarkable cures experienced by the Venerable Mother through relics of St. Teresa. She was attacked by an epidemic that was raging in the city, and was prepared for death. M. de Bretigny, who had accompanied the nuns, asked her if she had any trouble or anxiety. She made the following response, worthy of her magnanimous soul: "I have no other pain than that of seeing myself die upon a bed; for I have always desired and earnestly begged our Lord to lose my life in the midst of tortures and after having been, for love of him, torn into a thousand pieces." Then asking for the *toque* of St. Teresa, she held it to her, praying with the utmost confidence. Suddenly the saint appeared to her, lovingly regarding her with a smile upon her lips. Remembering a promise the holy mother had made to assist at her death, she thought this a fulfilment of it; but the saint said to her: "No, my daughter, the time has not yet come; your poor children would be too desolate without you." And approaching her faithful coadjutrix, she bestowed upon her a perfect return to health; at the same time announcing to her that she would carry the Reform into Flanders.

The great regret of the Venerable Mother and the other Spanish nuns had always been that they were not under obedience to the order; and it was their hope and intention to get the Friars of the Reform into France, and to place themselves immediately under their jurisdiction, as had been the will and desire of Saint Teresa. To this the French superiors were entirely opposed, so that the Venerable Mother decided to return to Spain; but God had greater works in store for her.

Towards the end of the third year in France she received a most affectionate and pressing letter from the Infanta Isabella, now reigning in the Low Countries, begging her to introduce the Carmelites into her domains. She therefore departed with several companions in 1607, escorted by the chaplain of her highness and two noble ladies of Brussels. On arriving at the capital they were taken immediately to the

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royal palace, where they were received with inexpressible joy by Isabella. The pious Infanta would not permit Anne of Jesus to kiss her hand, but warmly embraced her. They were conducted, on the approach of evening, to their new home, prepared for them near the palace; and entered the chapel chanting the "Laudate Dominum," as was St. Teresa's custom.

There being no enclosure for three days, a multitude of people came to see the new nuns; the Infanta was the first to go, attended by a numerous suite. Among those who accompanied her was a young lady of the court named Yolande de Croy, aged thirteen, who then determined to become a Carmelite when she should have arrived at the required age. She was clothed in the habit of Carmel in 1610, taking the name of Teresa of Jesus.

Another young girl, Margarita Manriquez, who visited the Venerable Mother during these days, was of quite a different mind. She had come with her mother, who much desired to have one of her daughters enter this holy order. Anne of Jesus, on greeting Margarita, said: "This one is the first to whom I shall give the habit." Margarita had never thought of such a thing as being a nun, and she began to laugh, saying to herself: "If this saint can't prophesy any better than that, she had better keep quiet; for this time she is beautifully mistaken." Six months after this, however, the same girl became the first Carmelite of Belgium.

The Infanta, not content with inviting the nuns to her dominions and providing a convenient house for them, wished to build a monastery and chapel according to the plans traced out by St. Teresa, she herself laying the first stone. While the material edifice was progressing the Venerable Mother occupied herself with the spiritual, and her first act was to use every endeavor to bring the Carmelite Fathers to Brussels. She wrote, as she says herself, a hundred times to the father general in Spain, and the Archduke Albert wrote also in her behalf; but the Spanish friars were firm in their determination not to leave their own country. They had refused even the Holy Father when he invited them to Rome; but His Holiness gathered together the friars who were then in Italy, formed them into a community; thus founding what has been known as the Congregation of St. Elias, or of Italy. The two congregations of Spain and Italy have lately, under the generalate

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of Father Jerome-Mary of the Immaculate Conception, now the illustrious Cardinal Gotti, been united into one.

It was to Rome then that Anne of Jesus finally turned, begging the general of the congregation of Italy to send capable and holy religious to Belgium. She wrote so able and zealous a letter on the subject to the Pope, Paul V., that he exclaimed on reading it, "Oh, the holy woman!"

Success now crowned her efforts, and in 1610 Father Thomas of Jesus, a Spaniard by birth, with several fathers, arrived in Brussels. The Venerable Mother had made every preparation for them, even to furnishing the church, sacristy, and cells. The nuns with solemn ceremony transferred their obedience from M. de Bretigny to the father general at Rome, represented by Father Thomas of Jesus.

The joy of the Venerable Mother can well be imagined, and she was further consoled by the ever-increasing success of the ministry of the friars, and above all by their salutary influence on the nobility, which caused the Infanta Isabella to say: "Since these fathers have come, I no longer recognize the court; it is wholly reformed."

Besides the convent at Mons, which the Venerable Mother went in person to establish, she saw her labors crowned during the space of seventeen years by more than sixty monasteries in France, Belgium, Poland, and Germany. She wished the convent at Cracow, in Poland, to be founded from one of the Italian Carmels; but those most interested in the affair insisted that, since she would not go herself, she should at least send some of the religious she had formed. She also sent two of her daughters from Brussels to aid in the foundation of the monastery for English Carmelites at Antwerp, from which the American Carmels have come.

She had been in Flanders but a short time when she had the writings of St. Teresa translated into Latin, and then into Flemish; the French translation, by M. de Bretigny, having preceded the nuns into France.

The year 1614 saw the crowning of the Venerable Mother's dearest desire in the beatification of St. Teresa. She had done much to prepare the way for this in the most efficacious manner by spreading everywhere the knowledge of the life and works of the holy Foundress of Carmel. The cause advanced so rapidly that thirty-one years after her death Paul V. pub-

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lished the brief of her beatification. The first celebration of her feast was carried on with the greatest display and pomp in the Brussels monastery, which the Infanta was wont to call *her monastery*. The Blessed Sacrament was carried from the nuns' choir to the newly finished church, which she had built with truly royal munificence, and which was decorated for the occasion with hangings ornamented and embroidered by Isabella and her ladies of honor. After the High Mass of the feast the statue of St. Teresa was carried in procession through the city. Thus was the Holy Mother honored by her most illustrious daughter, whose heart was filled with jubilation on this joyful occasion.

During the last four years of her life Venerable Anne of Jesus was afflicted with a most terrible complication of diseases: gout, dropsy, paralysis, tumor of the chest, a constant trembling that produced wounds in various parts of her body, and a swelling of the throat from which she was in constant danger of suffocation. Often she was unable to speak or to lift her hand, and could only move by crawling on the ground, as she says, "like a worm." She was unable either to sit or lie down for any length of time, so that she had continually to have her position changed, during both day and night. To this was joined the greatest desolation of soul. She bore all with heroic patience, and with the same magnanimity she had evinced in all the events of her life. Her great mind lost none of its clearness or capacity for affairs, and her generous soul desired no relief this side of heaven.

In spite of her condition the archduke and duchess, as well as the superiors, applied to Rome for permission to keep her in the office of prioress. This was a great affliction to the Venerable Mother, and made her shed bitter tears. "Is it possible," she said, "that while the Church, like a compassionate mother, relieves me of all obligation, Religion will not deliver me from this heavy burden?" But God sustained her with his powerful hand, and she still continued to take active measures for foundations in Belgium, Spain, and elsewhere; besides caring for all the interests of her own community and directing each one of her daughters in the way of perfection. Every morning she had herself carried to the Communion window to receive the Sacred Host; and she made heroic efforts to be with her nuns whenever it was at all possible. So great was her love of

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labor that she would not dispense herself from it; and even when she was wheeled into the garden, would lean from her chair and pull up the weeds.

It was not, therefore, the fear of labor that made her complain, but the knowledge that she was kept in her position because of her sanctity. She could not support the thought, and this circumstance is the only one in which she seems to go beyond the bounds of moderation. In writing to the Bishop of Osma, her cousin, she says: "All, even their highnesses, have fallen into this frenzy; for such it is, to wish to commit the government of the house to a phantom like myself." "The nuns are so foolish," she exclaimed, "that they wish to have a prioress whom they must carry in their arms!"

Any manifestation of veneration for her she turned into pleasantry. Thus, when this same Bishop of Osma expressed a desire for her old habit, which he wished to keep as a relic, she wrote: "Your devotion to our habit made me laugh. I shall not send it to you, because I wish to be buried in it, as a recompense for its having served me for forty-eight years."

In the beginning of 1621 her condition became still more alarming. Her ordinary resting place during these years of mortal illness had been a mattress of straw spread upon the floor; and it was here her daughters laid her on the evening of the fourth of March, where at nine o'clock she breathed forth her seraphic soul to its Beloved.

The body of the Venerable Mother took on a supernatural loveliness after death, and reflected the glory of her soul. Her face was beautiful, grave and smiling; her members flexible; and her flesh fair and fresh, exhaling a sweet odor. While she lay in the nuns' choir, strewn with flowers, multitudes of people came to look upon her, and to have their rosaries, medals, etc., touched to her holy remains. One of the nuns, who had been paralyzed for eight years, on kissing her feet was instantly and entirely cured.

Many miracles have been wrought through the intercession of the Venerable Anne of Jesus. Steps for her canonization were immediately taken; but it has been reserved for Leo XIII. to pronounce her virtues heroic, and to declare her Venerable. Her cause is next, of the Saints of Carmel, on the Rota, and it is the fervent desire of all who know and admire this valiant woman that we may soon see her placed upon the altars.

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THE SKIRL OF IRISH PIPES.

BY SHIELA MAHON.

ALL morning midst the maddening din of a great city it had been ringing in my ears—the skirl of Irish pipes, with their waves of plaintive melody. Touched by a master hand, it runs through the gamut of human emotion; now faintly clear, like the far-off voices of happy children; anon sad, like a mother in pain; then again passionately tender with love's own pleading. I rise and go hastily to my window to convince myself that I am not dreaming, and pierce eagerly the maze of a Broadway crowd to find the player. Alas! there is none; it is merely an hallucination of memory, and the cause of it a box of shamrock lying on my table in all their vivid greenness.

My hot tears fall and wither the delicate petals, and through a mist I see the home of my youth gleaming shadow-like through the vapor of Slemish. It is early morning, and the quiet fields are dew-spangled; the kine are browsing on the hill-side; the Slemish is slowly rising phantom-like from the white mists. In another hour it will be sunrise, and the young god will adorn her with dazzling raiment, hiding all her ruggedness, and transforming every dark tarn into diamonds of flame, and every cornfield into rivers of gold. I see it all. O God! I see it all; and as a miser clings to his treasure, I cling to my memories, fearing that, like all transitory things, they may flee and leave me desolate. . . .

Again I hear the sweet, clarion-like music keeping time to the marching feet of my mountain lover.

"My Donal Bawn, with eyes of dawn and hair like ripened corn."

Again I run to meet him, and together we climb, hand-in-hand, the golden hills of Slemish. To me those moments were the Glorias in life's Rosary; each forming an oasis on the Calvary way, giving the spirit renewed vigor to mount the steep heights. Oh, happy hours when, forgetting the world and by the world forgotten, we wandered in fields elysian, nor

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dreamt that an angel stood with flaming sword to drive us from our Paradise. How well I remember the day my Donal came with a look of care in his eyes, which he strove to hide, but which, with love's keen instincts, I quickly noticed.

"Pulse of my heart," he murmured, "I have bad news. My uncle is dying, and my mother insists on my going to him. You know I am the heir; besides," he added, "the poor old fellow is fond of me."

"Who would not be?" was my thought as I looked at his lithe form, in the fulness of early manhood, and the frank, open countenance, with the eyes sparkling wells of truth and the clear, firm-cut lips. Perhaps, O God! I was too fond of him. I clung to him with a vague presentiment of danger. "Don't go," I cried, shaking like a leaf.

"But I must, Mary," he said, looking down at me from his great height. He was over six feet, and I was a little, dark thing, scarcely reaching to his shoulder, with a pale face and masses of shadowy hair, possessing nothing that he should have chosen me as his pearl amongst womanhood. His "White Rose," he called me. "You are just as high as my heart," he used to quote. "And your eyes are dark pools of unknown depths into which I would never tire gazing."

"Take care lest you fall in!" was my merry retort.

"Your warning comes too late, little one. I lost my head at the first glance, and tumbled in body and soul; and now I am down in the magical depths, I find it so delightful I care not to leave it."

"But must you go, Donal?" was my selfish cry.

"Duty is duty, dearest; would you have me shirk it?"

"No," I answer, doubtfully, though in my secret heart I wish Duty at the bottom of the sea.

"Besides," he adds, cheerfully, "it is only for a few weeks. It will soon pass. You are going to have a visitor. My mother wishes to see her son's 'White Rose,'" he said fondly. "I told her all this morning."

"I hope she will like me," I murmur. "Sometimes I am a bit prickly."

"You are sure to like each other," he said earnestly.

"But I am not her choice," I answer weakly. "Wasn't there some one else? I am only a poor little girl with fifty pounds a year to live on, and scarcely a friend in the world."

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"Enough," he added, a trifle sternly, placing his hand over my lips. "I shall finish the sentence for you. You call yourself a poor little girl. And what am I? A great big, hulking fellow, not fit to tie your shoe-lace; knowing you has made a man of me. As for the money, thank God, for your sake, I have plenty. It goes to my heart to see you, day in, day out, teaching—teaching. But that will soon cease."

We are sitting on a rock at the top of Slemish. At our feet nestles the fertile valley of the Braid, its young fields decked in tenderest green, its hedges pink with the promise of spring. Further away lies the town, the faint blue smoke from the houses ascending spiral-like into the soft gray haze below the amethyst and rose of the sunshine. To the west, through the changing chaos of drifting vapor, I see a cloud—small, black, and ominous—rapidly advancing, gathering strength from the gray and white forces until it becomes a compact mass, and like a great army threatens to destroy the golden palace of the sun-god. I watch it in fascinated silence. Is it an omen of the future? I shiver involuntarily. Donal slips his hand into mine.

"White Rose," he whispers, "why so sorrowful? Shall I play you some of our favorite airs? Behold in me the rival of the lark!" And he cast a laughing look towards his beloved pipes. "After all my trouble, and braving the ridicule of the villagers to gratify your whim of listening to my poor music on the top of Slemish at sunrise! Was there ever such an ungrateful maid?"

"O Donal," I answer penitently, "forgive me. But play, play!" I reiterate, wildly. "Perhaps it will drive away my sad thoughts. Who knows when I shall see you again?"

"Now, little woman, no more of that," he says, gently but firmly. "I shall be back in a month at the latest—and then—" He opens his arms with an involuntary gesture, whilst a look of ineffable love streams over his face.

I turn away my head. My poor, weak affection seems so cold beside the lava of his burning passion. Tears of joy well in my eyes, and a silent prayer rises from my heart in thanksgiving for this most precious of all gifts—a good man's love.

Surely the world never listened to such music as that which my Donal played that early spring morning on the top of Slemish. Old Gaelic airs of surpassing beauty that seemed

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to have imbibed the very spirit of the mountain. Now glad, like the sunrise, with all its magic colors woven into exquisite harmonies and rippling over with laughter, like the stream tumbling down the hill-side; now sad, with the weird loneliness of the mountain and the solemn rustling of the leaves in autumn; now stormily, like the wind in a hurricane tearing up young saplings in its fury; yet withal strangely sweet. I listen with a pleasure which in its intensity almost amounts to pain.

"Donal," I ask, huskily, "play 'Savourneen Deelish.'"

A shade passes over his pleasant face.

"Too sad," he murmurs. "But, if you will, why I must."

With this whimsical saying he commences.

The plaintive, wild agony of the air is too much for me; the tears run down my face like rain, and sob after sob relieves the tension of my overcharged feelings.

"Mary! Mary!" A pair of loving arms enfold me. "You must not give way. Think of the future—the bright, beautiful future."

"I can think of nothing but your going," I answer, weakly.

"But it is for such a short time," he urges, cheerily.

A wet drop falls on my face. I look up startled. All the golden glory of the sun has vanished, the sky has become gray, and there is a moaning sound of wind whistling through a coppice of young larches that but one moment before were radiant in their borrowed loveliness.

A keen sense of desolation seizes me. Again the awful thought—Is it an omen?

"Come, Mary, we must go. It is turning to rain, and your dress is thin," Donal says, tenderly. "I see signs of a change," and his keen eyes scan the horizon anxiously. We hurry down the hill-side, but before we are half-way down the storm bursts in all its fury and the air is filled with the hoarse rattle of thunder, whilst flash after flash of lightning throws up the rugged grandeur of Slemish.

Terrified, I cling to Donal, who, despite my remonstrance, takes off his coat and puts it round my trembling form, for the rain is coming down in torrents. At last, thoroughly saturated, we reach the gate of the tiny cottage—beside the old school-house—I call home. As we stand the rain ceases suddenly, and the sky clears, and from the blue of the heavens

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a shaft of sunlight falls and rests on the fair head of my lover.

"A good omen," he says gaily, as he bends his handsome head until his face meets mine. Then one long, lingering look, and I am alone. . . . Ah! the weariness of the days that followed. The everlasting routine of teaching was never more welcome than now, for it helped to fill in the lagging hours. Then, without warning, like a thunderbolt from the blue, came the crisis. The third day after Donal's departure I was sitting amidst my pupils, drilling them with an eagerness that astonished myself, when a shadow darkened the doorway, and a lady of most imperious presence stood before me. She had my Donal's eyes, but with the glint of steel where his were all softness, and I shivered as I met her gaze.

"You are Donal's mother," I murmur, rising.

"I am the mother of Squire Darragh," she answers formally. "Can I speak with you in private," as the wondering faces of the children dawn upon her.

"Yes," I manage to say, and I leave my pupils in charge of a monitress, and lead the way across the green path which intervenes between my cottage and the school-house. Not a word is spoken by either until we reach my little sitting-room. Then the haughty eyes scan me up and down, and a sneer destroys the calm of the perfect lips. "He has not bad taste," she murmurs audibly.

I felt the hot blood rush to my brain at the cool insolence, but gave no further sign,

"Girl, this fooling must end," she said, fiercely. "I will never give my consent. Would you ruin my son?"

So totally unexpected was this attack that I could not speak a word, but stood like a dumb thing before her.

"Speak," she said imperiously. "Say what you mean to do. What money will satisfy you?"

The coarseness of her words burns through the armor of my pride like molten lead, searing my self-respect and leaving a very canker spot of agony. I could cry aloud in my abasement, but restrain myself, and answer quietly, "Madam, you forget you are speaking to your son's future wife!"

I saw the proud face wince, as if from a blow; then there was silence, only broken by the quiet tick of the clock on the mantel-piece and my own throbbing heart.

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"Madam"—I hardly know my own voice, so hoarse, so constrained it sounds—"I never sought your son, and before God I vow, after what has passed, I will never marry him until you come on your bended knees and ask me. I am poor—God wills it," I add with proud humility—"but I have yet to learn that a Blake is no match for a Darragh." With head erect and eyes flashing, I throw open the door, through which my visitor passes silently, relieved yet ashamed-looking.

"What have I done?" I reiterate again and again when I realize all that has passed. "Thrown away my own happiness, and all because of an angry woman's taunts. Did Donal know his mother's feelings?" I ask myself, and the serpent of doubt enters into the paradise of belief in my lover.

"No," I cry aloud passionately, "nor will he ever know. I shall send in my resignation at once, and the broad seas will divide us before his return. Oh, my love! my love! we were too happy." Then I fall to weeping bitterly.

Before the week is out I sail secretly, under an assumed name, for New York to an aunt, the only relation I have in the world, who has long entreated me to live with her. When I arrive I am so weak and ill that I have to be carried off the steamer, and for many weeks I lie prostrate after a sharp attack of brain fever. And it is a very white-faced girl who stares out of a Broadway window and imagines she hears the skirl of Irish pipes.

Can it be possible, I ask myself, that only three months have elapsed since the sun of my happiness set? Three years rather, each day of interminable length, for it is freighted with the misery of a soul in agony. Has Donal forgotten me? No word. They say Love overcomes all obstacles. I smile drearily. Three short decades—so soon! "Love is deathless"; I laugh aloud in bitterness of spirit, and the sound jars on my overwrought nerves and leaves me weak and hysterical. My brain is on the verge of madness—a little thing would overtopple it; a little thing saves me. My wild eyes rest on the tender green of my box of shamrocks, and a peace indescribable creeps over my tortured spirit. With loving fingers I place them in a glass and note every perfection of the delicate trefoil through the radiant transparency of the water. Again I am on Slemish, and a whiff of mountain air cools my fevered brain. So real is it that I turn round involuntarily, and the face of my lover

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rises before me, pale and worn, with eyes that look as if they had never slept, but with the light of great love in their burning depths. He stands there reproachful, but with outstretched arms. Am I dreaming?

"Mary!" The voice breaks the spell, and with a crooning sound of gladness I hide myself in that loved shelter. "White Rose," he whispered, "why did you do it? If you only knew my agony when I found you gone and not a trace. My mother was in as great trouble as myself."

I look at him incredulously; but in his perfect simplicity of heart he sees it not, and continues gravely:

"She gave me a message for you"; and fumbles for a note, which he hands me in silence. On it were traced the following abrupt words: "Girl, forgive my cruelty. I throw myself on your mercy. Donal knows nothing; it would kill me if he should learn the part I acted. When I saw his misery I suffered as woman never suffered before. On my bended knees I implore your pardon. Take my son, make him happy, is the prayer of his mother."

I tear up the letter into shreds. "Donal will never know," is my silent thought; and I turn a happy, glowing face to my lover.

"White Rose," he says, "my mother welcomes you"; a little anxious expression stealing over his face.

"Yes," I answer gaily, "it was all a misunderstanding. Donal, Donal," I cry wildly, "take me home to Slemish. This hot city chokes me. Oh! for a breath of mountain air and the skirl of Irish pipes."

"White Rose, do you remember that last day after the thunder-storm?"

"Shall I ever forget it?" I answer passionately.

"The sun is shining after the storm," he says joyously. "Did I not say that it was a good omen?"

My happy silence satisfies him, and hand-in-hand we enter again into the garden of love. Overhead the sky is blue, and the birds are singing, and we lose ourselves in its golden maze.

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AN ANNUNCIATION.—PHILIP MARTINY.

ECCLESIASTICAL SCULPTURE IN AMERICA.

BY SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

OUR age is an age of specialism. The majority of men, whose careers are successful, devote themselves, no matter what profession they are pursuing, to a specialty. This even holds good in art. Modern artists differ among themselves quite as often as experts in any other branch of culture or of science.

It is particularly so in sculpture. There are architectural and monumental sculptors, sculptors who devote themselves exclusively to animals, and sculptors who utilize their skill in making models for bronze statuettes. It is, therefore, not strange that also ecclesiastical sculpture is a profession by itself.

Ecclesiastical sculpture has almost completely isolated itself from the other branches of the glyptic art, and, sorry to state, it has not gained by this isolation. Industry, which in recent

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years has made such astonishing progress in the cheap and rapid production of utilitarian articles, threatens to take possession of church art, by deteriorating it into a trade. Already a large number of our churches display in their frescoes and statuary a wearisome succession of stereotyped mediocrities, whose production has been strictly mechanical. Statuary which can be produced by the dozen from one mould cannot be classed as sincere and thoughtful art. Such figures afford no scope to the artist, who is obliged to consider the practicability of easy casting as more important than the artistic rendering of the figure as an ornament itself. It is taken for granted in every other branch of art that work, if it is to be good work, must have some definite claim to originality—not that the canon of religious tradition must be defied, but the artist

FIGURE FOR A TOMB.—ST. GAUDENS.

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must have freedom to exercise his own fancy. But what is of special concern in this matter is the fact, that even the most spirited composition in clay is apt to lose all clearness of form by a mechanical process of reproduction and become lifeless and commonplace. The replica are mere plaster casts, as sold by the Italian street venders. They differ only in dimensions. To cover the shortcomings color is often applied to the casts, but no one with any degree of taste will be deceived by so crude a substitute. The sacredness of the figures represented, as well as the sanctity of the place for which they are destined, demand material of a high order, like wood, natural stone, or metal. A substitute which is easily breakable surely cannot take this place. It is also easy to understand that figures without any definite claim to originality, especially when copies after the same pattern, may be found in every church, cannot appeal to the nobler instinct in human nature.

Who is to blame for those conditions? One might put the blame on the clergy, who as a body do nothing to raise the standard of church art by their own initiative; and one might blame the artists, who know that this standard is deplorable and yet hold themselves aloof. The artists shall be dealt with later on; the clergy deserve a word on their behalf.

The average clergyman who packs up his bag and comes to New York to arrange for a new window, a new reredos, or a new piece of statuary, generally strays to some big commercial house and chooses some ready-made design. He is an excellent parish priest, no doubt, but neither by nature nor by education is he qualified to act as an arbiter in matters of artistic taste; he himself would never dream of laying claim to such qualifications. He is satisfied with what he gets, and his parishioners, taking it for granted that their clergyman must be infallible in any matter of church decoration, are satisfied also.

The sculptors, on the other hand, defend themselves with the statement that they find it impossible to compete with factory labor. The majority of sculptors have abandoned church art almost altogether, and the others who have made it a specialty find it difficult to escape the devastating influences of commercialism. There are a number of ecclesiastical sculptors, who take their profession seriously. The St. Patrick by Joseph Sibbel in the St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, is

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AN ANGEL IN RELIEF IN JUDSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.—HERBERT ADAMS.

indisputably a conscientious piece of work. But forced to work as quickly and cheaply as possible, even talented men like Mr. Sibbel often find it impossible to bring their individuality in play. They are obliged to compromise and transform their studios into ordinary workshops.

The making of a statue is too expensive a process to allow a man to experiment or to execute many works to suit his own fancy. He must receive an adequate remuneration for his labor, or he will, in many instances, find himself unable to complete his work.

There is no doubt that our sculptors are capable of doing

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superior work in this line; and it would be astonishing if such were not the case, as there are after all few fields which offer greater scope for the sculptor's genius, and few directions in which his talents can be exercised with greater influence on the public taste.

It is encouraging to know that the greatest of our living American sculptors, Augustus St. Gaudens, the author of the Lincoln monument in Chicago, and the Shaw monument in Boston, and the Sherman monument recently unveiled in New York, has more than once entered the field of ecclesiastical sculpture. His first serious work, executed at the age of twenty-nine, the exquisite group of angels called "The Adoration of the Cross," in the St. Thomas Church, New York, is one of the most beautiful church decorations made in modern times. There is to me a special delight in studying the earliest works of an artist. One becomes acquainted with his first impressions of the world, when they were still naïve, for art is nothing but the flower of human personalities Flower-like it breathes out perhaps not its strongest, but often its most delicate perfume soon after bursting. In our times at least, if a man is born with something to say in form and color, he is likely to say the best of it very soon after he had fair mastery of his tools rather than later, when manifold commissions, family concerns, and the ever advancing invasion of the commonplace, made

MOSES.—WILLIAM COUPER.

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him think of his vocation less as an art and more as a business.

This hardly applies to St. Gaudens, for his art has steadily advanced, becoming maturer and more powerful with every year. And yet there are many of his admirers who consider his angel relief, and his angel for the Morgan tomb, his most beautiful, and at all events most ideal accomplishments. The fire of Botticelli seems to tingle in their marble limbs. They are poems of lines, combining the devotional spirit of the primitives with modern elegance in the most exquisite fashion.

SCULPTURE ON THE MORGAN TOMB.—ST. GAUDENS.

But it was not St. Gaudens alone who tried himself in ecclesiastical decoration. The angel relief at the Judson Memorial Church by Herbert Adams, a pupil of St. Gaudens, is an exquisite piece of work. Another man who does very original and characteristic work in this line is M. M. Schwarzott, an Austrian by birth. His work at the Paulist Fathers' Church, the magnificent columns, with their bases representing the four evangelists, and their capitals with angels' heads, has attracted a good deal of attention, and the panels on the organ on the north side of the church, representing two kneeling life-size angels holding a shield with a Biblical quotation, show that he is a genuine artist. It is gratifying to hear that the sculptural work of the St. John's Cathedral, on Morningside Heights, has been given in charge of this sculptor. It is the chance of his life, and he will undoubtedly produce some very beautiful and conscientious work.

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Philip Martiny, our leading decorative sculptor, has modelled an "Annunciation" which is fascinating as a composition, but too animated in treatment and rather superficial in conception. He followed his natural vein of feeling, and the decorative

A PANEL IN THE CHURCH OF THE PAULISTS.—SCHWARZOTT.

sculptor is apt to regard the lines of the human form merely as something ornamental instead of using them as means of spiritual expression.

Serious studies of Biblical characters are rather scarce in this country. Only now and then we discover one on some public building, as for instance the St. Paul of John Donoghue on the Congressional Library, the Moses by William Couper on the Appellate Court Building, New York, and the twelve prophets by Samuel Murray on the Presbyterian Building, Philadelphia.

Busts are more frequent. More than a dozen of our sculptors, among them Mr. Max Bachmann and John Gelert, have modelled the head of our Saviour. Ordway Partridge has made a marble bust of Mary Magdalen, and Charles R. Harley, a young sculptor recently returned from Paris, has interpreted "Our Mother of Sorrows" in a novel and truly poetical manner.

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The work of these artists, some of which is reproduced here, really speaks for itself. It is thoughtful, it is sincere, and it is refreshingly free from taint of convention. They are men who work with the aim of the true artist constantly in view. They realize what is so generally forgotten in church decoration, that no true work of art can ever be achieved save by real personal, individual effort.

It is the secret of the true artist's success, it is also the secret of the failure of commercialism, in art at least.

ADORING ANGELS.—ST. GAUDENS.

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ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, POET AND LOVER OF NATURE.

BY FRANCIS D. NEW, A.M.

"Very various are the saints, and their very variety a token of God's workmanship."—*Cardinal Newman.*

THE Little Poor Man of Assisi, the *Poverello*, as the Italians call him, is not always understood. "He is often thought of by those who do know him as a simple person of a sweet and kindly character, very extravagant, somewhat foolish, often grotesque, a wild, childish man, who could not speak or write, but only loved"; or as "a sweet, childlike, almost childish soul, with no aims and no insight, but certainly doing good, because goodness was in him."

Such estimates are entirely erroneous. On the contrary, St. Francis possessed an original and well-balanced mind, extraordinary common sense, an iron will, and indomitable courage; and these qualities go to make a forceful character. There was "method in his madness." "The work done by St. Francis," says a Protestant writer, "was one of the greatest done among men, and in him, as in a *vas electionis*, God had stored rich gifts to carry out so arduous an undertaking." "He revolutionized his age; he saved Western Christianity; he impressed his contemporaries in a manner seldom if ever done before or since. He was a statesman and born ruler of the highest kind."

But it is not of the Poverello as saint or founder or minister-general of his order that I would speak. St. Francis is called a poet, not so much, perhaps, on account of the poetry that he has *written*,—for though of a high order, the amount is very small,—but because he possessed in an extraordinary degree the poetic temperament. He had "distinct and striking sources of poetry in him," "an instinct for poetry."

The poetry in the soul of St Francis breaks forth in his daily life; in his conversation; in the terms he used towards the brethren: Brother Leo, his confessor, a timid, scrupulous soul, he called "God's little Lamb"—Pecorello di Dio; Brother

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Juniper he named "the Plaything of Jesus Christ"; Brother Egidio, "one of the paladins of my Round Table"; lepers he called "the patients of God"; himself, "the Lord's Lark," *alauda Domini;* the brethren, *joculatores Domini,* the Lord's jugglers. "Is it not in fact true," he would say, "that the servants of God are really like jugglers, intended to revive the hearts of men, and to lead them into spiritual joy?"

The springs of poetry in the soul of St. Francis were constantly welling forth from his lips. He was imbued with the spirit of his age, which was one of chivalry and poetry; he had caught the spirit of the troubadours, the *jongleurs* of France. The French language had a great influence on his life. He thrilled to the melody of its poetry. His whole life was a poem abounding in the most poetic and picturesque incidents. The poetical spirit in him gave him a perpetual revelation of God.

It is not difficult to discern the poet in the following stories: Innocent III. was hesitating to give his approbation to the rule of the new order. In his anxiety Francis sought the Pope and laid before him this parable, which he had composed while at prayer: "There was in the desert a maiden who was very poor, but beautiful. A great king saw her, and charmed by her grace, he married her. For some years he lived with her, and they had children of singular beauty. The mother brought up these children with great care, and when they were grown, she said: 'Dear children, do not blush at being poor; you are the sons of a king; go to your father and he will give you all you want.' So the children came to court, and the king recognizing in them his own features, said: 'Whose sons are you?' And when they answered: 'We are the sons of the poor woman who lives in the wilderness,' the king joyfully embraced them and said: 'Be not afraid; you are my children. If strangers live at my table, how much more shall I not care for my sons?' This king is the King of Kings, and, thanks to his goodness, I am the poor woman of whom God has been pleased to have lawful sons. The King of Kings has told me that he will provide for all the sons which he may have of me, for if he sustains bastards, how much more his legitimate sons?"

The poet triumphed over Innocent's objections. Dante has sung of this scene.

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Francis' idealization of poverty is another effluence of his poetical soul. He regarded poverty not merely as a virtue, and a great virtue taught by Christ, but his idea of it was most "tender and poetical." As a young man Francis had desired to become a knight, for he loved chivalry. Now, one of the chief features of chivalry was devotion to women; and every knight selected one who was to be his lady. He wore her colors, lived in her presence, and to her in time of war looked for inspiration, help, and success. It was thus that St. Francis regarded Poverty. She was his lady, and he gave her all the graces that the troubadours gave to the ladies of whom they sang. To him she was a queen. Her association with our Lord and the Blessed Virgin had given her, in his eyes, this honor; and the fact that she was a deposed queen, unjustly held in contempt, only increased his regard for her. This was not mere poetry; religion, loving, passionate religion, lay beneath it, as the following prayer, often used by St. Francis, shows:

"O Lord, have pity upon me and upon my Lady Poverty. Behold, she is seated on a dunghill, she who is the queen of virtues; she complains that her friends have despised her, and are become her enemies. Remember, O Lord, that Thou didst come from the abode of angels to take her as a spouse, and to have by her great numbers of children who should be perfect. It was she who received Thee in the stable and the manger, accompanied Thee through life, and took care that Thou hadst not where to lay Thy head. When Thou wert about to begin the warfare of our redemption, Poverty attached herself to Thee like a faithful squire; she kept beside Thee during the combat, nor retreated when others fled. Finally when Thy Mother, who indeed followed Thee to the end, . . . yet by reason of the height of the cross could not reach Thee, at that moment Poverty embraced Thee more closely than ever. She would not let Thy cross be carefully prepared, or the nails be sufficient in number, or sharp and polished; she provided but three and made them hard and rough. . . . And when Thou wert dying of thirst, she took care that even a drop of water should be refused Thee, so that it was in the embrace of that spouse that Thou gavest up Thy spirit. Oh who, therefore, would not love my Lady Poverty above all things?"

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Whenever, as in this prayer, Francis thought of Poverty "as the spouse, or, in Dante's words, the desolate widow of Jesus Christ, his love was tempered by veneration, and he called her his mother, or his lady." At other times, St. Bonaventure tells us, his feeling was more tender, and he called her his bride. It was as such that he looked upon her in his first dreams of the future, and as time went on he became more and more tender towards her, till finally he was so ravished by her beauty that his soul became one with her; and we are told that there was "no moment in his life in which he did not feel himself her bridegroom." And as a veritable bridegroom, he showed her every attention, and delighted to be in her presence. Dante says:

> "Their concord and their joyous semblances,
> The love, the wonder, and the sweet regard,
> They made to be the cause of holy thoughts."

"He avoided," we are told, "everything that could shock her." When invited to table of the great, "that he might not be unfaithful to her even for a moment," he always took with him bread which he had begged, and which he called the bread of angels. It pleased him to praise his Lady Poverty, speaking sometimes of her rich dowry. "It is not," he would say, speaking in the language of the age, "a movable and revocable fief; it is a permanent heritage, a kingdom." At times he composed verses to her, and when saying his breviary, he sang the psalms referring to her with great fervor. For this reason the 9th psalm, "Confitebor tibi," and the 69th, "Salvum me fac, Deus," are said to have been particularly dear to him. He was even jealous of his lady—he who was never known to be jealous of any one. One day he happened to meet a poor beggar clothed in rags. Immediately Francis began to think this man a greater favorite than he. "That man troubles and confounds me," said he. "Why so?" replied his companion. "What," he answered, "have we not publicly embraced Poverty? Throughout the land she is known to be our lady; now, behold how much more she shines and shows herself in him than in us." And "tears were in his voice," we are told, as he pronounced these words.

We should be wrong if we were to see in this only im-

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agination. "In the Middle Ages a vein of poetry, provided the idea it contained was a high one, did not in the least detract from the sincerity or even from the austerity of a man's sentiments."

We find proof of this assertion in the *Following of Christ*. And it was eminently so with St. Francis. The marriage of St. Francis with the Lady Poverty has been celebrated by poetry, eloquence, and art; by Dante, Bossuet, and Giotto. Dante sings:

"Between Tupino and the river which flows from the hill chosen by the blessed Ubaldo, a fertile slope descends from a high mountain.

"At the point where this side slopes more gently was born into the world a sun like that which rises from the Ganges.

"And let those who wish to speak of this place call it not Assisi, for that name does not say enough; but it should be called the Orient.

. . . . . .

"When quite young he resisted his father for the love of this woman to whom, as to death, no man opens his door with pleasure.

"And before the spiritual court, and before his father, he united himself to her, and henceforth from that day he loved her more ardently.

"She a widow for a thousand years or more, neglected and obscure, had waited for him without being sought for by any one.

. . . . . .

"But that I may not continue with too much mystery, Francis and Poverty are the two lovers whom we must recognize under my diffuse words."

Bossuet thus continues the chant of Dante: "This little Infant of Bethlehem, it is thus that Francis calls my Master, . . . who being so rich, made himself poor for the love of us; . . . this King who, coming into the world, finds no garment more worthy of his grandeur than that of poverty; it is that which touches Francis' soul. 'My dear Poverty,' he says, 'however low in the judgment of men may be thy extraction, I esteem thee, since my Master has espoused thee.' And he was right, Christians; if a king weds a girl of low ex-

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traction, she becomes queen; . . . she is ennobled by her marriage with the prince; her nobility passes to her house; her relations are usually called to the richest offices; and her children are the heirs of the kingdom."

Let us now take a look at Giotto's beautiful fresco of the marriage of St. Francis and the Lady Poverty. "Who can recount all the wonders of this sublime composition? The Christ stands there with that calm radiance which illuminated his divine face during the last forty days of his life on earth; he presents to the humble Francis the hand of a young girl, and Francis puts on her finger the nuptial ring, pledge of an eternal union. This beautiful bride is crowned with roses and with light; her eyes are mild and her mouth smiling; but her countenance is emaciated, and her clothing in rags; her feet are torn and bloody. She walks among thorns and upon sharp stones. . . . A dog barks at her, and the children of the world abuse her; they hurl stones at her, and overwhelm her with maledictions and blows. . . . But the choirs of angels bound with joy, and are in profound adoration before this mysterious union. An angel of justice chases away the avaricious and those degenerate monks who caress with complacency sacks of gold. . . ."

Merely to name the painters who have been inspired by St. Francis would take too long. The same may be said of the poets. Dante owes much to him. Those charming prose poems, "The Little Flowers of St. Francis," the language of which is so "incomparably beautiful because so incomparably simple," are the effect of his spirit.

But St. Francis had not only an "instinct for poetry"; nor was he merely an inspiration to others; he wrote poetry. Of his "Canticle of the Sun," or "Song of the Creatures," Renan says that it is the most perfect utterance of modern religious sentiment. It recalls David when he sang:

"Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all ye deeps,
Fire, hail, snow, ice, stormy winds, which fulfil his word,
Mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars,
Beasts and all cattle, serpents and feathered fowls";

or the children in the fiery furnace:

"O ye stars of heaven, bless the Lord, praise and exalt him

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above all for ever. O every shower and dew, bless ye the Lord."

"It is at the same time," says the Abbé le Monier, "a hymn of creation, a song of thanksgiving to the Creator, and a canticle of adoration offered for and with all creatures. Modern religious poetry has never produced anything comparable to it in this particular order of ideas." "In it we feel the breath of that Umbrian terrestrial paradise," says Ozanam, "where the sky is so brilliant and the earth so laden with flowers."

The following translation is the one given by Mrs. Oliphant in her Life of St. Francis, in nearly as possible an exact reproduction of the broken rhymes and faltering measures of the "Cantico del Sole":

"Highest omnipotent good Lord,
Glory and honor to thy name adored,
And praise and every blessing.
Of everything Thou art the source,
No man is worthy to pronounce Thy name.

"Praised by His creatures all,
Praised be the Lord my God,
By Messer Sun, my brother above all,
Who by his rays lights us and lights the day—
Radiant is she, with his great splendor stored,
Thy glory, Lord, confessing.

"By Sister Moon and stars my Lord is praised,
Where clear and fair they in the heavens are raised.

"By Brother Wind, my Lord, Thy praise is said,
By air and clouds and the blue sky o'erhead,
By which Thy creatures all are kept and fed.

"By one most humble, useful, precious, chaste,
By Sister Water, O my Lord, Thou art praised.

"And praised is my Lord
By Brother Fire—he who lights up the night;
Jocund, robust is he; and strong and bright.

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"Praised art Thou, my Lord, by Mother Earth—
Thou who sustainest her, and governest,
And to her flowers, fruit, herbs, dost color give and birth.

"And praised be my Lord
By those who, for thy love, can pardon give,
And bear the weakness and the wrongs of men.
Blessed are those who suffer thus in peace,
By Thee, the Highest to be crowned in heaven.

"Praised by our Sister Death, my Lord, art Thou,
From whom no living man escapes.
Who die in mortal sin have mortal woe;
But blessed they who die doing Thy will;
The second death can strike at them no blow.

"Praises and thanks, and blessing to my Master be;
Serve ye Him all with great humility."

It will be noticed that at the eighth strophe there is an interruption. The last strophes were not in the original draft, being added later. The eighth was suggested by a quarrel that arose between the bishop and the magistrates of Assisi. "Go," said St. Francis, "sing my 'Song of the Creatures' to them, with its new verse." The result was that the adversaries shook hands and became friends.

Of the original Italian, Ozanam says: "Its language has all the simplicity of a nascent idiom, the rhythm all the inexperience of unstudied poetry that easily satisfies unlearned hearers. The rhythm is sometimes replaced by assonance, sometimes it only appears in the middle or at the end of the verse. Critics will hardly find in it the regular conditions of a lyrical composition."

There is another poem attributed to St. Francis, which is quite different in construction. This work has ten strophes of seven verses each, with a regular number of feet, and rhymes generally correct. It is a skilful piece of work, and may be the improvisation of St. Francis worked over by the hand of a disciple. But we find in it "all the boldness of the genius of St. Francis, all the precision of his language." It was probably written after he had received the stigmata, "in the

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fire of divine ravishments," as Ozanam thinks. The following lines are but a portion of the poem. Of course much is lost in the translation:

"Love sets my heart on fire,
Love of my Bridegroom new;
Love's lamb my thoughts inspire,
As on the ring he drew.
Then in a prison dire,
Sore wounded, he me threw:
My heart breaks with desire.
Love sets my heart on fire.

"My heart is cleft in twain;
On earth my body lies,
The arrow of this pain
From Love's own crossbow flies,
Piercing my heart in twain.
Of sweetness my soul dies,
For peace comes war again.
Love sets my heart on fire.

"I die of sweetest woe;
Wonder not at my fate:
The lance which gives the blow
Is love immaculate.
A hundred arm's-length, know,
So long and wide the blade,
Has pierced me at a blow.
Love sets my heart on fire.

"When thus with Christ I fought,
Peace made we after ire;
For first from Him was brought
Dear love's veracious fire;
And love of Christ has wrought
Such strength I cannot tire:
He dwells in soul and thought.
Love sets my heart on fire."

What passed between God and Francis on the Verna, says Ozanam, could not certainly be expressed in the language of

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man. But when the saint, descending from this new Sinai, permitted his transports to break forth into song, it must not surprise us to find here the habitual cast of his mind, and the rich colors of his imagination. We recognize the adventurous young man who renounced the services of Walter of Brienne to become the knight-errant of divine love.

There is yet another and much longer canticle—362 lines—attributed to St. Francis. This poem, in its present form, may also have been retouched by some one else. It has even been attributed to another, Jacopone da Todi. Ozanam does not find in it the brevity and simplicity of the Little Poor Man. The Mad Penitent of Todi, he thinks, may have paraphrased a simple and grand theme borrowed from some old canticle of St. Francis. Other critics think its versification too learned to be the construction of the saint. The following lines are but a portion:

"O Love, for charity, why hast thou so wounded me? My heart is cleft in two, it burns with love.

"It burns and flames, it finds no shelter; it cannot fly, for it is bound.

"It melts like wax before the fire; living it dies, and languishes all day.

"It asks to fly, a moment only, and finds itself within a furnace.

"Ah, whither am I dragged to such great anguish? To live like this is death, the heat is so intense.

"Let no one blame me now, if love like this has made me mad. There is no heart that could defend itself or fly when taken by such love.

"Each one may wonder how a heart can suffer in such fire and not break. Would I could find a soul to understand me. One that had pity on my anguished heart."

These later hymns exhibit the contemplative aspect of St. Francis' character. "It is not," says Mrs. Oliphant, "that love which inspired his whole genial, energetic, human life to good works and the service of his fellow-creatures—that which made him so open to every sympathy, the friend of all created things; but rather the mystic supernatural rapture in which his life, or at least his history, culminates. It is that love of God which, like a divine fire, consumes the melting, rending,

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dying, yet enraptured soul; which swallows up every other sentiment, and absorbs the worshipper in the very being of the Divinity whom he adores. Flesh and blood cannot long support that ecstasy of revelation. The body becomes as nothing in the flood of sacred light, in the glow and heat of a love which is beyond any mortal passion."

Assuming these three poems to be the work of the *Poverello*, we may be tempted to think so brief a work—about five hundred lines—hardly commensurate with his long preparation. But we must remember that St. Francis was in the eighteenth year of his conversion when he began to write verse; and he lived only two years longer, abandoned to ravishments of soul and sufferings of body that could have no expression in human language. With poets and with saints we must attribute to them not only what they actually wrote or did themselves, but what they inspired. The poetical mission of St. Francis had more splendor than ever after his death. Poets and painters without number have been inspired by the life of the Little Poor Man.

But it is as lover of Nature that the Poverello stands pre-eminent. "He had caught the spirit of Him who directed attention to the ravens circling to their nest, and to the lilies in their beauty closing to their sleep." His highly sensitive nature was keenly alive to all the beauty about him: sea and sky, rain and wind, the sun and the moon, the stars, flowers, birds, beasts, rushing waters, limpid streams, rocks and pine woods, chestnut and olive groves; the sparkling spring flowers of Italy and the glorious colors of its vintage, thrilled him through and through with a sense of never-ending pleasure, as St. Bonaventure tells us.

"He enjoyed," says Canon Knox-Little, "the beautiful Umbrian autumn, and his pleasure in the calmness and loveliness of the country round him deepened his love for God. He was never tired of trying to instil into his brethren the same feelings, inducing them to look upon the whole created universe as a glorious book upon which God's name was written." The author of the *Imitation* has said: "If thy heart were right, then every creature would be to thee a mirror of life, and a book of holy doctrine. There is not a creature so small and vile which does not show forth the goodness of God."

Francis saw God everywhere in nature; under all her as-

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pects he saw some message and work of God. The saint rejoices in all the works of the Lord; by them he mounts up to Him who gives life, movement, and being to all things. In that which is beautiful here below he sees beauty itself. Says Father Tabb in his three-line poem called "God":

> "I see Thee in the distant blue;
> But in the violet's dell of dew,
> Behold, I *breathe* and *touch* Thee too."

The pagans, plunged in the sensuality of materialism, did not understand nature. Amid Jewish rudeness, however, we find some delicate prescriptions in her favor. Nourished upon the Old Law, the prophets and patriarchs loved nature with transport. Job sang her wonders, David in the joys and sorrows of his life loved her as a sister, a mother, a spouse.* When the Spirit came to replace the Letter, the love of nature increased in the hearts of holy men.

There is a beautiful story of Gioacchino di Fiore—a precursor, so to speak, of St. Francis—that must find place here. One day as this man, who had a great feeling for nature, was preaching, the sky became overcast with clouds and the church was plunged in darkness. Then the sun suddenly shone forth and flooded the church with light. Gioacchino paused, saluted the sun, intoned the "Veni Creator," and led the congregation out to gaze upon the landscape.

But among the saints there is none who loved nature so ardently as the Little Poor Man of Assisi; he loved, after God, men; after men, nature. There was nothing puerile in this love of St. Francis for nature. He considered, St. Bonaventure tells us, all creatures as coming from the bosom of the Divinity, and recognized that they all have the same origin and principle as he himself.

Above all other animals, St. Francis loved birds. In the Louvre there is a picture by Giotto of the saint preaching to the birds. One day, as he drew near to Bevagna, he saw a great number of birds. They attracted his attention. Telling his companions to remain where they were, he advanced alone towards the birds. They showed no fear. Seeing them so tame, he saluted them, and began to preach to them. Every one is

* See Psalms 103 and 148.

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familiar with the sermon, at least with Longfellow's poetical rendering of it. At the end he made the sign of the cross over them, and blessed them; then they all took flight together, going in the form of a cross, north, south, east, and west.

We may smile at this simplicity, but we must remember that St. Francis was simple by grace, not by nature, as Thomas of Celano tells us. "Are we sure that the truest wisdom and the most perfect holiness are not hidden in this story?" "If a man," says the Abbé le Monier, "has been associated with the Divine royalty, this royalty cannot but exercise itself by such manifestations of tenderness and heavenly peace shed from his heart upon even the humblest creatures."

St. Francis never forgot this day; he ever loved to speak of it. Among the birds he had a special predilection for doves. We read in the *Fioretti* that one day as he was going to Siena he met a youth with some turtle-doves for sale. "O good young man," said the saint, "these are innocent birds that are compared in Scripture to chaste and faithful souls. I pray you not to give them over to those who will kill them, but give them to me." Fondling them he said: "O my sisters the turtle-doves, so simple, innocent, and chaste, why did you let yourselves be caught? Now I will save you from death, and make nests for you that you may bring up your young, and multiply according to the commandment of our Creator." "*O simplex pietas, O pia simplicitas,*" exclaims Celano. Larks also he loved with a special fondness. He used to call himself "the Lord's lark"; and when he was dying, although it was evening, these birds of dawn, as St. Bonaventure calls them, came and alighted on the roof of his convent and sang joyously.

Among four-footed creatures, sheep, and in particular lambs, were the objects of his special affection. Crossing the March of Ancona one day, he saw a man carrying two lambs with their feet tied and slung over his shoulder. Francis was touched to the heart at this representation of Christ bound and hanging on the cross. He uttered a cry and went up quickly, and began stroking the poor animals, almost as a mother might comfort a weeping child. "Why," said he to the man, "do you crucify my brothers the lambs, binding them, and hanging them in that way? Take my cloak and give me your lambs."

One day at Grecchio they brought to Francis a leveret that had been caught in a trap. "Come to me, brother leveret,"

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he said. And the poor creature ran to him for protection. Taking it up, he caressed it, and finally put it on the ground; but it would not accept its liberty, and returned to him again and again.

On another occasion, when he was crossing the lake at Rieti, a boatman gave him a large tench. Francis accepted the fish joyfully, but to the astonishment of the fisherman, put it back into the water, bidding it bless God. He would not kill the worms that he found in his path. He carried them carefully to the side of the road lest they should be crushed. Had not Christ said of himself: "I am a worm and no man"? That was enough for Francis.

One of the most touching episodes in the life of St. Francis is his farewell to the creatures as he descended the Verna, after receiving the stigmata. I quote Sabatier: "They set out early in the morning. Francis, after having given his directions to the brothers, had a look and a word for everything around; for the rocks and flowers, the trees, for brother hawk, a privileged character which was authorized to enter his cell at all times, and which came every morning, with the first glimmer of dawn, to remind him of the hour of service.

"Then the little band set forth upon the path leading to Monte-Acuto. Arrived at the gap from whence one gets the last sight of the Verna, Francis alighted from his horse, and kneeling upon the earth, his face turned toward the mountain, 'Adieu,' he said, 'mountain of God, sacred mountain, *mons coagulatus, mons pinguis, mons in quo bene placitum est Deo habitare;* adieu, Monte Verna; may God bless thee, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; abide in peace; we shall never see one another more.'

"Has not this artless scene a delicious and poignant sweetness? He must surely have uttered these words, in which suddenly the Italian does not suffice and Francis is obliged to resort to the mystical language of the breviary to express his feelings."

I should never have done if I were to relate all the stories of this kind told of St. Francis. But I must not omit mention of his love for the plant creation. "This perfect lover of poverty," says Sabatier, "permitted one luxury—he even commanded it at Portiuncula—that of flowers." "The border of the great garden was sown by his orders with grass sprinkled

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with daisies. A little garden was made within the great one for bright-colored, sweet-smelling flowers. The grass was to remind the brethren of the beauty of the Father of the world; the flowers were to give them a foretaste of the eternal sweetness of heaven." "This affection," says Le Monier, "was at first only a good instinct due to a fine and delicate organization. As a child his face used to light up at the sight of flowers; he delighted to inhale their perfume. As a young man he was most sensible to the beauty of the world. A fine view, luxuriant vegetation, the play of light and shade, the unceasing movement and flow of water, all such things he appreciated and loved. In later years, and when far advanced in the way of holiness, he did not change in this respect. Nature was to him always a friend. He not only felt no fear of her, he regarded intimacy with her as beneficial. He found in her a support for his piety." Coleridge has said wisely:

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

Thus we see "how St. Francis' love extended to all creation. . . . From the sun to the earthworm which we trample under foot everything breathed in his ear the ineffable sigh of beings that live and suffer and die, and in their life as in their death have a part in the divine work."

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A Native Hut and Christian Family.

A NARRATIVE OF THE MISSIONS ON THE CONGO.

BY J. B. TUGMAN.

IN the year 1882, when all the plans for founding what is to-day known as the Free State of the Congo had been completed, a military expedition was formed to enter upon the work of establishing some form of government for the civilization and control of the natives within its domain. At that time I was singularly fortunate in obtaining a commission at Brussels, and, after completing all the requisite formalities, received final orders to report for duty to the chief of Vi Vi Station on the banks of the Congo River, ninety miles from the sea coast.

Without going into any elaborate description of the policy that was to be maintained, or the duties that were to fall to the lot of each one, it will be sufficient to say that our main purpose was to spread the influence of modern civilization among the natives who were so far removed from its influence, and gather such data as may be valuable.

Having been educated a Protestant, and from an early age

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made to learn the duties that belonged to all who professed to call themselves Christian members of the established Church of England, my antipathy for the Catholic Church was well defined and deeply rooted. It will not be necessary to dwell upon the nature of these prejudices, for they are too well known to every Catholic of the present day; let me but say that they were heartily in accord with those of the bitterest enemies of the church, and had for their authority such authors as Eugene Sue and many other avowed enemies of the church, all of whom appeared to furnish ample evidence for the deep craftiness and the ample justification for our bitterest and most malignant antagonism to its influence and teachings. A Catholic was to be abhorred and under all circumstances to be shunned; we recognized in him one who was subjected to the worst and most dangerous principles, all of which emanated from the priests, and we were taught that these men, so far from being ministers of the Gospel, were but the agents of the Devil, and at all times were prepared to entrap their victims in the most cruel and outrageous slavery.

From my earliest years our religious training was all that good Protestants could give their children, and if only I could feel that justice had been done in matters appertaining to Catholic teachings and doctrine, I should be impelled to say that our training was ideal in itself. We were, by the example set by our parents, taught to love and fear God, and to respect all the teachings set forth in our catechism, and to learn those prayers that had their origin in the Catholic Church. Thus it was not unnatural that the impression made should have been to awaken a great love for the Anglican Church, and corresponding hatred for all that was opposed to its teachings, especially the Catholic Church itself, whose priests to my mind were a crafty and voluptuous set of "bon vivants" living upon the credulity of the ignorant, and ever ready to take all the advantages they could in any way.

For five years I was attached to the choir of one of the London churches, and in the capacity of secretary and in charge of the sanctuary learned considerable regarding church affairs, while at times I was permitted to read the two lessons at the morning and evening service as well as to serve at the office of Communion and at the other services, such as baptisms, marriages, reading the responses, and in general waiting upon

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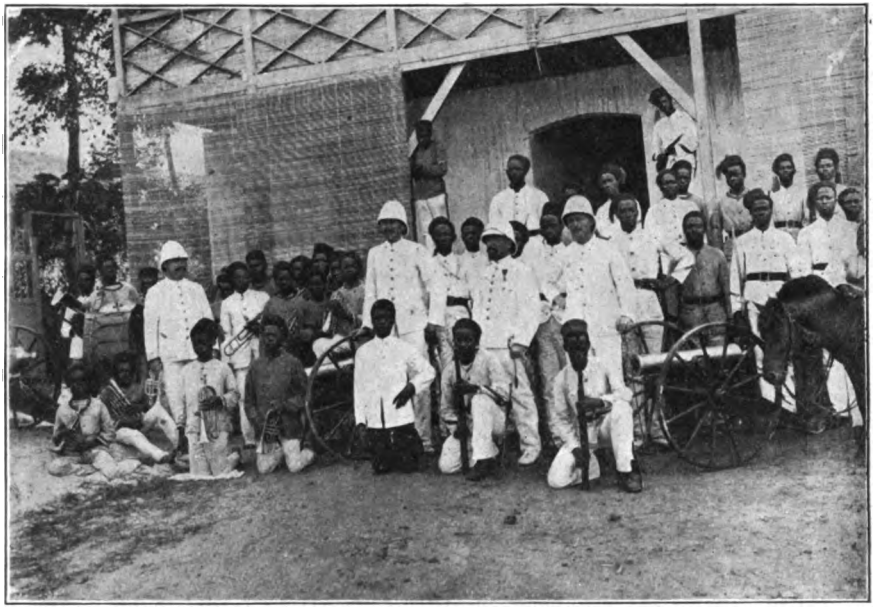
the minister. Upon one Pentecost Sunday I remember assisting at the baptism of over two hundred children and adults, an occasion that was a red-letter day with us. Thus I had often occasion to hear from some newly returned missionary the full and glowing account of the efforts and hardships that these



MISSION BOYS IN THE CONGO MILITIA.

men encountered in the performance of their duty, and felt considerably aroused, upon one occasion even so far as to volunteer my services to one of the well-known societies engaged in the work in Catholic countries. However, when the time came, I reconsidered my offer and withdrew. But the desire was always there to learn something about the missionaries and to see how matters stood, for with all the glowing accounts there were always some criticisms that did not reflect any too great credit upon the work or even the workers.

With my African appointment I was going to enter upon an experience that would throw light upon this matter, and I should doubtless have an opportunity to see just how matters stood and how the collections to which I had so often contributed were expended.

Having completed all my arrangements and bidden the fair one good-by, I started for Liverpool, where I was to join the

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steamer that was to convey me to Banana, where the tender would take me to my destination.

Our voyage, under other circumstances than those which confronted us, could have been accomplished in about three weeks; but as the steamer was scheduled to distribute cargo all along the coast at the numerous small sea-ports, from the River Gambia as far down as St. Paul de Loanda, at all of which we stopped from three hours to three days, our journey's end was not reached before we had spent six weeks on shipboard.

We left Liverpool with remarkably fair weather, laden to our full capacity with a general cargo, the main bulk of which consisted of case gin, Hamburg trading rum in demijohns, and a considerable quantity of other merchandise, for the barter trade, with a supply of two hundred tons of trade gunpowder in our forepeak.

Our passengers, all male, were made up of three typical West Coast traders, returning after a visit home; some half dozen assistants returning likewise, with others going out for the first time as clerks in the trading stations at sundry points along the coast; two Baptist missionaries, a young Swedish lieutenant, and myself, both destined for the service of the Royal Congo Expedition.

The first days of our voyage were taken up with forming the acquaintance of each other, and incidentally for those who were for the first time entering upon African life, gathering "pointers" regarding all things peculiar to the African climate and mode of life.

I will not enter upon any description of our passengers, whose vocations were those of traders and assistants, for there was nothing that in any way distinguished them from the average commercial man of the day; therefore let me pass them over, and dwell upon what most concerns my narrative, and present to you my two missionary friends of the Baptist profession.

These two young men, both quiet and unassuming in their way, represented that type of inexperienced youth going abroad for the first time, deeply interested in all that took place and in all that concerned our future life. Their education, nothing above the ordinary grammar school, enabled me to form no idea of any particular training that they may have

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THE ELEPHANT HARNESSED TO THE MISSION CARRIAGE.

had which was to fit them for their particular calling. Though versed in Scriptural knowledge, they did not appear to possess any extraordinary qualities in this regard, nor was there anything in their conduct or bearing that would lead one to judge them capable of commanding any extra amount of respect. They had an ordinary religious training, and perhaps the only characteristic that distinguished them from the number of reckless and indifferent youth that were, for the time being, their companions, was they attached more value to their religious belief and conduct than any one else on board, and took upon themselves the solemnity of religious airs as a contrast to the indifference of every one else.

Like all of us, these young men had been engaged for a consideration to perform certain duties, which consisted of teaching the poor savages. They presented no evidence of being compelled to undergo privations, or any sacrifice other than that which separated them from their friends and relations for an uncertainty no greater than our own. Their ties, like those of every one on board, were as strong and as binding, and their hearts were none the less captivated than ours,

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who were leaving the darling sweetheart at home, wife, mother, or dear sisters and brothers, to enter upon undertakings that at best were to be uncertain and hazardous.

Similar to each one of us they had their ideas of a reward that in no way differed from my own. If they had a sweetheart, so had I; and as their aim was to make a future for her, no less an incentive actuated me. They were to receive so much per month; in this they resembled every one else. They were going to obtain all the pleasure and enjoyment out of life that was in it, and signalize themselves to the world as members of a religious band, whose aim was to raise the standard of intellectuality among the savages by initiating them in the art of reading and writing, and thus enable them to derive pleasure and edification from the Scriptures. There was no evidence of any special training, no particular fitness or apparent capability

FIRST LESSONS IN COOKING.

to cope with what might be out of the ordinary. Their ideas were that they were merely going to teach the ignorant, but they possessed no notions of the different characteristics that they were going to meet with. Never having left their own

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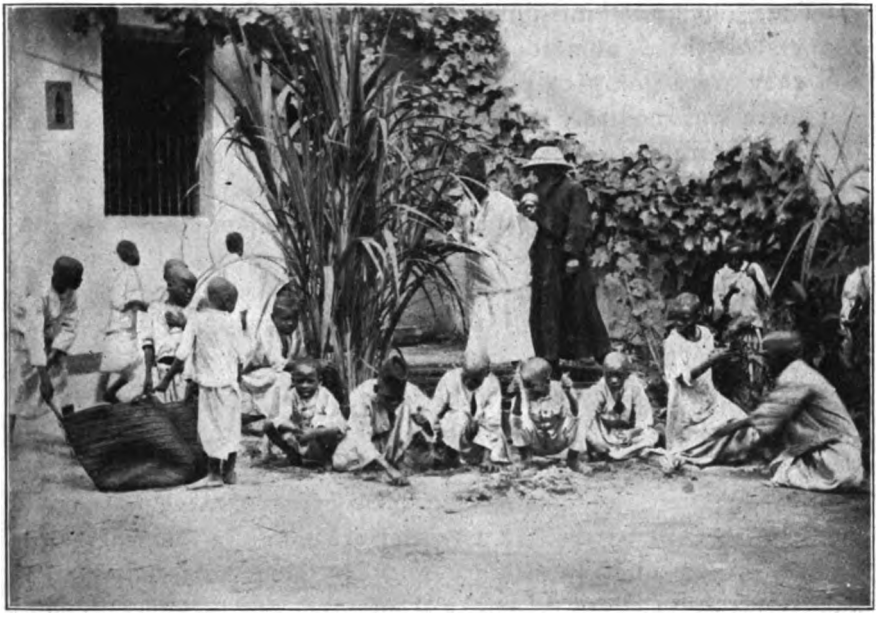
homes, and from what they stated, never having been away longer from home than a school term, they knew nothing of the world, and consequently were wholly incapable of realizing any other state of affairs than those they had read about.



HABITS OF INDUSTRY ARE INCULCATED AMONG THE CHILDREN.

They were tender-hearted and full of that enthusiasm that so singularly characterizes the man who stands upon the corner of the street calling sinners to repentance, and affords others the benefit of his particular interpretation of the various passages of Scripture. They recalled to my mind the colporteurs of the British and Foreign Bible Society, that I remember so well in my young days, whom I met in Portugal, and who under my father's instruction were entrusted to sell Bibles to the poor, superstitious, so-called Catholics. These men were supposed to sell Bibles, and of course in order to do so had to explain the value of these precious articles, and, like the "fakir," play upon the curiosity of their audience, in order to obtain results. What were the results? Why simply that the pages were torn out and used as wrappers for every kind of article. But this did not deter the sale of Bibles nor dampen the ardor of the home society, which had to render an ac-

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counting for the amounts expended in spreading the word of God. However, nothing was said of the use these Bibles were put to, in the reports; all that was dwelt upon was the eagerness with which these poor, superstitious Catholics received them.

Thus, my two missionary acquaintances were the forerunners of these numerous societies who had Bibles to sell, and they were going to prepare the market for the goods.

There was no truly spiritual side to their life in the sense that we naturally expect to find in all other professions. One would not attach any importance to a physician whose time was wholly taken up with the science of astronomy, or who had none other than a superficial interest in the practice of medicine, nor yet would we consult a lawyer upon an intricate question of law, when we found that he had but a secondary interest in the profession, or whose training was none other than superficial. Thus these two young men: they were amateurs so to speak, and though in other respects good companions, and gentlemanly in all their ways, unlike in this respect others whom I have met, and whose education had not enabled them even to speak correctly, and who would have proven a greater ornament in the workshop or stable than amid the luxury of their smart homes upon the banks of the Congo. They all adopted the profession for what it afforded them, which meant that they would escape the arduous toil of a laborious or confined life in exchange for the easy luxury of a quiet home away from friends for a few years, but eventually to return for a reward in the shape of comfort and luxury.

In order that I may make clear my impression of these supposed missionaries let me tell you of a little incident that occurred on the first Sunday we were at sea. It will explain the character of the spiritual earnestness of these young men who, it was supposed, were going to minister to the soul of the savage and turn it from darkness to the light of the Gospel.

We were well down in the Bay of Biscay, the weather being all that we could wish for. Being Sunday, like good Protestants, it was incumbent upon us to don our religion in like manner as we donned our Sunday clothes, and therefore service was to be conducted in the saloon. No sooner had the service terminated, and each one was returning to his favorite seat on

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the quarter deck, than a message came for the doctor that one of the hands had fallen down the stoke-hole. The unfortunate man was brought and laid at the entrance of the saloon for examination, and as his case presented grave symptoms he was ordered to be carried forward. The doctor, unwilling or incapable of rendering any assistance or relief, contrary to my expectations, after giving his orders, accompanied us to the quarter deck, and we all continued talking about the accident and its most

THE SISTERS TEACHING THE CHILDREN.

probable end, not failing to remark the indifference manifested upon the part of our friends, both doctor and the professed ministers of the soul. These latter, like the doctor, manifested their interest in the symptoms that were apparent, but there was absolutely no prompting to extend any spiritual assistance or consolation. Though inexperienced, I felt inclined at that time to think that there was something lacking in these professing "Sky Pilots," as seamen term them. Yet I was still to learn from bitter experience, the value of spiritual consolation, and with the fact brought home by contact with death myself, and from frequent attendance upon the sick and dying, it dawned upon me upon many occasions later on, that there surely was more than we as Protestants allowed in the doctrine of the Catholic Church, and in her regard for the dying. This seeming indif-

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ference to the dying would not have been strange in one who was no more than a careless youth and whose training had no bearing upon the subject of final spiritual ministrations, but in our friends, who one supposed should practise their professions, was another matter altogether.

Having, as I have said, been brought to the very door of death far away from friends and relations, I feel that I can appreciate the void that is experienced, and that longing for consolation or support one can never describe. That others feel this same void is evidenced by the fact that at the last there is that longing to have by them if only the old book of prayers from which they had doubtless drawn comfort and consolation through life and which they cling to at the end. As we lie in the helplessness of death, with those around looking for the last or behold the fast sinking life passing slowly away, what very different thoughts take possession of our hearts. Was it possible that this was right, was it possible that the end was to be still one of longing? Was there no consolation at the last? Our station was right across the river from the Protestant mission, and our flag was at half mast on an average of once a week, but never to my knowledge did I learn of their offering to aid or alleviate the sick or tender the consolation of their professed religion.

Fortunately, however, as Protestants we were not to be permitted to judge all sects by the standard presented in our missionary friends and neighbors, and to illustrate the contrast. One of our senior officers was taken ill and died. Though his death occurred in a room adjoining our dining hall, none of us were sufficiently moved even to stop eating. Our friend had not been ailing long, and only two days previous had bidden good-by to a companion who was going down the river for a change. The following day after the parting of these two friends news was sent down the river that the lieutenant was in a critical condition, and that there was absolutely no hope for his recovery. Death was not long in claiming all who came within reach of its cold grasp, the course of disease being rapid and sure. So it happened that upon the day of the lieutenant's death, and just as we were getting up from dinner, the little tender, the *Ville d'Anvers*, was sighted rounding the lower bend of the river. In due course of time she arrived and her passengers landed, among them the friend of

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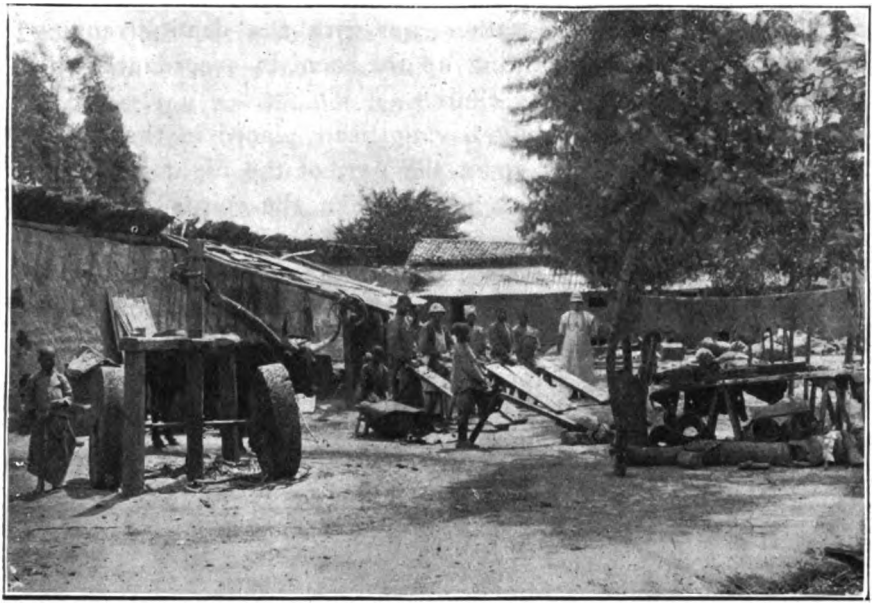

MAKING LEATHER IN THE MISSION TANNERY.

the deceased, who just one year to the day was destined to follow his comrade.

Among the passengers, consisting of new officers to replace those whom death was so quick to claim, there was a caravan consisting of some one hundred and fifty porters, under the escort of two Catholic priests. Shall I describe these two men? They were in no respect different from the priests whom I had seen in my early days; the same poor, thin, unworldly looking men; the same whom we had been persistently trained to look upon as the crafty, conniving creatures who lived upon the ignorance of the poor, and whose efforts were to guide their poor victims to the devil. The news of the sad end of our friend and comrade was announced upon their arrival. It was arranged that the caravan should proceed upon its way, under the escort of one of the fathers, whilst the other remained to perform the last rites of the church. Of all the sad and impressive ceremonies that I ever experienced, none impressed me so forcibly as this. Owing to the gross mismanagement on the part of the Comité in Brussels, no provision was made for burying the dead who were so numerous with us, making it necessary to resort to gun-cases for coffins, thus adding to the callous in-

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difference into which every one fell. Whilst the carpenter was preparing the coffin, the father was with the dead arranging the body for burial and fixing up the room in accordance with the ideas and ritual of the church.

This done, and the body having been placed in the coffin, alias gun-case, the father spent the part of the night in prayer in the room with the tapers burning like the spirits of loving angels around the form of a creature of the Almighty, a soul that belonged also to the Redeemer whose cross was raised on high as the hope of everlasting life. With the morrow came the funeral, the prayers for the dead, and the solemnity of the occasion made a deep impression upon all those who attended, both European and native.

Though I was not inclined to agree upon the necessity of

THE MISSION GIRLS TAUGHT LAUNDRY WORK.

all this outward show, and held my own Protestant views regarding the absurdity of candles, and even crosses, I could not for my life help contrasting the scene on board ship on our way out with this incident in which the Catholic priest gave evidence of his mission. If he thus acted to the dead, what might one suppose he would do for the dying. The contrast, therefore, becomes one that appals when we see the indiffer-

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entism of the one, and contrast it with the earnestness of the other, both professing the same mission.

With this let us continue our journey. Contrary to our expectations, we did not land at Madeira; but upon our arrival there during the early hours of the morning received orders to proceed to Santa Cruz de Teneriffe, where after a run of eighteen hours we landed, to enjoy a day's pleasure and a ride round the picturesque town on donkeys, and otherwise take in the beautiful scenery that surrounded us.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.)

"SILENT MUSIC."

BY C. M.

WHAT means this music in my soul?
Is it but prelude to a hymn
That from the future's organ pipes
Shall wake my soul in praise of Him

Who kindles in a maiden's heart
The undying, holy flame of love,
That, guarded with a Vestal's care,
Sends incense up to heaven above?

Who gives the child's soft smile and kiss,
For light to him whose day's been long,
And Pater Noster's music sweet
From children's lips, for even-song?

Or is it but a fleeting air
Touched into life by Fancy's hand,
And dying with the dying sun,
That makes the West a wondrous land?

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JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART IV.

ON THE HIGH-TIDE OF MANHOOD.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PASSING OF PEARL RIPLEY.

"WELL, my boy, for what are you waiting?" asked the priest who, descending from the Colonel's sick-room, came upon Joyce, forlorn and moping in the lower hall. "My authority is old, and the party is assembled. Why not close this touching day with the ceremony?"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk, a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life. On the journey to the West Joyce has a long talk with Raymond, in which the latter gives his views on various matters, and states the terms on which he engages Joyce. Arrived in San Francisco, Joyce sends an exuberant telegram to his mother. Joyce enters social life and takes part in a ball at the Golden Gate Ranch. Mina and Joyce are drawn unto each other, while Raymond's wife talks of divorce. Mina and Raymond, landing at Island Rock, are both drowned. Joyce endeavors to save them, and narrowly escapes with his own life. After Raymond's death Mrs. Raymond removes to San Francisco, pending the settlement of her husband's estate. Pearson, having assumed control of the *Pioneer*, has a stormy interview with Joyce. Mrs. Raymond suddenly decides to sail for Europe; Joyce, failing to agree to her plans, decides to remain with the *Pioneer*. Stephen proposes to Gladys. Joyce meets with the great temptation. Pearl Ripley, a Comedy Girl, enters into his life. Womanhood has lost something of its spiritual beauty as the result. Later on he is lured into a scheme of stock gambling. Stephen engages in social work, and tastes some of the higher things of life. He meets Gladys after the promised year's delay; while Mrs. Raymond, a restless woman of the world, comes into Joyce's life again. Joyce is about to declare his love for Gladys when the news comes of a mine swindle. Joyce saves Hans from despair, but comes again under the sway of Mrs. Raymond's power. Joyce and Imogen are married. On returning from their honeymoon Imogen dies very suddenly. Her death is the cause of Joyce's spiritual regeneration. Two years pass and Pearl Ripley comes with her child to the home of Joyce's mother. That mother receives her and experiences her own punishment for having educated Joyce without religion. Joyce is again attracted to Gladys, when Pearl Ripley and his mother and his child find their way to San Francisco. An earthquake happens while all are gathered at the Golden Gate Ranch and little Joy is accidently killed by a falling stone. Joy's death settled the question of the marriage of Joyce and Pearl. Pearl leaves to follow the career of an artist. Joyce is left with Gladys, the love of his early manhood. They marry. The end.

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"*I* am ready," said Joyce, stolidly. But his emphasis was significant. It confessed his inability to answer for Pearl.

It was late in the afternoon of the day upon which little Joy had been laid at rest. "The little white hearse" had deposited its pathetic burden; the flower-lined bed of dreamless sleep, covered and canopied with symbolic lilies; and back to Golden Gate Ranch the mourners returned desolately, their hearts lone for one little child. Yet the wings of the invisible angel substituting his mortal presence already were folding their sore souls tenderly. Pure desires, high thoughts, noble visions of life, flitted before the eyes brimming with tears of sorrow. The grace of death to the dead, includes grace to the living: and a child djes for the resurrection of many.

Of all at Golden Gate Ranch none lamented the little life ended—none wept for it more bitterly, than he who alone could not follow in the white hearse's train. The Colonel declared himself guilty of the blood of the innocent. Why had he taken the child from his rightful protectors? Why had he not been warned by the scientific predictions,—the signs he knew from experience,—of impending catastrophe? Why had he not acted upon his own misgivings as to the safety of the Crystal Palace? Above all, how could he—he, a soldier, an officer,—have been guilty of the cowardice, the dishonor, of saving his own scarred and battered old hulk which had had its day, while losing the young and vital life entrusted to him?

The gentle Mam'selle alone exorcised the morbid demon possessing the Colonel. At her word, under her touch, he lay as submissive and dependent as a child, though resisting all other efforts to comfort or control him. But Mam'selle's influence was exerted only under resistless pressure. Her virginal soul was troubled by the complications of her position as the Colonel's hostess. Far down in the delicate heart that had cherished and fostered its maiden-bloom, Mam'selle knew that she was still young in all save years, and blushed ingenuously at the latitude conceded her by the literal world, that recks not of the youth of ideality and inexperience. The chivalrous Colonel, understanding, never asked for his hostess; and repeatedly pleaded that she might not be troubled on his account. But as his demand to be removed to his own Ranch was ignored day by day, and his abject helplessness seemed to prophesy long dependence upon Mam'selle's hospitality, his

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still thought ran deep,—its direction confided as yet, however, only to the sympathetic yet amused priest, whom Father Martin's letter, and a line from his Bishop, had established as a daily visitor at Golden Gate Ranch.

"*I* am ready," repeated Joyce, in a more resolute voice; and there was the suggestion of a heroic, rather than of a despairing spirit, in his squared shoulders. Even already little Joy's death was a more potent moral influence than his child-life could have been! His grave made Pearl sacred as his cradle had failed to make her! Joyce's voluntary desire, now, was to justify her.

"Then with your permission," said the priest, "I shall summon the family to the Colonel's room. It is his wish to witness the ceremony, and I suppose you have no objection. There seems no valid excuse for further delay."

"I must see Pearl alone, father. She has evaded,—ignored me."

"I will send her to you, my son. She is docile. She will obey me. But do not detain me unnecessarily. I see that the trap is at the door—"

"You must dine with us to-night, father, of all nights, in charity! There are late trains. I wonder who ordered the cart?"

"*I* did!" Pearl came slowly down the winding stairway. She had made no change of toilette since her return from the funeral; and carried the satchel she had used on her Overland journey. Before Joyce could relieve her, she set it down lightly. "Excuse me, father," she said, "for overhearing your words. I, too, believe that 'delays are dangerous'—"

"That is well, my child. We but awaited your pleasure. I will precede you to the Colonel's room!"

"The ladies are gathered there. I requested their presence—"

"*Pearl!*" cried Joyce, protestingly, as she turned towards the stairway. To his softer nature, his mood of tenderness, it seemed terrible that in cold blood, without one preliminary word of reconciliation, he and she should be made husband and wife!

But if she heard, she did not heed him,—flitting ahead darkly and inexorably as a figure of fate, her thin black gown hovering like a shadow about her. The mourning garb sub-

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dued her beauty, and in subduing, refined it. Her pure pallor gave it a pathos that her type made tragical. She was no longer the handsome girl, no longer the dashing actress; but a woman who had drained life's cup of suffering. As she entered the room, silence fell upon it,—a silence tense with general embarrassment, with conflicting sympathies, with antagonistic convictions. Mam'selle and the Colonel were on the conservative side, in spite of moral ideals. Mrs. Josselyn and Gladys sat hand-in-hand, each suffering for herself, for Joyce and Pearl, for each other! The priest, feeling the strained atmosphere, hastily equipped himself for the service. His sympathy was with the bereaved young mother,—the handsome, unfortunate girl whom he thought the victim of a most awkward and trying occasion. But Pearl, standing haughtily, looked no object of pity. Yet her eyes, although proud, were strangely tender.

"If the bride and groom are in readiness," the priest suggested, opening his book.

Joyce responded, and impulsively extended his hand towards Pearl.

"My daughter!" expostulated the priest, as she drew back, rejecting it.

"But there is to be no bride, father," Pearl answered, composedly. "With all due reverence, my response is, 'I will *not!*'"

"*I will not!*"

If embarrassed silence had marked the atmosphere of the room at the moment of Pearl's entrance,—it was amazed silence that succeeded it, as she uttered her low yet ringing words. In fact her auditors unanimously discredited their own hearing, and glanced from the speaker to one another in incredulous inquiry and surprise. She, Pearl Ripley,—a woman whose ambiguous position, moral and social, was a just target for the world's reproach,—she, a struggling actress, to decline a marriage which meant at once honor, wealth, and even all tender possibilities as well, since love's young dream, like hope, dies hard, and is quick of resurrection. It was impossible that such a refusal could be considered seriously. If sincere, the girl must be temporarily irresponsible. Even the priest agreed with Mam'selle, when she ascribed Pearl's negative to feminine nerves.

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"Ah, *la pauvre!*" she murmured, gesturing towards the bell. "That she should be hysterical is no more than natural. A glass of red wine—"

But Pearl rejected the hospitable suggestion.

"No, Mam'selle Delacroix," she said, "I am not hysterical. I was never more mistress of myself than at the present moment, which I recognize to be the most critical of my life. I have requested your presence, acting not upon impulse, but deliberately and upon conviction, to witness, not my marriage, but my voluntary and final rejection of marriage! This seemed to me only justice to Joyce, that no misjudgment might shadow his future!"

Her eyes turned with earnest significance upon Gladys. Even tears had not blinded Pearl to Joyce's love-secret. She glanced at her watch, and made a slight grimace. The rig at the door still waited.

"There is short time to spare," she resumed, "but my change of mind may be explained in a single sentence. *My marriage is no longer an obligation!* Therefore I claim the right to make my own future."

"Beware lest you mar it," hastened the solicitous priest. "My child, thought before speech is prudence!"

"*Thought?*" she echoed. "Have I *not* thought, then,—I, Joy's mother? My days have been a daze of thought, under enforced action! My nights, agonies of thought too troubled for slumber! While my little Joy lived, I thought of him only. Now, my privilege is to think of myself!"

"Oh, certainly," assented Joyce, in offended dignity. Even in his astounded relief, he could not but feel crestfallen. Pearl's indifference to him was distinctly unflattering.

"It is true," continued Pearl, "that Mrs. Josselyn and Father Martin convinced me of my duty to sacrifice both myself and Joyce, for little Joy's sake. But that tender necessity no longer remains. Then what, now, is between us two?"

"Memory, my child," reminded the priest, with reluctant severity.

The moral reproach of the world was not lost upon Pearl. The proud woman suddenly relaxed into the girl humiliated. For an instant her arm screened her face.

"Oh, this ordeal is very painful, very cruel to me," she sobbed. "But I had a reason even stronger than to do jus-

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tice to Joyce. To you, who know my past, I wished to plead for myself,—not just as Pearl Ripley, but as—Joy's mother!"

"Spare yourself," begged the priest. But she did not heed him.

"By what I am," she cried, unconsciously extending her hands in appeal,—"by what natural temperament impels me to be, oh, *do* try to understand that I could be—what I was—without wilful sin,—even almost innocently! *Try* to allow for the temptations of the dramatic instinct in an orphaned and ignorant girlhood. No culture of any sort, no sense of moral responsibility, counterbalanced or controlled my emotional nature. When, as I matured, my soul spoke, I obeyed it blindly, breaking away from Joyce and all that he represented! Can't you see how that break redeemed all that went before it,—that I lived up to the first light I recognized?"

No one answered. The silence was not of doubt, but of awe. An unveiled soul claims the reverence of humanity.

"I broke away," she sobbed, "as you know, to an issue of unforeseen shame and suffering, yet impelled by the same instinct that now parts me from marriage. I thought, then, that I longed only for a freedom and career that the bondage of love did not give me. But now I know that I strained towards the purity of life which is the only atmosphere in which true art develops. I learned this lesson from two good and grand men,—my masters! The first was the world-famous impresario, the Signor Lanza. The second—your own Father Martin."

"*Lanza?*"—Joyce started. How the name took him back to his Western beginnings,—to the Crystal Palace on the night of its festal glory, and the ball's after-scene in the autumn moonlight; to passionate little Mina, in her love and pique and recklessness of erratic genius; to the signor with his intense eyes and romantic beauty, his Bohemian chivalry, and poetic words: "*Of a race that has given priests to the altar, virgins to the cloister, heroes to Italy,—as well as great singers, great painters, great poets to Art,—I Lanza, come!*" . . . "*A woman is never an artist till her heart is broken!*" . . . "*Ah! None save Lanza is faithful to Art,—Art the pure, the divine—*"

And Pearl Ripley was the Signor Lanza's disciple,—the Signor's, and Father Martin's! Then what wonder that he,

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young and light, had not held her? What wonder that he failed to rank with her "masters"? For once, at least, Joyce was humble!

"I met the signor first in Australia, and later in England," Pearl was explaining. "He saw in me what he called 'genius blighted,' and questioned me as to my youth and life. I was inspired to confide in him,—to confess the truth. Then he told me that my blight was no longer a mystery to him, that a moral flaw was a rift in the lute of art, that it could be redeemed by self-sacrifice, by consecration,—but never by self-indulgence; that my life must be spiritual, isolated, ideal, if I would live up to my genius, even professionally. Then and there I began to discern dimly, what Father Martin made clear to me,—that the art-life is a life 'to keep pure, to hold high, to live finely, to serve with sacrifice':—in other words, that *I can hope to be great as an actress only in so far as I am good as a woman!*"

She had spoken with bowed face, but now it lifted. She stood erect, and her unshamed eyes flashed with pride,—the righteous pride of a pure and strong spirit.

"I should *not* be a good woman if I married Joyce now," she declared. "I should commit moral suicide, and do moral murder. What man wishes to marry the ghost of a past that reproaches him? What woman idealizes the man who has degraded her girlhood? Without love in the wife, without reverence in the husband, what justifies marriage between free man and woman? No, in parting, not in marriage, lies Joyce's honor and mine. Now, permit me to take my leave of you."

"God bless you, my daughter," conceded the priest, realizing the futility of further protest.

"Your blessing is your best farewell, my father," she said, turning from him humbly, with a reverent bow. "Mam'selle Delacroix, a thousand thanks for your hospitality. Dear, dear Mrs. Josselyn, I take no farewell of *you*—"

"No! Oh, no!" sobbed Joyce's mother, with a long embrace. "You have a home now,—a home and a mother!"

As Pearl passed on to the Colonel, he hid his dimmed eyes. The bereaved young mother seemed to accuse him mutely. At every mention of Joy, whom he had failed to save, he had groaned and tossed in anguish of spirit. Yet a first ray of

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comfort now lessened his heartache. This unanticipated dénouement was such a miraculous dispensation! Was the sacrifice of young life, that had seemed cruel accident, the most merciful of Providences, instead?

"Dear Colonel Pearson," murmured Pearl, sinking to her knees by his bedside, "by your suffering, I know the heroism which is little Joy's debt to you. May I kiss the hands that gave him—to heaven?"

"You are a noble woman," he choked, pressing her hands to his lips. "My girl, I admire,—I revere you!"

As she rose, she turned towards Gladys with a glorified face. Was it really hers at last, the reverence of good men,—aught better than which the world holds no woman?

"Miss Broderick—" she began, then her full heart silenced her; but the abnegation, the appeal of her eyes, was eloquent. She had no dearer desire than for Gladys' happiness,—Gladys, whose unselfish sympathy and gentle charity had won her passionate gratitude. Until now Pearl had never known woman's love for woman. In the battle of her unmothered and sisterless youth, she had made no abiding friend of her sex; and her beauty and meteor-like success on the stage had antagonized her professional rivals. But the selfless justice, the conscientious mercy of Mrs. Josselyn, in championing her, a sin-stained stranger, against her own son, had given Pearl her first revelation of noble womanhood, and Gladys' tenderness had completed the ideal. With the courage of true humility, she kissed Gladys yearningly. "Forget me," she whispered, "as life and love forget the dead!" Then, with one glance at Joyce, she had vanished.

For an instant, the surprise of her flight left all passive. Then Joyce recovered himself sufficiently to attempt to follow her; but already the cart had whirled from the door. The woman had vanished on the way of the artist. Such was the passing of Pearl Ripley from Joyce's life!

Did she pass with no regret,—looking only before, not behind her? Had real life no sweetness for her, that mimic life lacked? Did her woman-heart, her love-nature, lightly renounce their sweet birth-right,—her soul, with its memory of immortal motherhood, resign love without one sob?

We may question, but Pearl Ripley never will answer us. She is not one who, once having chosen, looks back. She has

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loved, she has suffered, and full life is the fruit thereof,—full life, whose true name is soul-growth!

But Joyce, hurt and startled, did not rise to Pearl's altitude. Her flight seemed to leave him in an ignoble position towards her, and his proud spirit chafed to redeem it.

"Oh, this is all wrong," he cried, as he returned disconsolately. "*I* was given no chance with her,—but some one must act for me! Of course half of my kingdom is hers, by least rights! She must be backed—made a star as an actress—"

"You 're a booby," exploded the Colonel, irritably. "A grand girl like that would n't touch your money with tongs. And if she did, it would ruin her,—artist as well as woman, since inspiration demands self-respect!"

"Well, what about *my* self-respect?" demanded Joyce, resentfully.

"Your self-respect in this matter depends solely upon your unselfishness. The woman with a past craves absorption in the present. The *necessity* of her chosen work is Pearl's greatest mercy. It would be cruel to her to make it a luxury!"

"It was the choice *très convenable*," approved the relieved Mam'selle. She could praise Pearl's self-effacement unconditionally.

As a tap at the door announced the return of the concerned nurse, a general retreat was under way, when the Colonel commanded a halt!

"Wait, please!" he said imperiously; then flushed like a boy. Mam'selle eyed him solicitously. He had fever!

"Well, my good friends," smiled the priest, who for some unknown reason looked roguish, "I will take leave, if there is to be no wedding—"

"But there *is* to be a wedding," announced the Colonel, recovering himself. "And the groom is the battered old wreck before you! Mam'selle, I am here on your hands indefinitely. If only for propriety's sake, marry me!"

"But he is raving—in the fever—out of his head,—" stammered Mam'selle, unnerved by her surprise and embarrassment.

"No, the Colonel is quite sane, my dear lady," defended the priest. "And under present circumstances, his little *coup* is not, I think, indefensible. Days ago, he confided in me, and enlisted my services. Now, the ceremony is quite possible at any time. May I not add that long service deserves recompense?"

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"But he is still the heretic," panted Mam'selle, seeking wildly for a valid excuse. "It is true we are friends,—very dear, close friends. But to *marry* him,—Ah, ciel! To marry him—"

"Will be the sure way to convert him from his heresy, my dear madam. But in any case, religious difference is a difficulty lessened by years. Without scruple, I think you may indulge the Colonel, if you will. Hope deferred will not speed his recovery!"

"Do please have a wedding," implored Joyce, with a convulsed face. A nudge from Mrs. Josselyn repressed his levity. Considering that the sensitive Mam'selle was in question, Joyce's comedy might end tragically for the Colonel.

"Come to your room for only one little minute, Mam'selle," pleaded Gladys. "You must not marry the dear Colonel in black!"

Marry the Colonel? What fixed and inevitable destiny the words seemed to prophesy! Poor Mam'selle trembled helplessly,—yet she hesitated.

"Let *me* speak to Mam'selle," demanded the wily Colonel. His forces fell back obediently.

"Dear Mam'selle, this surprise may seem a brutality," he whispered; "but my excuse is, that circumstances justify our immediate marriage, and my sole chance is to take you by storm. Of course your shy reluctance appeals to my reverence, yet the hour has come to vanquish it, in the name of brave womanliness. We are not girl and boy, to whom marriage means life's beginning; but old and tried friends who have daily need of each other. And my days may be few,—for injured age does not linger! Do you think you will regret the right to let me die with my hand in yours? Without you, death, like life, will be lonely for me."

"Ah, *chèri*," sobbed the beguiled Mam'selle, "but I had not the dream—not the thought—of the danger! But *non*, it cannot be true! Le bon Dieu is merciful. He will spare thee to me,—my preux chevalier!"

So the Colonel's diplomacy scored his crowning victory. The elusive Mam'selle was captured at last. She followed Gladys from the room with tearful submission, widowed in spirit, ere she was yet wedded wife.

But for a man on his death-bed the Colonel was surprisingly alert and animated, once his inamorata had passed from

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sight. He dictated an imperative summons to be telephoned to the Surfside, where his interested relatives awaited developments. Then his nurse and valet, between them, achieved his toilet, though under the difficulties of hot running fire. Not until, in spite of his bandages, they had succeeded in giving him a touch of his normal martial jauntiness, did the Colonel rest on his laurels.

Then came an invasion heartily welcome in the main, but inclusive of one recruit at whom the Colonel swore in secret. Perhaps it is not in the nature of even the most amiable of daughters to rejoice at her father's second marriage; perhaps it was only maternal loyalty that inspired Breezy to resist the senior Dolly's masculine protests; but, in any case, the Colonel's married daughter was cruel enough to attend the wedding with Dolly junior in tow, thus unnecessarily accentuating the inopportune fact that the bridegroom was a full-fledged grandfather!

Yet what more auspicious guest than innocent childhood can bless the occasion of human bridals,—unless, indeed, it be such ideal maidenhood as even now has stolen fondly to the Colonel's side,—a tall slip of a girl with virginal figure, and vivid, spirited, yet likewise spiritualized face,—a girl in whose hair spring's bright sunbeams are lingering, yet whose eyes blend youth's laughter with woman-dreams;—*Harry*,

> "*Standing with reluctant feet*
> *Where the brook and river meet,*—"

half-way between school-days and cloister! Then a whine and scratch at the door, and an appealing jingle of bells, betray the proximity of Harry's dear familiar spirit, Smudges,—a matured Smudges now, with a perchance wistful scorn of the past and gone puppy-days whose unregenerated spirits have succumbed to gentle but firm convent-rule,—yet the same little bright-eyed, pert-nosed Skye,—the same loving and loyal Smudges!

Upon Mam'selle's shy appearance a little later,—what a fair bride she looked, in spite of the snows of time on her charmingly coiffured hair; how the lace-veiled mauve silk, in which Gladys had arrayed her, set off her fresh skin, girlish now with blushes; how, rising to the bridal occasion with true racial instinct, her dark eyes coquetted with the admiring Colonel,—

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how like dove-wings her dainty hands fluttered among the flowers she carried; how her delicate patrician features, the graceful dignity of her frail little figure, at once asserted pride and revealed tenderness, as responding to the salutations of her future daughters, she poised herself like a bird on the verge of flight, just within reach of the Colonel's hand!

Not an eye in the room but a tear of sentiment softened,—not a smile but was tremulous with purest emotion, as the priest joined the gray-haired couple. And when the Colonel and Mam'selle were at last man and wife, and the departing witnesses, turning for one farewell-glance, saw the bride gently seat herself by her husband's side, and meet his eyes with a smile as her hand slipped in his, not even Joyce had a jest, nor was the priest's face unmoved, for a common human chord vibrated. Ah! To all hearts alike went the beautiful truth that love never grows old,—that man and woman-lives, at all ages, have need of each other,—and that when soul weds with soul, death is robbed of its sting, since in love life shrines immortality.

In due time the Pembertons and Harry took their departure; and when Smudges' wagging tail had faded from view, a forlorn lull fell on Golden Gate Ranch. Gladys and the Reverend Father vanished together. Then Mrs. Josselyn suddenly determined to start for home that evening, and hastened upstairs to pack for her journey. In spite of his surly assurances to the contrary, she was haunted by visions of Hiram lonely for her,—and dreaded the ravage of "hired help" in the immaculate Josselyn kitchen. In reckless spirit, Joyce offered to return with her to Maintown. Then he moped in the hall, forlornly clicking his heels against the marble flooring, as he mused on his joyless prospects.

Even his optimism realized the hopelessness of aspiring to Gladys' favor, considering recent disasters. Of course no girl could forgive, no woman forget, the scandal which Pearl's flight had ended. Nothing better in life, then, was left him at present, than to escort his mother on her journey, surprise his father, discuss all things under the sun with Father Martin, and visit Stephen before his priestly ordination. After all, the East held all who cared for him now! Joy's grave was the West's single claim on him.

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Absorbed in his thoughts, Joyce had been deaf to advancing steps, and started as the hand of the priest clasped his shoulder.

"Has the cart yet returned from the station, my son? My return as soon as possible is obligatory."

"Oh, in charity dine here to-night, father," Joyce begged. "I 'm in for it, and our special will get you up all right. Wait to see the last of mother and me!"

"I have a feeling that I am seeing only the first of you, my good son. But as for dinner, many thanks, but to-night it is impossible. Already I have taken farewell of your good mother, who—I predict—will return alone!"

"A false prophecy, father. What is to keep me here now? Even this feast, without your countenance, is impossible to me."

"I regret—"

"Oh, never mind! I 'm as glad to go along with you now, and 'phone Dolly to bring up mother."

"As you please. Then take leave of Miss Broderick, my son. Her appearance at this moment is timely."

Then the deserted veranda suggested to the tactful priest the finishing of his office. Joyce found himself alone with Gladys.

As she approached he could not but notice that her face was very pale. Yet her eyes, through tears' traces, smiled at him.

"So an adieu must be said to you, too, Joyce," she said. "Your dear mother has just surprised me with the news that she and you leave us to-night! I shall be lonely, very lonely, without my two friends. Yet of course—it is but right—that you should go with her!"

"I go, right or wrong," he said, with bitter curtness. "Did you think that I could stay here—now?"

The priest, glancing in as he paced by the door, smiled at Gladys the saint-like smile that has nothing of self in it. Their recent *tête-à-tête* had been the occasion of respective confidence and advice. He foresaw for Joyce a happy future.

"But you will return where your life-work waits you?" faltered Gladys. "You know that the Colonel depends on you for the *Pioneer*,—and it was dear Mr. Raymond's wish, and your own desire—"

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"I cannot return, Gladys. I shall go abroad. Every moment here is an intolerable torture to me,—as things are now,—between us!"

"As things are—between us?"

"Oh, you know all I mean! Do not trifle with me,—it is beneath you. Of course I recognize the vain presumption of even hoping for your forgiveness. A man's private sin might be outlived in time; but all this miserable publicity has made my case hopeless. What is left for me, then, but to say,—good-by?"

Her lowered eyes gave no sign, though her face had flushed brilliantly. With a low cry he leaned towards her, grasping her hands, and holding them pressed against his lips.

"It is good-by, my Gladys," he whispered brokenly. "Oh, my one love, my life-love, it is good-by!"

In spite of her generous resolve, Gladys hesitated. She would have been more or less than human if she had not hesitated,—if there were no hurt, no bitterness, no humiliation in her heart,—no sorrowful, shamed memory that Pearl Ripley had preceded her,—no shadow from little Joy's grave! Yet even as the girl resented these, the woman submitted to them. Not alone because she had learned that, like all sweet things of life, love knows its own bitterness;—not even because of her faith in love's saving grace, and the dearness of Joyce's soul to her! No, the balance, even as it trembled, was turned in favor of Joyce, simply and solely by the spell of tender human memory,—the memory of the wedded lovers upstairs, and

"*The light that never was on land or sea,*"

illumining their dear old faces!

"It is *good-by*, Gladys," repeated Joyce. His heart ached for her answer.

Then, at last, her eyes lifted,—no longer the girl's eyes, half-shy, half coquettish,—but woman's eyes, with love's patient faith in them.

"'Good-by'—for how long, Joyce?" she questioned softly. "*When shall we read—my little red book?*"

Gladys!—*Gladys!*" he cried in incredulous rapture.

And Gladys' kiss,—her first love-kiss,—answered him.

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CHAPTER V.

THE LITTLE RED BOOK.

MY GLADYS:

The famous specialist has come and gone, and left no hope behind. Not my years of prime, but my days are numbered. As I lie here facing the fatal truth, the vanity of human dreams is my bitter lesson. How true that "man proposes, but God disposes!" How inspired the warning of proverb and epistle,—"*Boast not for to-morrow,*"—"*For what is your life? It is a vapor which appeareth for a little time, and afterwards shall vanish away!*"—*I* boasted for to-morrow,—*I* forgot that I lived but for a little time,—when I planned for our common future as wealth's stewards, my daughter! To this end I have multiplied and accumulated my fortune, disbursing only its interest, day by day. Have I been justified in sacrificing the present,—my allotted opportunity,—to a future upon which I knew that I had no lien?—No, too late I realize that to dally with personal duty is to fail it for ever. To each day of His world, God gives the men and means ordained by His Providence; and the creature postponing his destined hour, sins against the Divine Law of Order.

It is true that all men have a duty to the future, but it is fulfilled not by sacrificing, but by serving the present. To our own day, to contemporaneous humanity, we owe all that we have, as well as all that we are; and a record of noble expenditure, not a posthumous hoard, is the rich man's title to heaven.

Shall I leave you, then, only a competence, my Gladys, and distribute my wealth in my life's last hour? No, a nobler way of atonement suggests itself to me,—of vicarious atonement through you!

Were you a son, I should not dare to lead you into the rich man's temptations. Inherited wealth, conducive at best to highest human evolution, too often serves retrogression, instead. But the selfish indulgence that appeals to man's nature, has no snare for your aspiring spirit, my daughter; and the thought is upon me, that out of the evil of my rusted treasure, comes the good of its possession by you. Why? Because *wealth in the hands of noble womanhood, has been the need of my generation, and will be the worse need of yours!* As my heiress, I believe you will fill this need, Gladys. As a woman, you are equipped for your mission!

Side by side, we have watched the materialistic trend of our country, and feared lest the "light of the world" should flicker,—its glorious promise fail! We have seen the proud march of human progress invade God's ground, which is the sole sound foundation of any national life! We have recognized the result, in dishonor in high places; since spiritual conviction and its conscience alone curb and chasten selfish human ambition. We have looked on social discontent,—on mass revolt and class-rivalry,—knowing that what we saw was but the beginning, predictive, if unequalled, of a devastating end. Worse than all, we have seen the effect of public perversion upon the private life which is alike the vital source and resource of the nation,—the waning reverence for the hallowed domestic hearthstone, the disintegration of family-life! And we have agreed that the root of these evils is *not* "the desire of money,"—which desire, for noble purpose, is good and laudable,—but its *selfish* ambition, its flagrant misuse,—a guilt common to men and women!

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Then inherit the bulk of my fortune, Gladys, as a sacred trust,—not a selfish possession. I impose no command, no restricting condition; but I confide to you my own ideal. It is the specific service of three great causes, whose victory or loss, at the present epoch, must be the glory or shame of woman! With your life, with your wealth, both as woman and heiress, serve

GODLINESS! HUMANITY! SIMPLICITY!

Godliness. As *I* read the lesson of the Annunciation, it consigns the spiritual life of the world to woman's keeping. Both virgin and mother are charged with a mission to the souls of the men of their time! Three foes boldly menacing modern man's soul-life, challenge woman to-day to be up and doing! All three are in touch with woman's special province. Hence her duty seems thrust upon her.

The first foe of Godlinesss is "*Non-Religious Education.*" It is the crime of spiritual infanticide foreseen by Christ, when He called little children, and warned the world, "*Forbid them not!*" Yet direct disregard of the Divine interdiction characterizes our vaunted educational system. In the public schools, the problem of conflicting creeds is solved superficially, by the prohibition of religious remark or instruction, thus confining education to its secular phases, and shutting God from a generation of souls in their youth. The proximate result is to be seen in the universities, where intellectuality is the antagonist of Christianity. Yet an agnostic maturity predicates atheism in posterity,—a sad outlook for Christian country and century! Then by the power—indirectly political,—of woman's social influence,—by the direct civic state, and therefore national power of representative fortune, *Stand for tax-reform on the basis of eclectic assignment, enabling parents to dictate the educational bent of their children, and placing on level of common advantage, religious and secular schools!*

The second subtle foe of the cause of Godliness, is the first in its feminine evolution! Its name,—"*Woman's Higher Education,*" in its accepted significance, is a mis-nomer. There is no height within strictly human limits. Only on the wing of soul-lore does the mind mount to eminence. Then, my Gladys, *champion the Higher Education in its sole true sense,—not the pagan education sophistically deifying science while ignoring Omniscience, but the nobler erudition that with true philosophy, simultaneously cultivate soul and intellect!*—Woman's individual soul, and the spirituality of her generation,—the soul-life of the future, whose vital spark is ignited or extinguished by motherhood in the present,—are not the only issues at stake. Public weal in the human order is likewise in question, since modern woman figures actively in social economy; yet ethics deep-rooted in the soil of the soul, alone prove an oak to lean upon! *The Christian curriculum gives the only education specifically equipping the social worker!* Records attest that lacking the supernatural spirit of faith which vitalizes good works, and make them enduring, the letter of human sociology, philanthropy, charity, is written down a fruitless failure!

The third foe of Godliness leaves the educational field, and flaunts on the field-of-the-cloth-of-gold,—*Society.* Here we pass from the spiritual call of women in general, to the social vocation of the gentlewoman in particular! Conservatively speaking, *social morality is the supreme aud exclusive trust of*

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the representative Catholic woman! But as yet she has failed to rise to her mission. The pride of life, the pomp of the world, dazzling her ambitious eyes, have deluded her into confusing Good Society with Smart Society,—its ignoble yet triumphant antithesis. Yet conscience and spiritual perception dictate that an uncompromising moral standard, an inspiring because aspiring social ideal, represent the obligatory courage of religious conviction! Masculine vice and dishonor, though the vice be secret and the dishonor triumph,—feminine laxity, though glittering with priceless diamonds, have no place by conscientious and pure womanhood's side. A society whose youth plays with the fire of flirtation, whose husbands and wives claim the license of alien sentiment, and defy at will the sweet penalty of Christian marriage, "the inheritance of the Lord,"—a society wherein Divorce is the rule, not the exception, is a society in which Godliness is not only ignored, but insulted; and the Catholic woman accessory to its evils, is guilty of grievous and far-reaching sin! Moreover, lax morality sows material standards, and the society that sustains such, tempts not only its class, but the masses outside it, to rate wealth above worth, success above honor, and to serve the flesh at the cost of the spirit. The harvest of this seed is reaped in socialism and anarchism. Then, Gladys, in the position to which your wealth calls you, by precept and practice proclaim the great truth, that *woman as the mother of future generations, has no more grand, no more terrible, no more soulful and immortal responsibility, than woman as dictator, sustainer, and sovereign arbiter, of the present social level!*

After, or rather abreast of Godliness, since the Commandment associates love of God and neighbor, the second cause for your championship, my Gladys, is the Charity re-christened

HUMANITY.

In its original tender sense,—the significance of the Scriptures—the word Charity would express my full and exact meaning; but the term, as synonymous with public and systemized alms-giving, refutes the true human spirit. The suggestive discrepancy that even as free libraries, public parks, and diverse charitable institutions increase and multiply, the struggle between rich and poor waxes ever more fiercely instead of waning in love and peace, is to my point, that *modern charity lacks Humanity*—the Charity of the Gospels,—the Law of Love! There is material charity, indeed, in public benefaction,—in the red-taped dole of the corporation—in the gratuitous and munificent donation whose ostentatiousness is its own immediate reward. But the *spirit* of charity, which is tender humanity,—is in the secret generosity,—in the service of individual hand and heart,—in the simple equity that renders unto each what is his own,—not by favor, but as the just due of life and labor! To pauperize, instead of to remunerate adequately,—to ignore obscure individual struggle, and speed manifest collective progression,—is the charity of the Pharisee, but not the humanity of the Christian, and the distinction has its timely lesson. The selfishness of Monopoly, the pitiless pressure of unscrupulous Competition, the hard hand of Capital lacking heart for Labor, take grace and glory from contemporaneous gratuities,—beneficent in a sense, yet serving egoism rather than true philanthropy, and therefore missing its meed of gratitude. Charity, by all means, my Gladys, wide and stintless charity,—

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but in the Name of our common Creator and Father, let it be the warm charity of human creature to fellow-creature,—of sister-and-brother-love! Love deals not in alms, but in generous wages. Love, averting, while it may, the inevitable curse of the institutional system, which parts child from mother and wife from husband,—feeds the heart-warming fires of humble home-hearthstones, and sustains the family-life! It is the charity of personal, not proxical service. The field may be smaller, the good seed circumscribed; but a harvest of social amity—of class-and-mass friendship,—will be the rich and prolific result!

In the field of Society, Humanity is still more conspicuous for its absence! What spirit of charity permeates the social atmosphere wherein all claim room at the top? What standard of Christianity is sustained in the struggle for the throne of success and the crown of supremacy? Not man against man, but woman against woman, in the rivalry of the worldling, and the selfish strife of jealous and therefore cruel vanity! Yet the social phase of human existence is justified only as the medium of sympathetic communion and converse,—of common helpfulness and extended noble influence,—of the message of the few to the many! Ah, precious but wasted opportunity,—bartered birthright, and squandered heritage! A mad world, my Gladys, this world of Society, in its soul-lack of Godliness, its heart-lack of Humanity!—But if these be forlorn causes, then the third is a lost cause,—the cause of social

SIMPLICITY.

The masculine instinct is for the simple life,—perhaps by vice of surviving sex-savagery. Therefore, up to a certain point, civilized woman's elaboration is good and well; but of over-elaboration comes sybaritism.

All the woe of riches is in illegitimate self-indulgence. Save for exceptional cases called to rare and high vocations, the rule of life adjusted to temporal means, serves mankind, and is therefore exemplary. If all were ascetics, much of the prodigal bounty of the earth would be unutilized,—much of the sweetness of life untasted, much of the beauty of art lost,—and such is not the good God's providence! But the sin against heaven, the wrong to humanity, begins, when epicureanism demoralizes by sensualizing refined civilization, and superfluity takes the place of sufficiency. A mansion may be a home, but in the republican palace, the master is a stranger! The extravagant feast sates, where the temperate meal stimulates! The formal function exhausts, where simple social life vitalizes. And so on and on to the end. There is waste,—wicked waste, wanton waste obtaining under sign of present social ideals,—waste of soul upon the carnality falsely posing as æsthetics,—waste of mind that should be earnest, on banal frivolities,—waste of life in excesses that are evil folly, not pleasure; waste of time in vacuous idleness, which is the ignoble misuse of leisure,—waste of wealth in effeminate sumptuousness of environment and living,—waste of everything under heaven that should serve God and mankind! *Stand against the artificial life, for the life nearer Nature!* For this one social reform at least, the hour is ripe, America ready! The sons of plain-living, high-thinking national makers,—the patriots, heroes, pioneers, of a past generation,—chafe under existing exotic conditions, and vent nature in vicious outbreaks. Even women are wearying at last, of the passing show and the smart routine, and reach out wildly, like restless

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children, for any sensation promising relief from monotony. Then, in God's Name, for man's good, for the honor of Catholic womanhood in the present, and the salvation of American womanhood in the future, prove by consistent practice, more convincing than theory, that *wealth can live suitably, yet simply!* It is the lesson the New World needs at this fateful crisis, to save it from the contagion of Old World decadence; and to give it, you must be *in* though not *of* society, since the recluse, as a social reformer, necessarily fails her part. Yet take Society not as it is, but make it what it should be, my Gladys, with the ideals of *Godliness*, *Humanity*, and *Simplicity* before you! This will be *social life fulfilling Catholic conviction*,—and no higher word can be said!

I have finished, and you know now, my dear ideals. Are you surprised that my Godliness is not more specifically Catholic,—my Humanity more zealous for Catholic charities? *The duty of Catholicity is to universal humanity*, but charity, I admit, begins at home! Then, since by original civilization,—by up-to-date naturalization of cosmopolitan emigration,—America, by divine right should be a Catholic country, *the chief claim upon Catholic wealth of to-day is the claim, both in active and preparatory phases, of the apostolic missions!* Next, perhaps, comes the claim of the works of corporal mercy, whose active sisterhoods respond to helpless human appeal. But the strenuous life which has made us practical, tempts our souls to forget that neither mission nor charity can dispense with the prayers of the contemplative Orders whose penance, too, like a protecting angelic wing, stretches between Divine wrath and sinners. I had hoped that you and I before I died, would have sown from coast to coast, in our main hot-beds of crime, the redeeming seed of the saintly Carmelite monastery, and its intercessory and atoning kind. But what *I* have failed, you will fulfil, my Gladys! Girl-heart, girl-hands, does the task appal you? Then share with some true man your noble burden. Wise marriage will be your sweet duty!

I fear for you neither fortune-hunter, nor titled roué. You will recognize the true, and reject the spurious, by the soul-grace of intuition! Yet light fancy seems love to romantic girlhood; so measure each man by your vision of life, and the part your wealth plays in it, claiming fine comprehension and the response of perfect sympathy, before you consider sentiment. Then, ask your soul if it strains in resistless unison with human attraction,—test your heart by your higher spirit! If the answer is yes, then love will have spoken; and you need not fear to obey. Against only one peril I am inspired to warn you—an impossible ideal,—an unattainable standard,—which is the temptation of maiden innocence. My Gladys, mortal men are imperfect by nature, and the strongest characters not only have the strongest youthful temptations, but oft-times the deepest falls! Yet, while not to have sinned would be almost God-like, to sin and repent and redeem and rebound again, soaring on surer wings towards the heights because the depths have been penetrated,—this is manhood, no whit less noble for error! Remember that

> *"Men may rise on stepping-stones*
> *Of their dead selves to higher things!"*

With love unto death and beyond it, my Gladys,

Your father, friend, and comrade,

BOYLE BRODERICK.

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"Well?" faltered Gladys, after a long, long silence. For Joyce, shutting the little red book, had not spoken.

But silence still reigned, and she glanced up timidly. Then she saw that his lips were trembling.

"Oh, you are touched," she cried, softly, with a rush of sweet heart-tears. "You appreciate him! You are thinking, I know, all that such a father must have been to me!"

"I am thinking," Joyce answered, "that of such a daughter of such a father, I am so unworthy that I am afraid, Gladys, afraid!"

"Am I not afraid, too, Joyce?" she asked him humbly. "In the past, I think I have been more or less of a problem to you. You did not understand my social attitude,—my study,—my interest in Hans Kaufmann and his social causes, —and in poor Dick Dawson's dear old Crœsus of a father, who is my convert to Christian Wealth's sweet gospel! But this little red book explains the mystery, and you know now why I feared a lonely future. I could not have fulfilled his ideals alone. But you, Joyce,—you will lead me, and help me!"

In that instant, Joyce attained the strenth imputed to him. The trust she reposed in him, compelled his worthiness. Boyish weakness died out of his face forever. In its place flashed manliness,—proud, protective, strong, tender! His arm encircled her masterfully.

"Little girl," he demanded, "do you really trust me?"

"I love you," she fluttered, half-coquette, half sweet woman.

"Do you believe in me, at last, without one doubt or misgiving?"

"I *love* you!" Her blush and smile trembled against his coat.

"With your heart,—with your soul? With full faith? Without fear?"

"I LOVE you!—Oh, Joyce, don't you know that just love means everything? Let it answer all the questions between us!"

With his arm still about her, he sat in deep thought; his face bowed, his eyes misted, yet radiant. How to declare his soul,—how to translate his ecstatic heart-throbs! For once Joyce's facile speech failed him.

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It was so grand, so noble, so immortal in issue,—the vision of perfect life opened to him,—the beautiful future, towards which the past had led him by such devious and crooked ways! From remorse, he was straining to resolve, which is higher. Darkly, dimly he discerned God's plan in permitting evil; and groped towards the truth that since God is Goodness, in the end good must reign supreme! From his sin, from the folly of youth and its selfishness, his life emerged like a star from darkness, its light gaining brilliance against its black background,—the clear sky before it more cloudless by contrast with retreating shadow and storm He foretasted the noble joy, the pure sweetness of love and labor, as life must blend them for the man who would call Gladys Broderick his "wife!" There are hours for every soul, when God's vista of life before sin entered Eden, is its mystical grace of vision. Such an hour was Joyce's now; and its grace would abide with him in vivid and inspiring memory.

"Oh, Gladys," he cried, and his face said the rest.

"Yes, Joyce," she responded, as if he had spoken. "It *is* going to be beautiful, isn't it?"

"How soon?" he asked, roguishly. Then he drew her closer and whispered. "Sweetheart, Father Martin must marry us,—and dear old Stephen—yes, Stephen shall dance at the wedding!"

"*Stephen?*" she echoed. Over her face flickered a gentle shadow,—not of sorrow, but of tender reverence. No,—her love-song should not jar on Stephen's psalm of life,—he must never be asked to witness her marriage to Joyce,—renunciative, exalted Stephen! She foresaw him as he would appear in the near future, wearing the black robe, the white heart, the characteristic crucifix of the pathetic Passionist habit! Such was the real Stephen, the true Stephen, the Stephen God had foreknown, and his own strong youth, his pure and earnest manhood, prophesied! From the first, had not his grave face with its pallor illumed from within, seemed to consecrate him even visibly? His passing phase of man-love for woman, his transient struggle between nature and grace, had but confirmed his vocation, and perfected his priesthood, since heart alone sways humanity!

Waiving the subject for the present, lest Joyce should question her,—for Stephen's avowal of love was her soul's sacred

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secret,—she gave sweet consent to the tender suggestion which tradition bids even willing maids parry.

"Yes, Joyce," her voice tembled, in awe of its own concession. "Yes,—dear Father Martin shall—marry us."

Between Joyce, too, and the world, its white glory radiated. The love-sphere, at start, is supremely isolated. Its orbit rotates towards the common groove, but first, it must span its own heaven!

So, all in all in each other, and lost in love's dream, Joyce and Gladys were in happy unconsciousness that the priest whom they loved, and who dearly loved them, was in stress between joy and sorrow.

Yet so it was, in this hour, with Father Martin. At his desk in the library so familiar to Joyce and Stephen, he sat with face bowed on his arms, and alone save for angels, taking silent farewell of his Maintown-life, his dear people, his home, the rectory.

For the honors he had not sought had been thrust upon him, and the pastor's obscure day was over.

The baretta of the priest, was overshadowed by the mitre! —Father Martin had been called to a Bishopric!

(THE END.)

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The Sign of Peace.

To E. A. C.

BY MARY E. GAFFNEY.

THROBBING and trembling on the sunset's breast,
A clear, white blaze amid the rose-gold glow,
One pure, transcendent jewel, pendant low,
Draws wearied eyes unto the dying West.
And, upward, as toward a mountain's crest,
Leaving the day's small striving far below,
My soul mounts joyfully, with peace aglow,
Borne upon airy pinions soft with rest.
So from this star to which my soul aspires,
Remote, enduring, splendid as of old,
I learn the secret of security—
That in Hope's flame, burning when other fires,
Earth-kindled, fade to gray, man shall behold
The primal sign of Immortality.

Salem, Mass.

Wild Flowers.

BY LOUISE FRANCES MURPHY.

GRIM ghosts of burnt-out forests, bleak and lone,
Stand bare against the crimson of the sky;
Great boulders in their stoic grandeur lie,
Whilst here and there, beside some mighty stone,
A wild-rose in its radiant beauty blown,
A group of daisies, and blue maiden's eye,
And immortelles, and thistles, careless thrown!
Deserted birch-thatched cabins face the sun,
Their owners long have vanished, one by one.
Far in the distance lies each Indian grave
Where the blue waters of the Huron wave;
They were the flowers flung with careless art,
The strange wild flowers of the forest's heart!

St. Louis, Mo.

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A PUZZLE EXPLAINED.

(FRANCE IN 1903.)

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

IT is generally admitted that nothing is harder to find than the truth, and after it is found it is often unpleasant to tell. For speaking the truth may cost us the good will of not a few persons whose esteem we value, especially when it shatters some idol that has been fondly worshipped. And now in explaining how a Catholic country like France has fallen into the power of the enemies of the church, it is possible that many Catholics may not agree with us. But we mean well by what we write, nor shall we forget what Leo XIII. said about going to the very sources when we wish to refute error, and that towards nobody ought we to show either flattery or animosity.* Having said this, we ask the reader to go back fifty years in the history of France. Louis Napoleon—better known as the Emperor Napoleon III.—has just broken the oath he took to support the republic, and by what is called a coup d'état has made himself sole ruler of the country. There is still left, it is true, a Corps Legislatif and a Senate, but they do little more than carry out the emperor's wishes and play quite an insignificant part in the government. But the spirit of liberty has been only smothered, it is not dead; and now let us fix our attention on two distinguished men, whose names are known to all Catholics. One is Charles de Montalembert, author of the *Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary* and *The Monks of the West;* the other is Louis Veuillot, editor of a newspaper called the *Univers*. They are both sincerely devoted to the interests of the church, but differ widely in their political views. It is in our opinion mainly owing to the triumph of the precepts of Louis Veuillot that the Catholics of France are what they are to-day. Montalembert was not a republican, but he favored a limited monarchy where the

* Leo XIII. on Historical Studies, August, 1883.

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voice of the people might make itself heard. Louis Veuillot, on the contrary, maintained that the best government for a Catholic people was a paternal one: where the king—in close touch with the clergy—should have absolute sway; never, of course, oppressing his subjects, but ruling them as a loving father might rule his children. Needless to say the doctrines inculcated by the *Univers* were very pleasing to Napoleon III., while the bishops and clergy, with few exceptions, approved of a system of fatherly government. Hence almost from the first days of the empire Montalembert was looked upon askance, while the great Catholic paper, the *Univers*, found subscribers in the remotest hamlets. If we turn to the *Univers* of December 26, 1851, we read: "France will reject parliamentarism as she has rejected Protestantism, or she will perish in the effort to cast it off." And when the emperor confiscated the property of the Orleans Family,* and offered 5,000,000 francs of the proceeds of the sale to the bishops (a good many of whom accepted the money), Louis Veuillot could see nothing scandalous either in the confiscation or in the prelates taking a share of the 5,000,000 francs. Yet one archbishop, to whom Montalembert had written and urged not to touch any of the ill-gotten money, must have felt a slight twinge of conscience, for in his answer to Montalembert he said: "The act of spoliation was an iniquity . . .; but the good of the church requires us above all to stay in peace with the ruling power. We shall be dishonored, but we must accept the dishonor in the interest of the church."†

But while Montalembert deeply regretted that so many of his former friends and associates were turning their backs on him, he kept up his courage, nor did he allow what was written in the *Univers* to go unanswered. The paternal form of government, where the people were to do nothing except toil and pray and be as docile as little children, was to his far-seeing eye fraught with danger, and accordingly he wrote a pamphlet entitled: "Les intérêts Catholiques au XIX. siècle," in which he reviewed the history of the church in France since Napoleon I. He showed how the church had triumphed over great obstacles, and he attributed her escape from the fetters which kings and emperors strove to throw around her—to

* The younger branch of the Bourbons.

† For the full text of this letter see Montalembert's *Journal Intime.*

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liberty. He then goes on to tell Catholics that a representative form of government is the only government possible in our age, and he concludes with these words: "The cause of absolutism is a lost cause Woe to those who would bind this decrepit idol to the immortal interests of religion." Seldom have we read anything finer than this heart-stirring appeal; we might really call it a foreshadowing of the Encyclical—*Immortale Dei* of Leo XIII. But it immediately roused the editor of the *Univers* to a vigorous response; and we must confess that never before did paternal rule, absolute monarchy, find so able a defender as it found in Louis Veuillot. His several replies are well worth reading. But they are too long to quote, and we must refer the reader to the *Univers* of the 1st, 6th, and 13th of November, 1852, and especially to two articles entitled "De la liberté sous l'absolutisme," in the *Univers* of November 17 and 18 of the same year. In these articles the ideal government for Catholics is declared to be a government like that of Louis XIV. And a few months afterwards, in the *Univers* of March 30, 1853, Louis Veuillot goes so far as to say: ". . . the ideal principle of liberty is anti-Christian."* And again in the paper of January 5, 1854, we read, "Kings and emperors are the depositories of Providence; to Providence alone need they render an account of what they do." As we might expect, the Tsar of Russia and the Emperor Napoleon smiled and clasped hands over these articles. But nothing pleased the French ruler so much as the following, which appeared in the *Univers* of January 28 of the same year: "He (the emperor) has nothing seriously to fear from his adversaries, whose stubbornness it is pitiful to behold. Against this disordered band two armies are joined together in the defense of his cause . . .; one is composed of 400,000 soldiers, . . . and the other is the army of charity, composed of 40,000 priests and 50,000 religious." This strenuous writing in behalf of paternal government, and the hearty reception it met with among the majority of the clergy and laity, caused Montalembert to have grave fears for the future, for the enemies of the church and the empire might one day come into power, and in a letter dated December 14, 1854, he wrote as follows to the historian Cesare Cantù: "I confess it is enough to discourage us when we see the defense of Catholic

* "Le principe idéal de la liberté est anti-Chrétien."

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liberty in the past and the present confided to organs like the *Univers.* . . . The renaissance of Catholicity is in our day seriously compromised by this fanatical and servile school which seeks to identify religion everywhere with despotism. A formidable reaction is coming; still, we must remain true to our flag, which is that of justice, truth, and liberty." The words "A formidable reaction is coming" were prophetic. The reaction, however, was still far off; the benefits of paternal government were scarcely disputed in Catholic circles, and a well-known preacher, Father Ventura, in a sermon delivered in the Court Chapel during Lent, 1858, actually compared the resurrection of the empire to the resurrection of our Saviour.* But if Montalembert had now few friends, he did have one who heartily shared his views in behalf of liberty, and in almost the last letter which the great Dominican, Lacordaire, wrote to him, and which is dated April 13, 1861, he said: "We have not been among those who, after they had demanded liberty for all, the liberty of souls, liberty civil, political, and religious, have hoisted the flag . . . of Philip II., have taken back unblushingly all that they had written, . . . have brought dishonor on the church, and have saluted Cæsar and despotism with acclamations which would have excited the scorn of Tiberius." Nor does Lacordaire in this letter overstate the facts. Indeed, so imbued with Paternalism did some French abbés become in the end, that they actually doubted whether a man who held Montalembert's views on self-government and liberty in opposition to the orthodox precepts of Louis Veuillot, could be at heart a Catholic; and for this well-nigh incredible fact we refer the reader to Père Lecanuet's work, vol. iii., p. 362.

We have now arrived at the Franco-German war of 1870–71. Montalembert is dead, the empire has fallen, and the people of France, suddenly deprived of their ruler, are left to choose between the Comte de Chambord, who might reign as King Henry V., and a republic. This was indeed a momentous crisis in the life of the nation, and a careful reading of a work lately written by Gabriel Hanotaux, entitled *Histoire de la France Contemporaine, 1871–1900*, strongly inclines us to believe that had not the great body of Catholics, by long years of paternal rule, become unfitted to take part in political affairs, they might thirty years ago have founded in France a

* *Montalembert.* By Rev. P. Lecanuet. Vol. iii., p. 87.

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Christian Commonwealth after the heart of Leo XIII. In the above mentioned book, p. 76, Hanotaux, speaking of the condition of France immediately after the war, says: "The Republic was at the first hour the child of reality and of necessity."* And further on, p. 135, where he describes the National Assembly held at Bordeaux, he says: "The restoration of the legitimate monarchy, resting on Catholic doctrines, the willing submission to the will of the king, these were the aspirations of the most ardent, if not the most numerous members who formed the majority (of the Assembly). In the long period of aloofness (from political affairs), the experience of life and of its realities being wanting, these generations had become attached with an immoderate ardor to the doctrines and principles of absolutism."

And even after the Comte de Chambord had positively refused the crown unless the tricolor flag were changed to the white flag of the Bourbons, even then the laity and clergy did not give up the hope that in some way and from somewhere a king, an emperor, a one-man ruler of some kind might be sent to them in their dire distress. But while these good people were praying and going on pilgrimages and looking for a miracle to be wrought in their behalf, the number of Frenchmen who were determined at all hazards to found a republic, was every day increasing; and, unhappily, these persons were too often lukewarm Catholics, some of them were even atheists. And at length it came to pass that when the republic was constituted, it was mainly anti-Christian; and the Catholics—too childlike to protect themselves—were from this hour like a flock of sheep in the midst of wolves. Verily, the paternal school has a great deal to answer for. When it crushed Montalembert it crushed manhood; and for the way it persecuted this noble defender of liberty and of religion, we refer the reader to the third volume of Père Lecanuet's work. The London *Tablet* of June 27, 1903, contains an address by Mgr. Turinaz, Bishop of Nancy, in which the bishop says: "Do the Catholics of France wish to take advantage of the rights which still remain to them and to defend with energy those which are being assailed? Does the French people wish to be respected, honored, and free, or a gang of slaves bent down under a servitude which may become worse and worse?"

* La République fut à la première heure, fille de la réalité et de la nécessité."

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Alas! Why were not these words spoken a generation ago? Again in the London *Tablet* for July 11, of this same year, the Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B., wonders how the Catholics of France can allow the government to treat them as it does, and the learned abbot goes on to say: "At the bottom of all is apathy, against which Montalembert raised a warning voice forty years ago." And Dom Gasquet mentions the great Catholic congress held at Malines in August, 1863, where the immortal author of *The Monks of the West*, warned Catholics not to be so backward and timid as they stood face to face with modern society, and implored them not to cling to a régime which admitted neither civil equality, nor political freedom, nor liberty of conscience. But Dom Gasquet, after referring to Montalembert's notable address at Malines (there were in fact two addresses), does not go on to tell how this very address, filled with noble thoughts and aspirations for a union of religion with liberty, gave such mortal offense to many of the crowned heads of Europe and to the paternal school, whose precepts had by this time honeycombed the whole Catholic body, that the bishop of Poitiers at once sent his vicar-general to Rome to denounce Montalembert.* And the outcry against him was loud indeed. But here it may be interesting to quote from Mgr. d'Hulst's excellent article in the *Correspondant* for September 25, 1891, in which Montalembert's two addresses at Malines are critically examined. Mgr. d'Hulst says: "Un théologien qui ferait l'analyse impartiale de ses discours de 1863 pour les comparer aux documents du Saint-Siège, à l'encyclique *Quanta Cura* de Pie IX., à l'encyclique *Immortale Dei* de Leon XIII., aurait peine, croyons nous, à extraire des pages de l'orateur une seule proposition contraire aux enseignements pontificaux."

But the real root of the trouble was that the Emperor Napoleon did not relish what the great orator had said, and it was the emperor's disapproval even more than the disapproval of the paternal school, of which Louis Veuillot was the acknowledged head, which caused so many over-conservative, timid souls, forty years ago, to ask for Montalembert's condemnation at Rome. And it is because this timid, over-conservative spirit still prevails among the Catholics of France, that a comparatively small number of irreligious men are able, in 1903, to

* *Montalembert.* By Rev. Père Lecanuet. Vol. iii., p. 363.

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rule the country. Manhood, a love of self-government, was for a whole generation discouraged, we might almost say looked upon as sinful; Paternalism triumphed, and now we see its baneful fruit. But not only has this effeminate school unfitted the Christian people of France for taking their own part in life and for fighting to maintain their God-given rights, we may reasonably believe, too, that the torpor which was engendered has more or less affected their intelligence. Otherwise, how could so many French Catholics have fallen into the trap which the impostor, Leo Taxil, laid for them a few years ago, and become the victims of the greatest hoax of the nineteenth century?*

And why—when that estimable Catholic lady, Mme. Marie du Sacré Cœur de Jésus, wished to improve the teaching in the convent schools of France—why did so many good people misunderstand her and beg to have her silenced by the church authorities? Would intelligent Catholics have acted thus? We cannot deny that what we have written brings a grave charge against more than one well-known name. But it is surely no trivial matter to lower a great Christian nation down to the level where France is to-day. We have told the truth. And may the Catholics of the other countries of Europe take a solemn warning. Democracy is on the march. Let us see to it that the coming republics of the twentieth century are not, like unhappy France (through an undue reverence on our part for a dead and buried past), born out of the fold of Christ. And now, as a very last word we refer the reader to the back numbers of the *Univers* which we have mentioned; to Montalembert's *Journal Intime;* to Rev. P. Lecanuet's three volumes, entitled *Montalembert;* and to Gabriel Hanotaux' work, *La France Contemporaine*, 1871–1900.

* Leo Taxil's story *The Mythical Diana Vaughan and Satan.*

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Views and Reviews.

1.—We have received for review the new volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,* eleven in number, which, together with the twenty-four volumes of the Ninth Edition, constitute the tenth edition of this encyclopædia. The work is a wonderful evidence of the power of the human intellect and the extent of human knowledge. Writers of every clime and nationality have contributed to its pages; a most scrupulous care has been exercised in its editing, and every means exhausted in order not to leave a topic of knowledge untouched. In its compilation men of recognized ability, specialists all over the world, have been employed, and the printer's art in the way of illustration has been utilized to the full. Some idea of the magnitude of the work may be reached when it is known that the present edition includes more than 28,000 pages, and more than 12,000 plates of maps, of famous paintings, of machinery, and numerous other illustrations. The tenth edition in its eleven volumes alone contains 10,000 articles by 1,000 contributors (all of these are signed), and 25,000 new maps, plates, portraits, and other illustrations. These volumes contain constant reference to the previous edition. The index to the whole work is so thorough and exhaustive as to be simply amazing. How such a herculean task could be done, and done so well, almost passes comprehension. In this new index there are over 600,000 entries. That alone gives one a fair notion of what an invaluable work of reference the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is as it stands to-day. The work has been brought up to date, particularly in matters biographical, and the greatest care taken to secure the most recent and reliable information on matters scientific. Perhaps in these subjects and on that of physical geography the work has its greatest value. At the end of every article there is a short bibliography, which will be of special assistance to the thorough student.

Beyond taking a survey of the work as a whole and its general plan, we have looked into the first volume (vol. xxv.) from A-Aus. The volume supports in a detailed way the general claim of the editors. The latest facts are given in the

* *Encyclopædia Britannica.* New volumes, constituting, with the volumes of the Ninth, the Tenth Edition. New York: The Encyclopædia Britannica Company.

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matter of population, of economic and social conditions, and of science; one of the illustrations shows Professor Langley's new air-ship. Perhaps one might take exception to the brevity manifested in the religious history, and religious statistics of the great countries, such as Africa, Asia, Australia.

The articles on Scriptural subjects will be found to embrace the conclusions rather of the higher critics, but the Encyclopædia will at least give a student a good insight into their claims and their arguments.

In the article on Lord Acton it is stated that he supported Gladstone in the Vatican controversy of 1874. The truth is that Lord Acton took exception to Gladstone and answered him in those letters to the *Times* of November and December, 1874. His answer may not have been of the best, but nevertheless he took exception to Mr. Gladstone. It may be well to notice also that under "Anglican Communion" the writer in the Encyclopædia states that "the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States is in full communion with the Church of England"; that statement doesn't hold water now after the writing of Bishop Potter to the zealous Mr. Fillingham. The article on Anglican orders has a distinctively Anglican bias, and we might say unfairness. It surely is not true to write that the Roman decision has not met with full approval from learned men in that communion. Not only has it met with their approval but also with that of other men of historical learning who have no cause to plead or attitude to sustain.

The Encyclopædia, so thoroughly developed since its inception in 1768, has now reached such proportions that it constitutes a necessary work for all libraries of reference, or rather for all libraries where investigation and study are to be done. We will continue further notice of the other volumes.

2.—*The Life of Leo XIII.*,* by Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, is one of the best that has been produced. The author had incomparable advantages in prosecuting the work. He was invited to Rome by Cardinal Parocchi, and made the official biographer of Leo XIII. The Pope furnished him with all kinds of personal information, and corrected the chapters of the first edition as they came from the hands of the author. Be-

* *Life of Leo XIII.* From an authentic Memoir furnished by his Order. Written with the approbation and encouragement of His Holiness. By Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly. Chicago and Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

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sides that, Mgr. O'Reilly's long life and extraordinarily rich and varied experience fit him to be an exceptionally capable judge of the character, achievements, and historical importance of his subject. Almost as old as Leo himself, his views on events in the great Pope's life, that are now part of history, have the freshness of those of an eye-witness and the ripeness of those of a sage. He has the first requisite of a good biographer of a great man, the ability properly to appreciate greatness.

For Leo XIII. was truly great. Every perusal of the story of his career puts this in stronger light. From the child of twelve already dexterous with Latin prose and verse, to the frail seminarist, keen of intellect, pious of soul, and thirsty for learning; to the governor of a province at the age of twenty-eight; to the zealous bishop attracting the world's attention by the brilliancy of his pastorals and the intrepidity of his protests against an un-Christian government; to the cardinal who begged in conclave that the supreme Pontificate be not conferred on him; to the Pope dear to the heart of the world for his benevolence, his gentleness, his ardor for God, his venerable age, and his sublime death; from first to last, Joachim Pecci either bears the promise or displays the mature and abundant fruit of one of the first of men, both by endowments of nature and by gifts of grace. We cannot yet adequately estimate his place in the final verdict of history; we cannot say how all of his official acts will appear when viewed in the perspective of many years; but beyond peradventure we are safe in declaring him to be a great Pope, and a providential messenger to an age that seeks too tardily the things that are above.

Before concluding our commendation of Mgr. O'Reilly's volume, we cannot forbear quoting him on a matter which was made the occasion by many, who were either hostile to or jealous of our country, of flinging against American Catholics the charge of unsoundness in the faith. *À propos* of "Americanism," our author says: "The parties who endeavored to embroil the church in a controversy over a thing of doubtful actuality—at least in America—were much the same as those who had tried to make mischief over the Cahensly movement and the Washington University rectorship. They found a pliant instrument in the person of the Abbé Maignen, a French priest who had incurred the censure of the Archbishop of Paris for a vile attack upon the Count de Mun. . . . The Abbé Maignen was got to publish his pamphlet attacking the ortho-

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doxy of Father Hecker, and accusing the two American bishops named, as well as Cardinal Gibbons, of being accomplices of such rebellious priests as Charbonnel and Bourrier, as well as members of an American syndicate to 'float an American saint in Europe.' . . . The Pope acted without hesitation and with rare judgment. . . . The result was the despatch of a letter to Cardinal Gibbons deprecating such doctrines and tendencies as were *attributed* to Father Hecker, yet not asserting that they were proved to have been certainly his. To this letter the Cardinal and the rest of the American prelates dutifully replied, for the most part, in a manner to prove to the Sovereign Pontiff that the pamphlet was unreliable. . . . That the Pontiff himself was completely satisfied of the groundlessness of those fears that had drawn forth dismal forewarnings in Europe was made manifest in the unequivocal terms of the reply sent by Leo to his American children (on the occasion of his twenty-fifth anniversary as Pope). He thanked them and blessed them and declared his complete confidence in their fidelity and love." And regarding the Pope's extraordinary encomium upon the non-Catholic mission movement, our author says: "Nothing could be more conclusive of the complete restoration of confidence in the Holy Father's heart respecting the soundness and loyalty of the American church."

3.—Father Hamon's *Beyond the Grave*,* is worthy of a second edition in which it has just appeared. It treats of subjects as useful to the mind as they are edifying to the soul—Death, Judgment, and the Life of Beatitude. The book is full of Holy Scripture and amply furnished with citations, some of them admirably chosen too, from the early Fathers. A great many merely theological opinions are introduced, but so far as we have observed, the author carefully refrains from designating them as *de fide*. Innumerable examples also are given from the lives of the saints, along with a multitude of miracles, some of which we should like to see eliminated. Father Hamon is a consoling author. He has no harrowing chapter on the small number of the elect, and in his benevolent view of the state of unbaptized infants, he withdraws himself from the *tortores infantum* who have brought so much approbrium upon orthodox theology. In answering the question, Why are there religious vocations? our author startles us

* *Beyond the Grave*. From the French of Rev. E. Hamon, S.J. By Anna T. Sadlier. Second edition. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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with his commercial view of the matter. People enter religion, he declares, because they "desire to have a large fortune in heaven. They are possessed by the same ambition for heavenly goods that other men have for the goods of earth. The more they amass, the greater will be their eternal beatitude, and they labor unweariedly to increase their spiritual riches, as a merchant toils to acquire a fortune." This, taken as it stands, is less a glorification than a degradation of the consecrated life. In the divine summons of a soul there is something nobler than the market-prudence just described by Father Hamon.

Still there is a great deal, as we have intimated, to commend in this book. If there are no profound reflections, there are many stimulating suggestions; if there is no brilliant style there is a healthy, homely vigor; if we cannot call it a great work, we must allow that it is a good and helpful one.

4.—Mr. Dos Passos' book* on the union of all English-speaking peoples is the best presentation of that curious subject that we have ever seen. It is moderate in tone, reasonable in the hopes it proffers, and is not without a certain philosophic breadth of view in appreciating past history and in forecasting conditions still to come. More than that, it is constructed on principles of the loftiest morality. The author abhors any alliance that looks to conquest and tyranny. He wants no combination against other nations, whether on the field of war or in the markets of commerce. But solely because he is convinced that the peace of the world and the civilization of mankind would be secured beyond peril by a union of England and the United States, and because he is of the opinion that upon these two countries rests the chief responsibility of leading the less favored races of the earth to civil well-being and to Christian faith, therefore does he conceive it a kind of duty to promote an English-speaking federation by all wise and honorable means.

That there is much to say for such a view, let us not attempt to deny. Of course the phrase "Anglo-Saxon alliance," as designating a union of some sort between Britain and America, is grossly inexact. We are not a nation descended from Anglos and Saxons. Irish, Italian, French, Spanish, Polish, and ever so many more races of men, have entered into modern American citizenship and have made of us far too

* *The Anglo-Saxon Century, and the Unification of the English-speaking People.* By John R. Dos Passos, of the New York Bar. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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cosmopolitan a product to be fitly called "Anglo-Saxons." Besides at the mere mention of Anglo-Saxonism, peculiar and acute racial antipathies are roused, which perhaps the mere dropping of that word would largely avert. But the question of name aside, we say that much that is solid and persuasive can be brought forward in support of an English-speaking federation. The possession of a common language and literature is as strong a tie as consanguinity itself would be. The practical oneness of English and American political ideals seems to open a very highway to concerted action in international policies. And, finally, the probability of future Slavic predominance in Asia and Western Europe offers a justification for the coming together of the two peoples whose interests would most suffer, and whose civilization would be most opposed by such a catastrophe as the spread of Russian autocracy.

Unquestionably, too, religion would gain by the alliance. For nowhere is the church so prosperous and so free as beneath the flags of England and the United States. We can no longer look with much exhilaration upon the condition of Catholicity in France, Italy, or Spain. Dare we even hope for better things there within a reasonably distant future? But with the English-speaking nations there is hope, there is vigor, there is so fair a prospect as to give us good ground for thinking that God has reserved for us and for our kin the most splendid conquests that this truth has ever made. On the other hand, woe to Catholicity wherever Russia sets her standard. That nation, say it we must, notwithstanding the many deeds of friendliness shown to our republic, is the bigoted persecutor and fanatical hater of the church. It will be generations before the spirit of toleration will reach the shores of the Slav.

We have not been advocating any sort of union between England and America. We are simply setting down some of the reasons which induce thoughtful men like Mr. Dos Passos to take that side of the question. Some of the best minds on both sides of the Atlantic have thought as our author thinks. Professor Dicey, James Bryce, Joseph Chamberlain, Sir Richard Temple, Professor George B. Adams, Carl Schurz, Lyman Abbott, Richard Olney, and of course, Mr. Stead, have spoken strongly for a "patriotism of race as well as of country," to use Mr. Olney's expression, and have declared that nothing would so promote the peace of the world, as a union of old England and young America. How could they come together?

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On what platform would they stand? Mr. Dos Passos suggests three principal lines of *rapprochement*. First, let Canada by a voluntary act of her people come into the American union. Secondly, let a court of arbitration be formed for the settlement of all disputes. Thirdly, and perhaps most important of all, let there be a common citizenship between ourselves and England, so that a citizen of one country shall at once belong to the electorate of the other as soon as, or shortly after, he lands upon its shores.

"Dreams, dreams!" the hard-headed man will say to all this. The whole thing is a fine but impossible conceit. Nations are not moved by sentiment, and "ideals of humanity" have never yet been recognized at a cabinet meeting, or been known to have determined a foreign policy. There is, we too are of opinion, a good deal of dream stuff about the project; but we by no means would place it in the region of the impossible. If England and America ever unite, it will not be as the result of prudent calculation and generations of love-making. It will be because in the presence of some crisis they will see that their race-ideals and the genius of their constitutions demand union if they are to live. Such a crisis is improbable but not impossible. It is very far in the future at any rate, and if in germ it exists at all, it exists in the heart of Russia. This sort of English-American alliance, all men of either country would approve. Meantime, it may be better for each people to pursue its way and work toward its destiny alone. But books like this of Mr. Dos Passos' are worthy of the highest praise. They make for international friendship. They are another word against hatred and war. They are expressions of a Christian and humane spirit, which console one in the midst of the prejudice of individuals and the corruption of nations.

Mr. Dos Passos has a clear, strong style, which is generally pure of unworthy phraseology. It is too bad though that he allowed such a sentence as: "China . . . must be opened by the corkscrew of progress." And it would have been well had a Latinist corrected some of the classical quotations, for instance, "*Cessat ratione, cessat lex*," *and* "*inter armes, silent leges.*"

5.—In the life* of Dr. Amherst, late bishop of Northamp-

* *Francis Kerril Amherst, D.D., Lord Bishop of Northampton.* By Dame Mary Francis Roskell, O.S.B. London: Art and Book Company.

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ton, there is much to edify the Christian, but little to engage the historian. He lived a missionary priest and bishop in England, whose routine of ministerial duties was interrupted only by an occasional trip to the Continent, and whose career touched upon a great event only once, when he attended the Vatican Council. In fact, one wonders how this thick volume of nearly four hundred pages could have been written of a life so unobtrusive and simple. Bishop Amherst was born in 1819, being sprung from the two ancient Catholic families of the Amhersts and the Turvilles. He grew up in an affluent and pious household, was educated at Oscot, ordained by Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman, and by the same prelate consecrated bishop at the age of thirty-nine. In 1879 ill-health caused him to resign his see, and he lived thereafter in tranquil retirement until his death in 1883. Much of Dame Roskell's memoir consists of passages from Dr. Amherst's diary. Of these passages some contain judgments upon men and movements, which are interesting to the general reader, a few are clever turns of wit, but a great many are the commonplaces of a busy worker or impressionable tourist. One or two sayings particularly struck us. Once hearing an especially flagrant soprano solo during Mass, the bishop remarked of the performer: "Why, she is like Mary Magdalen before her conversion." He loved decorousness in church music, and ardently promoted congregational singing. "It is most distasteful to me," he said, after an Easter Sunday rioting in the choir loft, "to see the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass shattered, as it were, into fragments, and made a succession of pegs on which to hang a series of musical performances . . . while the ears of the audience—heaven save the mark!—are tickled, and their concert-loving propensities gratified." At another time, during an audience with Pius IX., he told the pope that he intended to enter a religious order. The Pontiff answered simply: "Religious orders are very good when they keep their rules." He thus describes an incident of the Council. "We got home from a meeting of the Council, where we were almost stunned by a Swiss bishop who spoke for an hour, and roared as if he were talking from one mountain to another against wind and thunder." Evidently the bishops of the Council lived very strenuously during the sessions, for Dr. Amherst observes: "The Italians who are not accustomed to hard work, are at length seeing the necessity of it." Less to our liking is his

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expression of semi-disapprobation of the total abstinence movement. His words on the subject are so tame and prim as to leave us with the impression that he never could have known the horrors of intemperance, or felt the holy ardor to counteract them which impelled Manning to some of his greatest work for souls. Bishop Amherst was a very embodiment of the conservative English character to which new departures are repugnant and enthusiasm is vulgar. But forever will mankind pass by stolid conventionalism to throng about energetic zeal.

6.—Dogmatic Christianity would be precariously situated indeed if it had no better advocate against Harnack than Professor Cremer.* His work entirely misses the point of the Berlin scholar's thesis, is wholly uncritical in method, and opposes to the clear propositions of a master of history only the obscure involutions of a Lutheran theologian. Harnack's position is patent to every one who has ever read him. It is, in substance, that the religion which Christ practised and taught has nothing whatever to do with the Person of Christ, His mission, or His enactments; but consists wholly in the love of God our Father, the love of man our brother, and zeal for individual moral perfection. It is true, Harnack admits that our New Testament writings are inconsistent with this view. For they are eminently Christological. They contain dogmatic statements as to Christ's eternal existence as the Word of God, His divinity, His Messiahship, His redeeming sacrifice on Calvary, His resurrection, His founding of a church, His institution of sacraments. But, he maintains, all this is not Christ's word or deed at all. It is from beginning to end the result of the theologizing of His first disciples. They, misled by Judaic Messiahism and Greek speculation, distorted the entire meaning of the master's life. They wrote the Gospels and Epistles under this delusion; and it has remained for this age with its vast resources of critical research, to extricate what Christ really said and did, from what his Apostles and Evangelists declare he said and did. They give us a complex theological system; He had no other message than the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

All this is clear, and we wonder that the proper method of meeting it is not equally obvious. How is Harnack to be answered? Certainly not otherwise than by proving that the

* *A Reply to Harnack on the Essence of Christianity.* By Professor Hermann Cremer. Translated by Bernhard Peck, Ph.D., D.D. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

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vague and unsubstantial content which he puts into the Gospel is not the whole teaching of Christ; by showing that Christological dogma is not the fancy of fatuous evangelists, but is woven into the very fibre of the covenant of Jesus; by pointing out the vital weaknesses of Harnack's outrageous historical method, according to which he gratuitously tosses aside two-thirds of the Gospel as an interpolation, because it interferes with his fatherhood-of-God and his brotherhood-of-man theory, and retains the other third because he thinks that it supports it. The Resurrection must be proved against his very weak objection; the preaching of Christianity as dogmatic from the very day of Pentecost has to be insisted on; and the perpetual existence and world-wide beneficence of the Catholic Church should be developed as the crown of the argument against him. Let this be done well, and Harnack is demolished.

But to none of these matters does Dr. Cremer turn his attention. His entire essay takes the controversy out of the order of objective fact, and throws it into the abyss of subjective sentiment. We *feel* that we are sinners; we *feel* that God will save us; we *feel* that Christ is the way of salvation; and therefore whatever the Gospel says of Christ is true! Put bluntly, that is what his book amounts to. Here are one or two characteristic expressions: "We are not to believe in Jesus on account of His resurrection, but we believe His resurrection because we believe in Jesus; and we believe in Jesus because we experience Him in His word and in the word about Him. . . . Let one call this mysticism, nevertheless the experience exists." "We believe not in Jesus for the sake of the miracles, but we believe the miracles for Jesus' sake." Whatever underlying validity there may be in these statements, they are simply preposterous in arguing with a rationalist. Suppose a man has never had all these feelings as to the necessity of a Saviour and so on, and the whole contention of this book is utterly voided of force. Of course the whole argument of the work rests upon that fundamental Protestant delusion, certainly the most miserable, as it has proved itself the most disastrous of all vagaries in human history, that faith is not an intellectual assent to divine truth because divine, but is rather an anterior persuasion, a trust, an impression that we are sanctified and forgiven. But we did not conceive it possible that in this age a university professor could walk up to an historical critic and inform him that he must not cast an eye upon the

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intellectual prolegomena to belief, until he had gone into his closet and had "experience" of sin and redemption! To what a wretched posture the theology discovered in the sixteenth century reduces Christian apologetics!

Only a Catholic can refute Harnack. For the best refutation is the living church which goes straight back to the Redeemer; which has always preached Him; which has forever exemplified His spirit and produced men and women who resemble Him. The church is Christ perpetuated. Uncontradictory in her message, matchless in her sanctity, is she not what the Incarnate One would be, if He had lived visibly through the centuries of her history? Overwhelmingly has Loisy put this argument in his great answer to Harnack. What a pity that this illustrious scholar and devoted priest allowed in his work certain perilous expressions which caused it to be withdrawn! But a Protestant, confronted with the chaos which his principles have made of Christianity, how can he dare to use the historical argument at all? Cut off from historical union with the Apostles, and surrounded by a *mare magnum* of sects, each professing to teach the undivided Christ, he is reduced to some such incomprehensible audacity as is marched out before us in these concluding words of Dr. Cremer: "The knowledge of Christianity, the understanding of the Gospel as the offering of the real, present, existing gift of God, was lost in connection with the missionary problem of the church and the education of the nations, although the longing for it remained alive here and there, and the faith, though troubled, sought for itself a place, and sometimes found it, till God, in the hour of greatest need, raised up His servant Luther, who declared unto us again the Gospel of a present grace experienced by him of the Son of God who died and rose for us."

7.—The Abbé Oger has written a pamphlet* of forty-six pages in refutation of the latest work of M. Loisy. Ever since the great scholar's *Évangile et l'Église* appeared, a stream of two-penny refutations has been pouring from the presses of France. The Abbé Oger has directed simply one other rivulet to swell the tide. It is futile, it is ridiculous to discuss M. Loisy's work, which, whether we like it or hate it, is a marvellous production, in these superficial and ephemeral compositions which contain more prejudice than criticism and more rhetoric

* *Évangile et Évolution.* Par l'Abbé G. Oger. Paris: Librairie Téqui.

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than learning. Because M. Loisy speaks of a *redaction* of some New Testament texts, that is no reason for raising the hands in horror; nor is the redaction theory upset by a profusion of such outcries, as *Hélas! pauvre critique!* and other vulgar and unscholarly expressions of intellectual convulsions. What we desire to see is a philosophic study of the elements of M. Loisy's powerful essay. What is to be said for redaction theories? To what extent has the time of the Apostles thrown itself back into the Gospel narrative? What is the philosophy of development, and is M. Loisy's development-idea just or inadmissible? Let us see these and similar problems profoundly, patiently, and soberly studied, and we shall welcome the book whether it upholds or demolishes the theories of the greatest living Catholic Scriptural scholar. Truth is what every true student seeks, and in pursuing it, he cares little for individual men or schools or tendencies. But there are certain obvious marks by which the sincere and truth-loving character of a man's work may be discerned; and it seems quite time to inform certain French apologists that among these there is no place for exclamation marks.

8—*A Boy on a Farm** is a little work most admirably adapted to the end for which it is offered to the public, namely, to supplement the text-book in reading of the third grade. It comprises two of Jacob Abbott's charming stories for children, revised and abridged so as to meet all the requirements of a supplementary reader. We recommend it to those teachers who are earnestly seeking to avoid the dull grind of reviews, and yet secure the required proficiency on the part of the pupil.

9—Bishop Hall's book† has a great deal of useful information put in a plain and popular style. There is an interesting sketch on the use of the Holy Scriptures in the Jewish and Apostolic Christian Churches; another on the historical development of the Eucharistic Service and of the Office. This is followed by some good suggestions as to the devout use of the psalter; and the book concludes with a few practical hints on the fit performance of the Anglican service. The reader who is familiar with such Catholic classics as Duchesne's *Origines du Culte Chrétien*, Batiffol's *History of the Roman*

* *A Boy on a Farm.* By Jacob Abbott. American Book Company.

† *The Use of Holy Scripture in the Public Worship of the Church.* By the Right Rev. A. C. A. Hall, D.D., Bishop of Vermont. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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Breviary, and Chabrol's *Livre de la Prière Antique*, will discover nothing new, though he will meet much that is edifying, in this work of Bishop Hall's.

10—These two volumes* of meditations on the Passion are from the pen of one of the "highest," as he is one of the most devout and learned of the Anglican ministry in this country. The meditations are really discourses, each nearly an hour in the delivery, given by Dr. Mortimer to his parishioners. They display a deep personal love for our Saviour, a hold upon Catholic principle and practice which is both edifying and pathetic, and an understanding of the interior spirit of prayer which is seldom met with outside the church. How can Anglicans, this book moves us to ask, who aspire to the science of prayer, to the life of the saints, to union with God, remain in a church where the helps to sanctity are so feeble and so uncertain, and continue separated from the ancient household that has its centuries of unexampled holiness, its supreme doctors of the spiritual life, its absolutely sure sacraments, its world-wide armies of consecrated souls? This was the question which gave William George Ward, perhaps, his strongest impulse toward the church. May the asking of it, and other questions like it, lead such noble spirits as the author of these meditations, to that light and peace, which thousands of his former co-religionists bear witness that they have found within the church of history, the seminary of saints.

"In our review last month of Professor Borden P. Bowne's *Theism*, we inadvertently omitted mentioning that the publishers of the book are the American Book Company of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago."

I.—CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS.†

We are in receipt of an extraordinary work on *Christian Apologetics*, the product of the combined energies of three scholarly Jesuit Fathers. The first author is Father Devivier, who wrote the work in French. In its original form it made an unusually good impression, for it evoked the commenda-

* *Meditations on the Passion of Our Most Holy Redeemer.* By the Rev. Alfred G. Mortimer, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Christian Apologetics;* or a Rational Exposition of the Foundations of Faith. By Rev. W. Devivier, S.J. Translated from the sixteenth French edition. 2 vols. Introduction by Rev. L. Peeters, S.J. Edited, augmented, and adapted by Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S.J., San Jose, Cal.

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tions of a small host of French bishops and various other scholarly men. It was warmly approved in the reviews, and it was translated into foreign languages and ran through many editions in its original language; the present translation being taken from the sixteenth French edition. The learned Father Peeters added a supplementary introduction, so lengthy as to make him in effect almost a joint author with Father Devivier; and finally their combined work has been "edited, augmented, and adapted to English readers," by Father Sasia, the well-known Jesuit of the Pacific Coast.

In the extent of the subjects covered the book is remarkable. It is not too much to say of it, with one of the right reverend gentlemen who have permitted their commendations to appear, that it "condenses all the arguments that Catholic doctrine opposes against modern unbelief," bringing into play "exegesis, philosophy, theology, history, physical sciences, political economy, and both divine and human knowledge."

And yet the book—complete in two comfortable volumes of 350 pages each—is not clumsy. The authors and the editor have taken care that it should be not an ungainly encyclopædia, but a manageable and very readable succession of treatises, complete but not crowded, extensive but not diffuse. So much for the "get up" of the work, but what of its intrinsic merit? It well deserves the profuse compliments of the bishops, the press, and the translators. It is well calculated to withstand the cumulative attacks that have been recently made upon Catholic works of apologetic, and notably against Hettinger's work, so nearly allied in scope and in method with the present one; because there is undoubtedly much learning and no little skill exhibited in these volumes. Moreover, the scheme is orderly and logical—perhaps a trifle too orderly, for the skeleton of the scholastic treatises is in spots only too thinly concealed; and then again, while the whole treatment is, in a sense, popular and easy for reading, it has not yielded in scholarliness, it has given the argument for Christian and Catholic doctrine in perhaps as presentable and as winning a way as may be under the existing, multiform, and chaotic condition of the minds of the men whom we wish to reach, yet whom we can scarcely expect to satisfy in any general treatise, precisely because their difficulties are so various and so irregular. The two volumes before us are replete with arguments of the kind that are acceptable to the modern mind;

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quotations from opponents, appeals to common sense and to the religious sense, references to standard works and to worthy treatises of recent date.

We have a lingering fear, however, that many will say that the work is not entirely satisfactory. It is not, under a penetrating examination, remarkable for originality; it follows generally the schema of the proofs of the text-books, proofs, for instance, of the immortality of the soul and of its eternal destiny in heaven or in hell, that have been stoutly and persistently, whether reasonably or unreasonably, combatted of late. But this objection may well pass. The old standing proofs are worth what they are worth, and if we cannot find more arguments and better, perhaps we shall when the school of the "new apologetic" is firmly established. We must fix over the old proofs, with no misgiving as to their intrinsic solidity, and give them forth again and again, in the hope that in their new clothing they may be presentable and convincing to the minds we are anxious to win and the souls we are eager to save. And as we say this word concerning the winning of our neighbors and contemporaries, we cannot refrain from affirming that this supreme standard of all apologetic can scarcely be attained by the rigorous method employed in certain sections. A blunderbuss attack on Christian science, for example, will never convert a Christian scientist, unless it come in contact with one who likes to have his attention caught by being called violent names, and his mind convinced by being overwhelmed with asseverations of his asininity. No! this much is unfortunate. The error exists, it *is* asinine, but we cannot get one soul to drop it by telling him so. However, this *lapsus* is quite out of harmony with the generally calm and peaceable tone of the whole work: it is a slight blemish on an otherwise remarkably worthy production.

2.—THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA. VOL. XI.*

The present volume of the *International* is up to the standard set for this learned work by its able editors. The more one looks into this encyclopædia the more it commends itself to the judgment of a discerning reader for its learning, scholarship, and fairness. In many regards the work is a distinct im-

* *The New International Encyclopædia.* Editors, Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., President of Johns Hopkins University 1876–1901, President of Carnegie Institution; Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., Professor of Columbia University; Frank Moore Colby, M.A., late Professor of Economics in New York University. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

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provement on the many encyclopædias that have gone before it. What commends the work is its singular comprehensiveness. The range of topics is wide and the treatment of each is adequate for the ordinary reader, while for the student there is a bibliography that refers one to the leading writers on both sides of a disputed question.

We find in the present volume lengthy treatises on such subjects as "Latin Language and Literature"; a good scientific article on "Light," with all the latest information. "Life Insurance," which has made such wonderful strides in our modern economies, deserves and gets a full discussion. "Libraries" and "Literary Properties," too, are extensively treated. There is a peculiarly fair though perhaps not an exhaustive article on "Religious Liberty." In this article we find the statement which is absolutely true, and yet which goes against many of the theories that have been current coin in our previous religious histories, to wit: "Nor did the Reformation introduce the principle of religious liberty into Europe." Protestantism, particularly, stood by the maxim *Cujus regio, cujus religio*," and declared it was the right and duty of a prince to establish a religion for his subjects and to enforce it, even to the shedding of blood. Protestantism has always been the essence of national churches. While Catholicism has stood for a spiritual power as against the authority of civil princes in matters of conscience. The article on "Lourdes" is very meagre. The pilgrims to Lourdes have numbered three hundred thousand per annum for the last forty years. Here is a great modern fact, miraculous and marvellous, demanding the attention of millions, devoutly believed in by hosts of adherents and as heartily repudiated by hosts of unbelievers, yet the encyclopædia gives it but half a column, and then refers to it as a "reputed apparition." What about the scientific investigations into the miracles? What about the rigid censorship that is exercised by the medical fraternity at Lourdes? What about the informal approbation given at Rome by the institution of the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes? Rome is provokingly slow and dreadfully loath to approve these manifestations of the supernatural, for she knows how many avenues of deceptions are open to the simple-hearted.

The article on "Martin Luther" is rather eulogistic, and includes little if any of the results of the latest historical researches into Luther's life and death. It is now generally be-

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lieved that the once proud idol of the Reformation has feet of clay, and that of a very low grade. He opened the door to the modern abomination of divorce. Read his letter to Philip of Hesse, wherein he quotes the practices of the patriarchs as the norm of one's conduct. Read his complete works, vol. xxxiii. page 322, et seq, wherein he says: "It is not forbidden that a man should have more than one wife. I could not forbid it to-day, for the reason that a man can not be pure with only one wife." Of the right of private judgment, Luther says that "No yokel is so rude but when he has dreams and fancies he thinks himself inspired by the Holy Ghost and must be a prophet". (De Wette, vol. iii. p. 61). These modern revelations of the prophet of the Reformation, show him to be very carnal as well as very illogical. What about his death? There is good reason to believe that he strangled himself.

We make these few animadversions on this most excellent work, because we are anxious to have it as near perfection as possible. When we find it so up-to-date as to print a biography of Leo XIII., who died but one month ago, we would like to have it up-to-date in other historical matters. Historical criticism is very destructive of our favored fancies and is making new truths every day. And a real valuable encyclopædia must needs be in touch with the very latest developments of historical research.

The article on the "Mass" is one of the fullest and at the same time simplest we remember to have seen in any standard encyclopædia.

3.—A VALUABLE LIFE OF LEO XIII.*

The death of Leo XIII. has been the occasion of sending out from the press a flood of so-called biographies of the late Holy Father. Some of them are good because they have for authors men eminent in letters who would not lend their names to anything of a clap-trap nature. Others are the merest trash, made only to catch the unthinking multitude. The enterprising publisher saw in the universal chorus of praise that was accorded to the character and merits of Leo XIII. a good opportunity to make a little money, and so he heaped together a few paragraphs from this source, and some newspaper clippings

* *Life of Leo XIII. and History of His Pontificate from Official and Approved Sources.* By Francis T. Furey. With an Introduction by Very Rev. T. C. Middleton, D.D., O.S.A. Philadelphia: Catholic Educational Company.]

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from that, and bound the whole within covers replete with glittering gold, and palmed it off on an innocent and suffering public as a biography of the great Pontiff.

There are some good biographies of Leo. One of the best is the one edited by Francis T. Furey, and published by the Catholic Educational Company of Philadelphia.

This Life of Leo XIII. makes no special claim to originality. It follows to some extent the monumental works of Mgr. C. de T'Serclaes, Rector of the Belgian College in Rome, and of the Abbé J. Guillermin, the poet-priest of Provence. The author of the former work had exceptional facilities of learning all the facts of Leo's life. He had frequent communion with the Holy Father's family, he lived in the immediate entourage of the papal court, and he enjoyed an intimate and sympathetic friendship with the Holy Father, which gave him unusual sources of knowledge. Moreover, his scholarly and analytical mind was not content to relate the mere incidents of Leo's life, but he saw their relations in view of the divine work of the church. His analysis, therefore, of the encyclicals, and their bearing on the needs of modern society, is of more than ordinary value. The present biography supplies a philosophy of the history of the pontificate of one of the greatest of the popes. While it is a faithful portrait of a great man, it also brings out in strong relief the great world power the papacy has been and now is. It is a strong evidence of the super-eminent, moral influence the late Holy Father has exerted in the world. Leo is dead, but his work will live. He was a pioneer opening new paths of success, formulating schemes that will take a generation to realize, planning for results that will materialize when most of the men who are now active on the stage of life will have passed away. These facts make a study of Leo's life and works of prime importance. A good biography, then, is a valuable help to this study.

There has come to our table another Life of Leo XIII., by Richard H. Clarke, LL.D., which deserves more than passing mention. It has come too late for an extended review this month. In giving it a hasty glance it seems to rank very high among the excellent biographies of the late Pope. We shall return to it next month.

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Library Table.

The Month (July): The editor reviews a recent historical work, *The Popish Plot*, by Mr. Pollock, criticising severely the author's attempt to reverse, on the basis of a skilful but unfounded hypothesis, the universally accepted verdict of history on this point, and condemn the innocent victims of the Titus Oates conspiracy for treasonable practises of which they have long since been acquitted by the unbiased judgment of posterity.

"Vita Nuova," is an able article from the facile pen of Father Tyrrell, S J., in which the author treats of some of the distinctive features of Christianity. The essential characteristic of the "new life" inaugurated with the coming of Christ is to be found in a spirit of unselfishness, a perfect self-forgetting fidelity to the ideals of goodness, an absolute disinterested devotion to the Divine Will. The cross, the sacrifice of self and of selfishness for the sake of these higher ideals, so distinctive a feature of the religion of Christ—it is this which marks the higher development of man's spiritual nature, and which has given to our Western civilization that healthy virility and energetic faith in life which render it so superior to the civilization of the East.

(August): The introductory article on Leo XIII., in its comparison between past and present, pays a worthy tribute to the diplomacy of our late Pontiff. The author lays particular stress on the amicable relations now existing between the Holy See and the German Empire, in contrast to the antagonism and apparent hatred of the German Emperor, William I., for his predecessor.

In the concluding article on the suppression of the Society of Jesus, Father Sydney F. Smith summarizes the circumstances under which the society was dissolved: its numerous and powerful foes working to sweep it away, and its more numerous but weaker supporters striving to sustain it. He discusses the manner in which

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the attack began and how it was carried out, and finally the true reasons for the suppression.

Études (5 July): Joseph Burnichon contributes an interesting review of the religious persecution in France during the past twenty years. In the many oppressive enactments passed during the period, more especially in the vigorous campaign now being waged against the religious orders, the writer finds evidence of a deep-laid scheme for the overthrow of the church and of religion skilfully devised and carried out by the hostile Masonic fraternity now in power.

In closing his examination of the arguments for the Baconian authorship of Shakspere's plays, P. Boubie concludes that the Baconian claim, despite its apparent extravagance, is supported by many strong reasons, and is at least sufficiently well founded to warrant a careful and serious consideration.

(20 July): In the continuation of his article on the religious persecution in France, P. Burnichon considers some of the causes that have combined to render possible the success of the church's enemies in their work of persecution. These he finds in the failure on the part of a majority of the people to fully grasp the idea of liberty embodied in their government, or to take advantage of the rights and privileges it affords, their apparent indifference and lack of interest in public affairs combined with a slavish, unquestioning reverence for all the mandates of authority, and finally in the lamentable dissensions and lack of unity within the ranks of the Catholic majority.

Revue du Lille (June): In the University Extension Conferences a criticism is given by C. Looten in appreciation of Henry Sienkiewicz, as revealed in his works anteceding *Quo Vadis.* Among others the critic noted *By Fire and Sword* and *Without Dogma,* as points by which one may observe the author's emphasis of the nobler side of life, and his doctrine that life cannot be lived with impunity on any elective moral basis; that to be fruitful of good it must be full of the sap of Christian morality.

P. Bayart begins a series of papers whose object it is to trace the logical development in Cardinal Newman's

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mind of those ideas which wrought his conversion. He gives a brief summary of the condition of the creeds in England at that time, and indicates three prime convictions of that great English churchman, *viz.*, religion must be dogmatic; a visible church with a sacramental system is necessary; the Pope is Anti-christ.

La Démocratie Chretienne (Aug.): This number is devoted entirely to the character and works of Leo XIII. Abbé Paul Six gives a summary and discussion of the work that the late Pope has done in the sciences Sociology, Economics, and Politics.

The Church Quarterly Review (July): In an article entitled "Prayers for the Dead," the writer shows that the practice of praying for the dead was common in the early Christian Church, and sketches a plan which he holds might be consistently followed by the Church of England to-day. The writer on Leo XIII. reviews the life and works of the great Pontiff, and devotes his attention principally to the political relations of the Vatican during Leo's reign.

Critical Review (July): In view of the many misleading interpretations which have been put upon the term "Catholic," as applied to the Christian Church, M. A. R. Luker undertakes, by closely tracing the disputed term as it has evolved in history, and been employed to designate a body of Christians, to throw some little light on what he believes to be this very vexatious and much controverted question. He hastily reviews many of the appelations which have been applied to the church during her struggles with heresy, but have passed with the circumstances which gave them rise, and deals more at length with the terms "Catholic" and "Orthodox." As a result of his investigation of this historical aspect of the question, he declares that the Church of Rome, and no other, can rightfully claim the title "Catholic." The reviewer of Mallock's *Religion as a Credible Doctrine*, accuses that author of having wholly ignored this all-important truth, namely, that the testimony of consciousness is primary and immediate, and must be accepted unquestioned and undemonstrated, if we are to have any basis for certitude and faith. He believes that Mr.

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Mallock involves himself in a glaring self-contradiction in his treatment of the freedom of the human will, and concludes by observing that the effect of the work upon the average reader will be more in favor of scientific unfaith than against it.

La Revue Générale (July): In an able article on the education of women, M. Ch. Woeste discusses at length the much-vexed questions of "Woman's Rights" and "Woman Suffrage." While placing women socially and intellectually on a perfect equality with man, and advocating the amelioration of her present condition by education, the improvement of domestic relations, and the extension of her rights and liberties, in so far as is compatible with her unique position in the family and society, the writer is nevertheless of opinion that the extension to women of the rights of suffrage and of holding office, far from being a blessing, would but compromise her proper dignity by tending to degrade her from that position of love and influence she has always occupied in the domestic circle, thereby endangering the stability of the family, upon which the well-being of society so much depends.

The Tablet, London (18 July): Contains a paper read at the Catholic Truth Conference in Liverpool by Mr. Alfred Booth, on "The Church's Music as Restored by the Benedictines of Solesmes," in which he gives a sketch of church music and advocates its general revival as a great help in re-converting England to Catholicism. Correspondence continued on the question of English Freemasonry.

(25 July): For the second time within a month, the *Tablet* appears in mourning—this time for Pope Leo XIII. In two leading articles it gives an appreciation of the late Pope, and also his life and career.

Mr. Houlgrave, in a letter to the editor, takes Mr. Booth to task for several inaccuracies in his paper on Church Music, and denies Mr. Booth's claims for the Solesmes chant.

Under the title "The Pope and the Painters," different portraits of the late Pontiff and their artists are discussed.

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(1 Aug.): A leading article on the conclave gives an historical sketch of that body and its methods of electing a pope.

A report of the debate in the House of Commons over the expulsion of the Douai Benedictines, gives Mr. Redmond's speech and Lord Cranborne's reply. An article entitled "Missionary View of Somaliland," describes the grave dangers threatening Christian missions in the land of the Mad Mullah.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (July): Rev. Herman Gruber, S.J., contributes a very lengthy article on M. Combes, in which he sketches the minister's policy in dealing with the Catholics of France, and comments on his attitude towards the church in general.

The German translation of Bishop Spalding's charming essay *Opportunity*, is noticed by Rev. A. Baumgartner, S.J., who finds in it some points which he feels compelled to criticise adversely. Chief among these are the author's high appreciation of such writers as Emerson, Ruskin, Kant, and Wordsworth, while "true Catholic thinkers and poets" receive but little notice in the essay; the fact that "the Middle Ages are left far far behind these 283 pages buried in deep darkness," and finally what Father Baumgartner believes to be the Bishop's undue appreciation of the Poet Goethe. The reviewer believes the work to be "characterized more by passionate feeling than by calm thought."

Rev. M. Meschler, S.J., writing on "True Life," shows that the Christian conception of life is the only correct one.

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Comment on Current Topics.

Significant Article by Dr. Briggs.

There is an extremely significant article in *The American Journal of Theology*, (Chicago University) from the pen of Dr. C. A. Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary, entitled "Catholic—The Name and the Thing." It is significant both from the fact that Dr. Briggs writes it, and also from the trend of the subject-matter of the article. Dr. Briggs is one of the most learned theologians among the non-Catholic writers of the day. Whatever he writes is eagerly read, and there is a whole host of ministers and laymen who accept his conclusions without a question. The treatment of the subject-matter is equally as significant. The author proves by the historical argument that the name Catholic always stood for three essential things: (1) the vital unity of the church in Christ; (2) the geographical unity of the church extending throughout the world; (3) the historical unity of the church in apostolic tradition.

The conclusion is, they who would have a just claim to this title must possess this triple unity. It is very evident that no Protestant denomination can enter the shadow of a claim to any unity like this. All Protestantism has broken away from the vital unity of Christendom. No national church can possess geographical unity, and any church that originated in the sixteenth century cannot claim historical unity. And yet the church that is not Catholic cannot be the true church. In this way and in other ways Dr. Briggs continues to shatter the old idols of Protestant writers as, for example, "The Church of the Second Century declined from the Apostolic Faith." "It is not true," he says, "that Greek philosophy and Roman administration secularized Christianity." We find such passages as the following scattered through the article: "It is mere perversity not to return to Rome if the conscience is convinced that Rome is right in all her great controversies with Protestantism." He is referring to the Ritualists. "There can be no doubt that at the close of the third Christian century Roman and Catholic were so closely allied that they were practically identical." "There can be no doubt that the Roman Catholic Church of our day is the heir by unbroken descent to the

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Roman Catholic Church of the second century, and that it is justified in using the name 'Catholic' as the name of the church as well as the name 'Roman.' If we would be Catholic, we cannot become Catholic by merely calling ourselves by that name. Unless a name corresponds with the thing it is a sham, and it is a shame."

The article should be carfully read by all who desire to keep *au fait* with the latest thought in theological circles. There is a reaching out for the name Catholic among the dissident churches. When it becomes evident that they cannot have the name without possessing the reality they will parley for union. Dr. Briggs is doing a great deal to hasten the day when all Christian bodies will come together.

Dr. Harris' Specious Argument.

W. T. Harris, LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education, signs his name to a curious article in the *Independent* (August 6), in which he endeavors to present a rather specious argument, why religious instruction cannot be given in the schools supported by public taxes. He says "The principle of religious instruction is authority; that of secular instruction is demonstration and verification. It is obvious that these two principles should not be brought into the same school, but separated as widely as possible." An interesting investigation is started by these statements. If the Commissioner means that religious instruction will not bear "demonstration and verification," of course he is all wrong. Theology is as much an exact science as history, philosophy, geography, or any of the sciences taught in the school curriculum. Its fundamental principles are demonstrable, and it moves on to its ultimate conclusions by as strict a logical method as may be found in any other science. The source of revelation is added to reason, but the veracity and reasonableness of revelation may be proved, as any other great historical fact, and the stern methods of demonstration and verification are applicable to facts of revelation as to any other facts. There are mysteries in religious instruction which are to be accepted on authority, but are there not mysteries in every science, even so pure and exact a science as mathematics? On the other hand does not the principle of authority pervade all secular branches? It is a thing you cannot get away from. The child accepts all on authority.

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He does not reject truth in any science until he has subjected it to "demonstration and verification." As his mind matures he investigates, he asks for proofs. But he does not do it any more in the secular branches than he does in religious instruction. The methods of learning are exactly the same whether it be of the stars or of the world beyond the stars.

The Commissioner's idea of religion is apparently the gorgeous ceremonial which appeals to the eye, the sweet music that charms the ear, the fervid oratory that awakens the imagination, and he thinks that as soon as the cold measure of logic is applied, religion disappears. The effusiveness of the affections, the stirring of the heart, this is religion, he probably thinks; but as soon as one gets away into the region of reason, no religion enters there. In his notion religion and reason cannot exist at the same time in the same person. The commissioner is all wrong. If the principle of demonstration and verification could not have been applied to religion, the world would not have been convinced of its truth.

Moreover, he constantly uses the phrase "schools supported by public taxes." In any claim that Catholics have made for school money, they have always protested that they want no money for the teaching of religion, nor will they accept any. They are abundantly able to teach religion themselves without state assistance. It would be a gross violation of the spirit of the constitution for the state to pay any religious body to teach its religious principles, nor would any religious body, with a spark of self-respect, accept money from the state to teach religious principles according to the state's dictation. It is a good sign of the times when the United States Commissioner of Education publicly discusses this burning question openly.

Resolutions of the Federation

The Federation of Catholic Societies has held another annual meeting, and has given out some very temperate resolutions on Socialism and the Labor Question following the Encyclicals of Leo XIII. The resolutions propose a basis of settlement of the vexed school question on the following conditions: "First, let no public moneys be paid out for religious instruction in any school; second, let the educational per capita tax be disbursed for results in purely secular studies only, in our parish schools our teachers receiving their salaries as

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other teachers receive theirs; third, to ascertain these results let our schools be submitted to state or city examinations. Thus will the great principle of our government 'No public moneys for sectarian purposes' be preserved intact."

A resolution follows condemning divorce and branding lynching as murder and the burning and torture of victims, even when clearly guilty of crime, as barbarism and savagery.

The Philippine question is touched on in a complaining way, yet they absolve the government officials of any intention of doing wrong. They demand for the Friars "the same freedom of action and rights of ownership guaranteed to every man living under the Stars and Stripes." The time may come in the Philippines when the the Friars will be the best supporters of the American authority, as they were of the Spanish authority. The Aglipay schism has by no means died out as many suppose. It is a growing factor among the natives, and growing on the old lines of the former insurrection. The future insurrection in the Philippines against the American government will be nurtured in the Aglipay schism and get its strength from its organization. The government is wisely in close friendship with the new bishops who are going out there. The same wisdom would urge the establishment of friendships with the Friars. A hasty settlement of their land difficulties will contribute to this end. Why should the government haggle over prices? Let the Friars be bought out at their own price if need be. They can then go back among the people as apostles and not as land holders, and the people will receive them.

The resolutions conclude with a reference to France, the Indian schools, public libraries, Catholic Truth Societies, and the Press.

New Phase of Temperance Work.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America indicates, through the reports made at its recent annual convention, a normal and healthy growth. It has added 4,200 to its membership during the past year. The most remarkable feature of the gathering was the report of the work done by Father Siebenfoercher in the seminaries of the country. During the past year he had been invited to a large number of seminaries and there he presented to the young levites the principles on which the Total Abstinence Cause rests, and enlisted in the

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service of this cause many hundreds of ecclesiastical students. This movement has now become thoroughly established. This year it has issued in the organization of a Sacerdotal Total Abstinence League.

There is a like movement on foot in Ireland. The article of Rev. P. Coffey in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* shows that a vigorous propaganda is carried on in Maynooth and already the Father Mathew's Union numbers over two hundred members representing sixteen dioceses. The Jesuit, Father Cullen, is doing yeoman's service on these lines. In his Pioneers' Total Abstinence Association the membership has grown during the past four years to 34,000, though the conditions are rigid; among the requirements is a total abstinence promise for life. Father Coffey says that fifty young priests left Maynooth within the past two years promising a life service in the total abstinence cause, and at least three hundred are to follow in the next few years. Many who have reason to know the vastly superior influence of the total abstaining priest in promoting temperance see in this new development the first sure signs of a widespread and thorough temperance reform.

CREATE A CATHOLIC SOCIAL LABORATORY.

(Catholic University and the St. Louis Exposition.)

THE following request, though it comes to us in an unofficial way, yet touches on a matter of such importance that we feel it necessary to call the attention of active workers in the church to it in a special way.

We print the letter in its entirety.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, Cambridge, Mass.

I think that nothing in the history of our American universities is more interesting to observe than the evident increase during the past few years in the desire on the part of the students to get a first-hand knowledge of our fundamental social problems. No doubt this is but a phase of the social spirit that is manifest all around us. Though this new interest cannot be doubted, there is some question as to whether the colleges have advanced their supply as rapidly as the demand warranted.

Dr. Peabody, around whom the socio-ethical work in our college centres, has conceived the idea of establishing at Harvard a museum, or Laboratory, that may serve the same purpose for the student of Social Science, that the

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museums of zoölogy, botany, and physics serve for the students in these several sciences. Ideally, we should like to send the student out as an original investigator to the real world. But this obviously is impracticable, because the student cannot give the necessary time, having other college work to do; and because but very few men are competent to make original researches in very large fields, where some skill is required to avoid the useless and to preserve the suitable material.

Dr. Peabody has commissioned me to gather material such as I think will be of value in the way of illuminating the study of our great social problems. Of course, ours is not a work of propaganda; but is essentially a gathering of such data as can be turned to advantageous use by the students whose purpose is to get at the truth. On this account we must aim to bring together what will throw light on all sides of the central problems.

Now, I feel that our museums would be essentially incomplete without an adequate representation of the great work the Catholic Church is doing in America of spreading religious and moral truth and of bettering the conditions of the ignorant, the laboring man, and the unfortunate. In the pursuit of my studies, I have had occasion to note that almost every book written upon our great social problems completely ignores the part the Church plays in our national and social life. I am inclined to believe that this is in some part due to the narrow-mindedness of the authors or editors of the several books; but to a far greater degree I believe it is the fault of the representatives of the Church. Anyway, I am not willing that our museum should be incomplete through the carelessness or indifference of any one. Therefore, I have appealed to you to do what you can to see that the Church shall receive the proportion of space in our exhibit that the scope and intensity of her work justify. I feel that there is a twofold reason why you should aid me with enthusiasm. First, as Americans, doing your share to advance American civilization, you should be willing to make known your accomplishments and your methods, if by so doing you can assist fellow-Americans who are struggling to solve the same or similar problems. I can assure you that there is no better place in our country to spread this information than Harvard College. Our social study is growing, and with its growth I feel confident that we shall steadily attract more and more of those men who are most competent to pursue, for the real good they can do, the social sciences. Then, this is an admirable occasion for you, as representative of the Church, to make your work known to the people. You know that one of your greatest enemies is biassed ignorance. This prejudice is not worthy enough to be combated in the forum. Nevertheless, it is making its effect on those non-Catholics in our midst who are easily lead in mobs, and do not wait to reason or for the truth. For your own safety you must counteract their influence. They are by no means in all cases ignorant men; their ignorance often is confined to Catholic affairs; upon other matters they are sufficiently well informed. The best and bravest method of refuting these, it seems to me, is, while seemingly ignoring them, to present the truth concerning the Church's activity, before the American people. Again, let me say, that there is no better way than to address yourself first to Harvard students. If education is true to its purpose it trains men to seek the facts, without prejudice. I believe that, in a high degree,

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Harvard succeeds in this. We have with us a large class of men who can be impartial; who can judge without bias, because their scientific training has been of the proper sort. These men very soon are going to lead the thought of our country. Is it not worth while for the Church to set herself right before such men?

Until I know more about the activities of the Church, it will be difficult for me to suggest specifically what should be given to Harvard. Hastily, let me suggest that the educational work should be thoroughly represented, and the philanthropic; both in ways that would make it clear to a student what the Church really stands for. To this end maybe some photographs could be utilized, and surely all the statistics possible to be obtained; then, whatever printed material will throw light upon the work; and statements from those engaged in the work directly, and others who through their training are competent to judge. The exhibit representing the Temperance movement should be so thorough that no Harvard student, who is seeking information on the general movement in America, could justifiably assess too low the credit due the Church. Then, besides the educational, philanthropic, and temperance work, the other activities of the Church should be presented; especially, the general religious work, in a manner that would show the good the Church is doing in the way of bringing men out of darkness.

There are men in the Catholic University who are competent to prepare the desired exhibit. No greater service can be done to the Church than to urge them to the work. Now, I am confident that none of the material I shall bring back to my college will be more valuable than the data respecting the Church's work. Again, I have met those who prophesied that I should fail to get a single fact from the Church. To prove this prophecy unwarranted, and to serve my college, I am exceedingly anxious to do all I can, as soon as possible, to have the work begun. I shall ask you to aid me and to sympathize with me in my haste. It will be a great advantage to have some material present at Harvard at the opening of the college year. Even a small quantity, with the assurance of more to follow, will make positive that the exhibit as a whole will be given proper space and attention.

Faithfully yours,

SIMON J. LUBIN.

The importance of this matter arises from the following facts: (1) The speedy and correct settlement of problems of the social order are of urgent importance; (2) there is and there can be no settlement that leaves out the basic principles of religion; (3) it is becoming recognized that the Catholic Church as an organization is doing more to solve the difficulties of our social order than any other agency, and perhaps as much as many of the agencies that we hear so much of put together; (4) there is a deplorable lack of proper reports of the work done by Catholic agencies. No efforts have been made to get together the stories of the many splen-

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did institutions where children are cared for, waifs are protected, defectives are harbored, the aged and the indigent are provided for. There are in this country nearly 50,000 religious who are giving their best energies to the relief of the needy, and doing it without salary, and doing it in the most effectual ways. If these were called "Social Settlement Workers," a little glow of sentiment would be cast about them, but they are ordinary sisters and brothers who toil with short hours of sleep and long hours of work, looking beyond the grave for their reward. If all the work that is done in the various Catholic hospitals and orphan asylums and homes and protectories, among the sick and the poor and the needy and the defectives, was eliminated, there would be a gap created that no other organization could fill.

Yet this work is not known. The volume of it is hardly realized within the Church, and the social student without the Church has practically no conception of it. In our great universities professors of Social Science talk about the evils that affect society, and suggest their theories for relief; but the thinking student is forced to acknowiedge that they are but scratching the surface, and are by no means getting at the root of the difficulty. There is a marvellous lack of knowledge, among the students of Social Science in our great universities, concerning the work that is being done within the bosom of the Catholic Church.

The step that Harvard is taking to organize a social laboratory in which the work of the Catholic Church will get an adequate share of representation is not only a useful thing, but it is an enlightened movement, and it is well worthy of the great university that is inaugurating it. This work of Harvard will surely be followed by all the other institutions of learning, so that students in all parts of the country will have the data from which to learn the social work of the Church.

Some will ask, what is a Social Laboratory? It is a library of works bearing social studies. It is a museum where the results are exposed to view. It is a compilation of data, and statistics, and photographs, and reports of institutions, and a statement of special methods of work. It is a gathering of every thing that bears on the social studies, so that the student may go there to make his researches.

A few suggestions may be pertinent in this matter:

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(1) While to Harvard University is due the credit of suggesting this matter, yet the labor of creating the Catholic department of the first social laboratory would naturally fall to the Catholic University. There is at Washington a department devoted to Social Science, and there are able professors and instructors in this department, and their prestige would enable them easily to gather from the hundreds of institutions throughout the land, reports of their work, together with photographs of their buildings and the inmates. There is at hand here the "Fortieth Annual Report of the Catholic Protectory at Westchester, N. Y." with twenty-seven full-page half-tone illustrations—buildings and class-rooms and work shops, etc. Such photographs are exceedingly valuable in the study of methods and results of work. If every Catholic institution could be induced to get out like reports they would afford unusually valuable material for the Social Laboratory.

(2) A good opportunity to get this exhibit together, will be provided by the St. Louis Exposition. Every one remembers of what exceeding value was the Catholic School Exhibit at the Columbian Exhibition. Probably no one thing gave educators so high an estimate of the good work done in the parish school as this exhibit. Bishop Spalding and Brother Maurelian conferred an incalculable blessing on Catholic school work, by the tactful way in which they created this exhibit and brought it before the public eye. What was done for the parish school then can be done at the St. Louis Fair for the social work of the Church. The Catholic University is the logical prime mover in this matter. As the first Catholic institution in the land directly under the control of the hierarchy, the responsibility rests with its Social Science department, and the country at large will look to it for the initiatory steps. If the Catholic University takes the matter up, it will find willing and generous co-operation all over the country, and the ultimate result will be a dissemination of a knowledge of the social work the Church is doing that will surprise us all.

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NEW BOOKS.

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.:
Babel and Bible. By Friedrich Delitzsch. Pp. 167. Price 75 cts.
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London, Eng.:
The Mass and its Folklore. By John Hobson Matthews. Pp. 128. Price 3*d.* *Where Saints Have Trod.* By M. D. Petre. With a preface by the Rev. George Tyrrell, S.J. Pp. 123. Price 1*s.* *By What Authority.* By F. C. Lord. Pp. 24. Price 1*d.* *John Foxe and His Book of Martyrs.* By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J. Pp. 24. Price 1*d.* *The Acts of the Apostles.* Pp. 139. Price 1*d.*
WILTZIUS CO., Milwaukee:
Breviarium Romanum. Pars Autumnalis Romae-Tornaci.
Eighth Annual Report of the State Commission of Prisons for the Year 1902. Pp. 350.
DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:
The New International Encyclopædia. Editors, Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., President of Johns Hopkins University, 1876-1901, President Carnegie Institution; Harry Thurston Peck, Ph D., L H.D., Professor in Columbia University; Frank Moore Colby, M.A., late Professor of Economics in New York University. Vol. xi. Pp. 1,050.
FRANCIS BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.:
Tugman's Index. Published Quarterly. Price $1.
BURNS AND OATES, LTD., London:
Mary, the Perfect Woman. By Emily Mary Shapcote. Pp. 240. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*
JOHN C. WINSTON, Philadelphia, Pa.:
Life of Leo XIII. By Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., L.D.D., Lit. (Laval). Pp. 744. Price $2.50.
PUTNAMS SONS, New York:
The Anglo-Saxon Century and the Unification of the English-Speaking People. By John R. Dos Passos, of the New York Bar. Pp. 242. Price $2.25 net.
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:
Smithsonion Institution Bureau of American Ethnology. J. W. Powell, Director. *Bulletin 25. Natick Dictionary.* By James Hammond Trumbull. Pp. 347.
PENINSULAR BOOK CO., Detroit, Mich.:
The Cause. By C. H. James. Pp. 30. Price 25 cts.
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, Chicago, Ill.:
Principles and Ideals for the Sunday-School. An essay in Religious Pedagogy. By Ernest De Witt Burton, and Shailer Mathews, Professors in the University of Chicago. Pp. 207.
ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia:
Life of Pope Leo XIII. By Dr. Richard H. Clarke. Pp. 655.
GINN & CO., Boston, Mass.:
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